

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,

AND

NATIONAL INTERESTS.

VOL. II.—JULY—1868.—No. VII.

THE MURAL PAINTINGS OF POMPEII.

ONE who is familiar with the remains of ancient art and the traces of ancient life, in Italy and Greece, and the islands of the Mediterranean—who knows the Baths of Titus and Caracalla, the Parthenon, the temple of Phigagia, and even the almost forgotten cities of Lycia and Caria—will find that a new experience awaits him at Pompeii. However close may have been his observations, however thorough his studies, all that he has learned becomes poor and scanty by contrast with the wealth of knowledge which the unburied Vesuvian city now gives to the day. Sitting on the steps of the Parthenon, and looking over the ruins of the structures of Phidias and Ictinus to the ever-young and unchanging features of the immortal Attic landscape, one may bring the Grecian era nearer; but when one stands where the chief thoroughfares of Pompeii cross, and sees Vesuvius over walls still gay with frescoes, doors still surmounted by the symbols of trade and traffic, and taverns, where the empty amphoræ keep their place under the marble counters, the life of the city, in its simplest and commonest details, becomes a thing of yesterday. It impresses one like a miracle—or rather, let us say, a Providential deposit of the most honest and intelligible, because undesigned,

records of a period which could have reached us in no other way.

Pompeii is, indeed, a priceless treasury of the annals of an ancient city, and if from this one we cannot learn all, we at least come away with an instinct sharpened by positive knowledge, and we begin to guess, not blindly as heretofore, but by repeating, modifying, and expanding the facts we have gathered. It is a veritable Rosetta stone, a key which expounds the domestic and public life of the ancients, making their hieroglyphics in art and literature an intelligible language to us. Such a mine of intelligence belongs not to Italy, but to that world of newer civilization which is built upon the ashes of the Past. There is not a house or shop, even of the most insignificant tradesman or artificer, which does not keep for us some revelation of the habits of its occupant. Since the Cavalier Fiorelli has directed the excavations, a thousand minute relics, or signs, hitherto lost, are preserved. The hollow ashes give back the forms and garments of the flying citizens who were smothered in the streets and passages; the charred wood, replaced by exactly similar posts and beams, restores for us the hanging balconies, and the roofs shading the *atria* and peristyles; even the kitchens and

ovens yield up their deserted loaves and viands, and the bronze water-jars keep their unevaporated contents.

A single illustration will serve to show the difference between the former and the present mode of conducting the excavations. Here let me say that the Bourbons have already been engaged for more than a hundred years, with long intervals of neglect, in the disinterment of Pompeii, and that not more than two fifths of the city have yet been laid bare. The first excavations were not only so rudely made that many slight and delicate articles were lost, but much else was either disfigured or stolen, from the carelessness with which the ruins were guarded. The reign of Murat, whatever it might have been politically, was auspicious for Pompeii, and the work of excavation began to assume an ordered and intelligent system. Nevertheless the excavation was still carried on, and until very recently, by vertical sections, and thus, in removing the mass of ashes and lapillæ, the walls, covered with the debris of the wooden upper stories, often tumbled down in fragments before they could be strengthened. Neither was any attention given to the hollow moulds left by fragile objects, which the heat of the ashes had destroyed while retaining their shape. The recklessness and neglect of the former century was avoided, but the hand which led the work was not yet directed by feeling and conscience.

The true hand has at last been found. Within the last ten or fifteen years, since the Cavalier Fiorelli has been entrusted with the direction of the labors, they have been so conducted as to destroy the least possible, and preserve the most possible. The Italian Government can afford but sixty thousand francs a-year (which, however, is very much more than the Bourbons expended) for the work, so that only from thirty to forty laborers can be steadily employed; but if the excavations advance slowly, they advance regularly and save what they reveal. The ashes are now removed in horizontal sections, beginning at the

top, and the walls can thus be strengthened as they are laid bare, preserving not only, in many cases, the arrangement of the upper chambers, but—what is of much more importance—the frescoes which adorned the rooms below. How many of these latter treasures have been stolen, wantonly destroyed, or lost by exposure to the weather, we can only conjecture. Those which remain form a collection unique of its kind in the world, and of inestimable value for the insight which it gives us into ancient pictorial art.

Herculaneum and Pompeii, although they have furnished many exquisite statues, cannot be said to have enlarged our knowledge of the character and excellence of ancient sculpture. This being the art which endures through the material in which it works, War, nor Time, nor natural convulsions, cannot so thoroughly destroy its achievements, that the Future does not receive a tolerable legacy. These cities rather illustrate for us the richness of their age in noble works. They have given us the exquisite Narcissus, the dancing Faun, the Apollo, the portrait-statues of the Balbi, the Alexander, the Tiberius, and a host of minor works, all of which belong to schools and are treated in styles with which we are already familiar. They are enrichments, but not revelations. Michel Angelo understood the excellences of antique sculpture as well as any artist of our day.

The walls of Pompeii, however, give us, by almost a miracle, certain knowledge of an art which may be said to have been known to us only by tradition. From the perishable nature of painting, even in fresco, its most durable form, the world could never have hoped to possess a single specimen of the pictorial art of the Greeks and Romans, but for the singular chance (or design) by which they have been preserved. Let the reader imagine that not a single antique statue or bas-relief were known to us, and that—we will not say the Laocoon, and the Aristides, and the Venus of Milo, but—a hundred works of sculpture were suddenly ex-

homed! what wonder, what joy, what knowledge would thereby be given to the world! Pompeii has wrought this miracle for painting. What we previously knew was confined chiefly to those arabesque decorations of the Baths of Titus, which were the delight of Raphael (his only models, after Perugino and Masaccio), and to a few fragments of mutilated fresco, all rather illustrative of decorative art than painting. It had become a conventional idea with scholars, that, in spite of Apelles and Zeuxis and Protogenes, the Greeks were very indifferent painters. Their coloring, it was surmised, was crude and flashy: they had no comprehension of perspective or foreshortening, and their drawing might be estimated by that upon the sepulchral vases and urns. To one who has been fed with these conjectures, which have been asserted so frequently and so positively that they are still generally believed, the walls of Pompeii will indeed be a revelation.

The value of the specimens already rescued is more than their artistic character. Not being portable, they were executed on the spot, and for the most part by local artists. Pompeii was but a third-rate city; it had nearly been destroyed by an earthquake, ten years previous to its entombment, and the most of its frescoes must have been painted during that period of restoration. It cannot be supposed that, when Rome was most luxurious, and the shores of the Mediterranean were covered with magnificent towns, artists of established fame could be spared for a place so unimportant as Pompeii. What we now possess cannot, therefore, be considered as more than the ordinary art of the age; but it is none the less a basis of clear knowledge in regard to modes of painting, treatment of subjects, and skill in the various technicalities of the art. In this respect, the mural paintings of Pompeii are as satisfactory, as would be a collection of antique statues, which did not include the master-pieces, in regard to the character of the ancient sculpture. Having

an average of manner and skill, we can easily project upwards as well as downwards.

I believe there is no evidence whatever that the Greek and Roman painters were acquainted with oil as a vehicle for color. Oil, as Ruskin truly says, alone comes near to Nature in its opaque lights and its transparent shadows, while in practical use it is more facile and free than any other material. We can, therefore, in fairness to the Pompeian painters, only contrast them with such artists as work in fresco or tempera, or, perhaps, that form of encaustic painting which has been recently revived in Germany. The depth, strength, and brilliancy of a picture in oils on canvas cannot possibly be obtained by these earlier methods. The ancients, undoubtedly, had their detached pictures upon wood or canvas, and the most famous works of the great artists could thus be bought, sold, and transferred from place to place. It is probable that such pictures exhibited the triumphs of their genius, and that the mural painters were an inferior class of artists. So much the higher, then, must the ancient painters rise in our estimation, when we find that the latter class, whose works we can now judge, understood drawing, color, perspective, and (to a certain extent) *chiar' oscuro*.

Many fine pictures must have been lost by the action of the weather, since the first private dwellings of Pompeii were opened. Others have been greatly damaged by neglect, while, incredible as it may seem, some were wantonly destroyed, in former years, because it was difficult or expensive to detach them from the walls! At present, every picture of value which is unearthed is carefully sawed from the walls, secured in a solid frame, and transported to the National Museum (formerly the *Museo Borbonico*) at Naples. It is singular that Pompeii itself should not only have given the hint, but also the method, of transferring and preserving frescoes. In the Temple of Venus, adjoining the chief Forum of the city, there is still a picture to be seen, in one

of the chambers-occupied by the priests—a fresco representing Bacchus pouring a goblet of wine over his panther, while he leans upon the shoulder of Silenus, who plays the lyre. A close inspection of this picture revealed the fact that it had been transferred from a former building, and was fastened in its place by iron clamps; and, further, that in making the transfer, a space was left for the circulation of air at its back, in order to preserve it from possible injury from damp. The Pompeian paintings are now arranged in the same manner on the walls of the Museum at Naples.

The pictures on these walls, including the decorative arabesques, and those which have been allowed to remain *in situ*, in the houses of Pompeii, will number nearly, if not quite, a thousand. In Naples they form a marvellous gallery of antique painting, which has not, and cannot have, its like in the world. One truly feels, there,

“Like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken—”

so rich, so varied, so entirely satisfactory in regard to method and treatment, are the pictures. From mere decorative forms—that mingling of the graceful and the grotesque which has its own peculiar charm—to what, in the classic times, must have been considered “High Art,” all the departments of painting are represented. If landscape remains in the background, we must remember that the love of Nature, the fine appreciation of the features of scenery and atmosphere, is but scantily represented in literature. Art rarely, if ever, moves in advance of letters, in its aims and its achievements, and we cannot expect to find that painted which existed so very dimly and imperfectly in the tastes of the people.

The decorative painting of Pompeii has been so extensively copied, that its colors and its forms are now tolerably well known, and I need not describe it in detail. Its chief characteristic is the employment of a broad, warm field of color—generally that which is now distinguished as “Pompeian red”—with very gracefully and delicately drawn

ornaments of vines, birds, and scroll-work, disposed in irregular panels. The object seems to have been, first, to cheer by the breadth and warmth of the ground-color, and then to pleasantly occupy the fancy with light, easily untangled labyrinths of form. Nothing could be better adapted for domestic architecture, and the wonder is that, having once been so generally employed, it was ever lost.

The department of still-life is most amply illustrated. Fish, birds, game, fruit, and even drinking-vessels were the usual fresco decorations of dining-rooms, of eating-houses, and even in some cases of the kitchen itself. Landscapes, especially in combination with architecture, or as backgrounds to inferior figure-pieces, are also frequent. Genre pictures, the existence of which denotes a certain amount of development and taste, are by no means rare. Of portraits, there are few, if any, which profess to have that exclusive character; but there are many faces and figures which betray an individuality that could only have been derived from living models. Religious and mythical subjects are the most numerous, and represent the highest skill; repetitions of the same subjects enable us to determine how far their treatment was in accordance with conventional or traditional ideas (like that of Saints and Holy Families in the Italian Schools), and in what particular the individuality of the artist expressed itself. This, the highest field of painting, is of course the most interesting and important. Here we find the finest works, whether original or copies of older pictures.

The first characteristic which strikes the eye is the simplicity and breadth of the larger pictures, and the arrangement, both of colors and forms, in masses. This is not accidental, but intentional, in order to produce an effect in the dim light in which they were seen. In the private houses both the atrium and the peristyle were roofed, except the square aperture over the impluvium in the centre; and the pictured walls, therefore, did not receive a

fourth part of the light under which they are now seen. There is evidence that some of them were only designed to be seen by artificial light. The ancients understood the secrets of effect so well—so much better than we do, in fact—that we must not suppose they painted without special reference to the conditions under which the picture would be seen. The walls were lighted principally from above, which would also require a particular disposition of the shadows. For the same reason fine gradations of tints could not be employed, since they could not be clearly seen. The picture must be simple, painted in few but harmonious colors, and especially those which attract light. When one is acquainted with this circumstance, he is not surprised at the predominance of the reds and yellows.

Couture says he has ascertained, by careful examination of pictures, that the Venetian artists had each a favorite base, or ground-color, upon which he relied to give tone to his picture—that Titian's base, for example, was amber, Giorgione's golden, and that of Paul Veronese silver-gray. The Pompeian painters seem to have adopted the same principle, and perhaps amber would nearly express the prevailing tone of their pictures. The walls appear to have been painted *al fresco*, for the most part, with their decorative borders and panels, the latter being left for the paintings to be afterwards added in tempera. I believe the vehicle which they used—whether glue, wax, resin, or albumen—has not been positively ascertained. Fortunately we have their colors out of the shops, as they were sold for use—all mineral, comprising the earths and ochres still employed, with lapis lazuli for blue.

There are, of course, great differences in the execution of many of the pictures. It is easy to see that some are weak (and probably cheap) copies of good works, like those Assumptions and Nativities which tourists are wont to purchase in Italy at the present day. Others as certainly show the hand of an independent artist, and the figures

breathe life from every limb. With the exception of Giotto and Masaccio, I find no such power of expression in the Italian artists before Raphael, as in the Medea, the Achilles, and the Theseus of the Pompeian walls. Although there are few figures wherein certain minor details are not faulty, the masses are so boldly and beautifully drawn, the grouping so symmetrically balanced, and the heads and eyes so spirited, that the total effect is truly admirable. Each picture tells its own story in the directest way: nothing is introduced—scarcely the simplest furniture—which has not a right to be there. In short, so much skill and knowledge are displayed that we are forced to suppose that frequent faults of omission—as in completion wanting to figures in the background—were not occasioned either by ignorance or carelessness, but so left because they could not be observed in the shadowed rooms where the pictures were painted.

The landscapes, I have said, are inferior; but the manipulation also shows them to have been the work of inferior artists. That landscape-paintings were popular at that period, we know from the letters of Pliny, who not only praises, but describes, the works of a certain Ludius. In Pompeii, however, the artists appear to have been mostly Greek ("Alexandros of Athens" being the only name that has descended to us), and mythological pictures, in the manner of what was then the Greek school, were the prevailing taste. In fact, the position which the landscapes generally occupy on the walls denotes that a lesser value was attached to them. Many are rude sketches of a temple and tree, with the sea or a mountain as background; others are islands or shores, crowded with architecture. In the latter there is not much perspective, either linear or aerial, but the temples are executed with a certain degree of care, while the trees and rocks have been slighted. One exception is a view of a rocky landscape, with shepherds, the background being a mountain, with a winding row of cypresses.

Here the forms are more carefully studied, the coloring is warm and harmonious, and the sentiment of the scene is delicately felt and expressed.

The largest landscape yet discovered measures ten feet by eight—which approaches the colossal proportions of some of our own painters. There are also a number of illustrations of Homer, a class which might be called mythological landscape, where the scenery is adapted to the story told by the figures. These are much superior to the architectural pieces.

The field of genre-painting is also richly illustrated, in all its branches—the comic, the purely fanciful, the homely and realistic—and it includes some of the most interesting specimens of the art. One of the pictures represents a female-painter in her studio, copying a hermes of Bacchus upon a tablet which rests on an easel, while some of her friends or admirers are watching the process. Another is a scene in a theatre, where a comedy is being acted by performers in masks. Another is a four-wheeled wine-cart, stopping at the door of a tavern to fill the empty amphoræ. There are, also, a school in which a bad boy is being flogged, rope-dancers and harlequins, jolly tavern-scenes, and illustrations of country-life.

A single head, of cabinet size, belonging to this class, is one of the most charming things I ever saw. It represents a girl, dressed as a Muse, holding her tablets in one hand, while with the other she thoughtfully touches her lips with the point of the stylus. The face is perfectly abstracted, and the soft, gleaming eyes look at you without seeing you. A smile has just left her lips, and it is a pleasant fancy for which she pauses to find the proper words. It might be a young Sappho, or a Lesbia writing to Catullus. Drawing, coloring, and expression are alike admirable, and I scarcely know a single head by any later artist which I would sooner possess.

The series of dancing-figures on red or black panels is known all over the world. The reproductions, however,

are invariably too sharp in drawing, and too gaudy in coloring, and therefore do not fairly represent the grace and richness of the originals. They were not intended to be seen close at hand: the features and finer folds of the drapery only appear when you step back three or four paces. Moreover, they abound in exquisite half-tints, which the copyists generally overlook or neglect. Whatever faults there may be in the drawing of these figures, scarcely one of which is faultless, all are free, soaring, elastic—all bound or fly, as if by an independent life of their own. No line is stiff or ungraceful, no figure repeats the other, and the spirit and invention displayed in them seem to be really inexhaustible.

Here Thorwaldsen found the hint for his "Sale of the Loves;" the Pompeian picture is identical in design. Many of the paintings, indeed, from their grace, simplicity, and freedom, and the fact of the figures being represented nearly upon the same plane, might be converted into bas-reliefs. I found that the principal mistake in drawing consisted in making the head and trunk much longer than the legs. Nearly all the second-rate Pompeian artists seemed to have taken the umbilicus for the central point of the body, instead of the base of the pelvis. This is a proportion which is often approached in Nature, but it is never agreeable to the eye. Among the working classes, especially, the thighs and upper arms are generally too short, and the trunk too long, for beauty. In pictures of the better class this fault does not exist.

I can only describe a few of the mythological subjects, and rather for the purpose of suggesting the manner in which they were treated by the artists, than with any hope of representing in words their commingled grace and repose, and the purity and harmony of their coloring. They are of all proportions, from small cabinet to life size. Some subjects, such as Perseus and Andromeda, the flight of Phryxus and Helle, Mars and Venus, Medea, Achilles, and Theseus, are repeated frequently,

but are always varied in the representation. The figures exhibit a freedom and variety of posture which is remarkable, and which betrays, at least, a thorough knowledge of the human form.

One of the most striking pictures is a single figure of Medea, meditating revenge. She stands in a somewhat listless attitude, with hanging arms and hands clasped around the hilt of the sheathed sword. Her head is turned to one side, and the face powerfully expresses the conflict of her passions. Nothing could be simpler or more effective. Welcker considers this picture a copy of a celebrated original by Timomachos of Byzantium.

There is another picture, representing the sacrifice of Iphigenia, which is believed to be, if not a copy, at least a suggestion, of the famous picture of Timanthes. There are but five figures, yet the story is told with a pathos and force which still touches the beholder. In the centre of the picture Iphigenia is held in the arms of Ulysses and Menelaus: on the right stands Calchas, with the knife in his hand; on the left Agamemnon, his veiled head betraying his grief. The background is a bright sea and sky. Iphigenia does not struggle, but lifts her hands imploringly. To her body is given a soft, clear carnation-tint, while the limbs of Ulysses and Menelaus are a ruddy brown.

But perhaps the finest specimen of color is the glorious picture of the Centaur Chiron teaching the young Achilles to play upon the lyre. The boy, naked and of perfect form, stands between the fore-legs of the Centaur, who is seated upon his hind-legs, while his strong breast and head tower grandly over his pupil, behind and beyond whom he holds the lyre, his right arm half embracing him as he strikes the wires with the plectrum. Achilles is golden-bright and fair with immortal beauty: Chiron is dusky and in shadow, except his head, shoulder, and right arm, which the light touches with a warm, bronze-like tint. The boy's features express intense pride and aspiration, yet he is for the moment subdued

into attention. The Centaur, at once grave and tender, betrays the struggle of a tragic double existence in his furrowed brow and deep-set, mournful eyes. His equine part—as in every Centaur represented in the collection—is astonishingly small: it is the head and trunk of a large man united to the body of a Shetland pony. The background of the picture is a piece of richly decorated architecture.

Within the last year or two a picture of Theseus in the Labyrinth has been exhumed and added to the Museum. The hero is of life-size, nude, and admirably drawn. At his feet lies the Minotaur, somewhat foreshortened, while a crowd of grateful and graceful youths press around the deliverer, clasping his knees, kissing his hands, and in other lively ways expressing their joy. Here is nothing of the stiffness of Byzantine and early Italian art. The figures move or rest without constraint, and there are some of the youths who even suggest the splendid impetuosity of Tintoretto. The more one studies this and the other equal Pompeian pictures, the more one feels that the Painting of the ancients was worthy to be set beside their Sculpture.

The parting of Achilles and Briseis is another of the more important pictures, although preserved in a very damaged state. The weeping Briseis is led forth by Patroclus, while Achilles, seated in front of his tent, gives the order to deliver her into the hands of the heralds. There is a wonderful contention of the emotions of love, anger, and regret in his countenance, and it is difficult to say which is predominant. Among the other more striking compositions I may mention Hercules finding his son Telephus, who is sitting on the ground, suckled by a doe, together with another where the son stands at his father's knee, and reaches a green bough to his gentle foster-mother. A noticeable characteristic of all these pictures is the ease, simplicity, and naturalness with which the story is told. All is unforced and effortless; the figures seem to have grown in some

joyous, sportive mood of the artist, and therefore their failings suggest rather wilful indolence on his part than want of power. In this respect they differ remarkably from those works which mark the revival of painting, in Italy and Germany. In the latter, we have serious, passionate effort, finding its way slowly, and sometimes by agonizing energy, towards form and color, and the speech which grows from them: in the former, we feel only the easy *play* of a dexterous hand and an inexhaustible fancy.

How sunny, and cheerful, and alive with the spirit of imperishable beauty, are those halls in the basement-story of the Museum, contrasted with the haggard, suffering saints and tormented martyrs of later Neapolitan art, in the halls above them! Even in the houses of Pompeii, where the glaring sun looks down into the roofless chambers and illuminates every incomplete feature meant to be unobserved in the twilight of the day, or the lamp-light of the banquets, and every crack and scale of time and ruin, the pictures exercise an undiminished charm. They suggest wealth and luxury, it is true, yet at the same time they speak of an artistic culture, so general and of so high a stamp, that one knows not whither to turn, to match it at this day. Yet the golden era of Grecian painting was already long past, and these pictures were to the then still-existing masterpieces, as the figures of—(let the reader here insert the name of an inferior artist!) to those of Titian or Tintoretto. The Pompeiian pictures have, it is true, limited perspective (partly because depth is purposely omitted from the backgrounds), little foreshortening, little *chiar' oscuro*; yet they show enough of each to justify us in supposing that the great masters achieved as much, in this respect, as the nature of the vehicle in which they painted would allow. The Pompeiian artists seem to have been fully conscious of what was lacking to them, in the astonishing skill with which they generally avoid the necessity of foreshortening and perspective.

One fact, evident to any one who sees the collection, is worthy of notice. In hundreds of pictures, a single example of disagreeable, inharmonious color can scarcely be found. The instinct of the ancients, never equalled since their time in regard to form, appears to have been fully as true and delicate in regard to color. The common workman dealt in ruder effects, and was generally ignorant of the management of half-tints, which is so charming in the best pictures; but if he never triumphed, at least he never offended.

Our modern life is very barren of grace and beauty, when contrasted with that of Pompeii, where the vulgarst wine-shop, and the poorest abode of the mechanic, had its ornamental frescoes. Here, too, is another remarkable evidence of the skill of the cheapest workman. Where the paintings are simple patterns or arabesque borders, they were never executed by means of cut-out models laid upon the plaster and painted through, but with the "free hand." The workman had a ruler and compass, but no more; and the slight differences in the repetition of the same forms in a border attest his dexterity even more than his want of it.

Painting and sculpture were necessities of all domestic or public life in Pompeii. Diomed, Marcus Lucretius, and Cornelius Rufus, had their mosaic pavements, their marble and bronze statues, their grottoes of shells, and their illustrations of Homer; but the fuller and soap-boiler had also their terra-cotta heroes and deities, and the pictures of their profession, on their walls. In the wine-shop and the eating-house, the guests sat under panels of still-life which no doubt made their mouths water. It is as difficult to find an undecorated wall in Pompeii, as to find one tastefully decorated in New York. The town must have been a grand panorama of Art, and every street, or arch, or atrium, or peristyle an harmonious picture. What, then, must have been Baiae, and Capua, and the one supreme Rome!

We are loth to believe that any talent

or faculty once possessed by Man, can have perished. We cannot even admit, without a sense of mortification, that any people were more generally developed in any particular direction, than ourselves. Yet, when we learn how universal was the instinct of proportion among the ancients—how taste and the love of symmetry came as natural to them as hunger or gambling, and then

consider how slowly and painfully we moderns must be educated, in order to appreciate correctly their commonest works,—what monstrosities we bow down before, and worship—how inert is the love of harmonious form and color among the masses of the people : when all this is clear, we realize that mankind has lost that much of its grace and the Earth that much of her glory.

MY BERKSHIRE HOME.

WHERE, having passed the cliffs of Monument,
The Housatonic winds through meadows decked
With elms, and sees Taconic's woody range,
With rounded tops, run southward by its side—
'Tis here I dwell, with wife and child beloved,
And till my farm. The flock and spotted herd
Both daily lick my hand with brutish joy.
Indoors, birds sing or mock throughout the year.
Beyond the lawn the orchard lies, wherein
Red apples hang, and pears, that ripening late,
In winter's festive glass or silver glow.
Orchard, and lawn, and farm, are all surveyed
From this fair, pine-clad height whereon I dwell ;
While far beyond, toward the south, I look
Upon the Housatonic vale, where, wider grown,
It gladly joins Green river's crystal flow
Unto its own ; and makes, between the hills,
A lap for Sheffield's happy rural homes
To nestle in. Six miles away it lies—
Far off, when mists and clouds obstruct the view ;
But nearer seeming when the sky is clear.
Behind the house, the hill lifts higher up
Its pines—a bulwark 'gainst the northern blasts,
Which fierce in winter blow—and makes a place
Of refuge, where, in March, the coming birds
Bask in the sun, and fill the woods with song.
So sheltered are the southern eaves from winds,
That when the sun, in winter, risen o'er
The rosy eastern mount, floods them with light,
And lingers there at play until the eve,
They strangely seem transformed, though white with snow,
Into the gates of sunny Italy.

The pines that stand around the house—a host
Of sentinels, to guard from winter's cold
And summer's heat—are tall, with branching tops,
Green as in youth, but having seen more years
Than they who dwell beneath their grateful shade.
Steadfast and strong, they never lose their bloom,
Nor yield the freshness of their virtue up
Unto the tyrant, frost. The summer breeze,
Which, from the far-off sea, arrives to woo
Their tops to answer it with song, dallies
The livelong day among the fragrant boughs,

And dies, at eve, exhausted with excess
 Of ecstasy. Their murmur, soft and low,
 Is constant music; whether in the cool
 Of day, I take my meditative walk,
 Attended by their friendly troop of stems,
 Or, dreaming, lie, at noon, upon the turf
 Around their feet. Yet when the storm-winds rise
 Upon Taconic's tops, the forest shakes
 Its boughs with rage, and answers to their roar.
 Then howl the branches, like the angry gale,
 Amid the cordage of a frigate, tall,
 Stranded on rocks; or like the ocean's moan,
 When, lashed by unrelenting powers, it cries
 In vain for mercy.

Better is the mood
 Of these domestic pines when nature is
 In sympathy with man. In April-days
 They give protection to the early flowers.
 Then hastes the liverwort—not waiting for
 Its leaves—to cast its tender purple buds
 Into the melting footprints of the snow,
 That now retires for shelter to the woods.
 The wild anemone, and mayflower soon
 Succeed; and violets, that spread their tents
 Of yellow or of blue in sheltered spots;
 And columbines, that hang their scarlet bells
 Above the rocks, to call the fairies home,
 When, at its full, the moon transforms the groves
 To realms of tiny tournament, and dance,
 And revelry. Throughout the year, the flowers,
 In quick succession coming, fill the air
 With changing colors, and with varied scents,
 Until the yellow needles of the pines,
 Falling in autumn, make the grassy earth
 As tawny as the Afric lion's hide.

But sweeter is the perfume of the trees
 Than of the flowers that bloom beneath.
 When summer suns shine on them after showers
 Their breath is resinous. The invalid
 Snuffs from afar its balm, as in the woods
 Of distant Caroline or Florida,
 Where stricken exiles go, each year, to die,
 And carry, as a boon to heaven, the scent
 Of southern pines.

Fair are these hillside paths,
 Whether one goes to cast the fly for trout
 In the near stream that through the meadow glides;
 Or hunt for whirring partridge in the wood;
 Or climb the easy way where, in old time,
 Lord Amherst led ten thousand men to fight
 The French in Canada; or, down the vale,
 Stroll where the Indian warriors built their mounds,
 And laid brave Umpacheni's bones,
 And Konkepot's.

More distant scenes invite
 To urge the steeds through meads with clover blown,
 Or corn-fields purple-tipt, to leafy woods,
 Where calls the waterfall to come; or heights,
 Whereon the eye enchanted looks o'er vales,
 And lakes, and streams, and intermingling hills.
 In spots like these, on Dome, or Monument,

Between the Lakes, or where the river Green
 Like molten glass o'er bed of jewels flows,
 And sands of gold—I love to idly waste
 The summer-day in converse sweet of friends,
 With laugh of childhood joined, and bark of dogs,
 And merry lads and lassies, crowned with leaves,
 While frugal fare is spread upon the ground,
 And sparkling cups enliven all. Nor does
 The winter fail to bring domestic joys,
 And pleasures of the mind, when hearthstones blaze,
 And books from well-filled shelves the thoughts transport
 Beyond Taconic's ridge, and winter's bounds.

Here do I live content; nor oft incline
 To taste the pleasures of the distant town,
 Save when affairs, or larger store of books,
 Or friendship's claim, my halting footsteps draw.
 For here unhindered, I can meditate
 The noblest themes; reading the open book
 Of life, and Nature's pages, turned each year
 By the revolving months; searching what truths
 Concerning human life and destiny
 Are by the rolling seasons taught to man.
 Here best I learn that life is good, not ill;
 That time is long, not short; and happiness,
 If rightly sought, by every man is found.
 Long are God's years, and slow His steps of love;
 Yet does He look with more regard on none
 Of all His stars, than on this shining orb,
 Where not a sparrow falls without His heed;
 Nor raven cries for food, unheard; and lambs,
 Though brute, are folded in His arms, as are
 The cherubim. Surely, no truer love
 Awaits the saint in heaven than guides him here.
 No nobler aims his soul can ever fire
 Than his own good, and others' weal on earth.
 Complete, indeed, is no man's happiness;
 For souls created rise from higher joys
 To higher. Progress there is in every life
 That's led aright, and in humanity.
 As chaos, undeveloped, finds its type
 In winter's reign, when nature lies entranced;
 So bursting spring is emblem of the time
 That infant man, as yet, on earth has lived.
 Our race is in its bud, and tender leaf;
 The summer-heats it has not felt; nor shown
 Its flower—much less, has yielded golden fruit,
 And sent its harvests home. Childish is all
 Our wisdom still; and child-like is our faith.
 But knowledge shall increase, as age to age
 Succeeds. New arts will rise; and none be lost.
 With lapse of time will science better learn
 To scan the laws of life, and nature force
 To yield her secrets up, and turn to use;
 Till reason rule the world it comprehends.
 Then chains, and wrongs, on earth, shall be extinct
 As monsters since the flood. The nations fallen
 Will rise once more; and Greece and Egypt build
 Again their temples, better gods to serve.
 E'en Afric's tawny head, upon that mount
 Of time, shall shine transfigured; while the isles
 Of ocean round float linked in equal love.

LIFE IN GREAT CITIES.

V.

PARIS.

THE city of Paris is the brilliant flower of modern civilization; to its shrines wend pilgrims in crowds, from Europe, from Asia, from Africa, and from America more than all. It is the paradise of women. Here are gathered and here are spent the taxes of all France; here comes the intellect of all France; here is exhibited the art of France and the world; here is amusement in a thousand shapes, and here is—a single religion.

Society was never brought to so thorough a *system* as here, and never was the art of preying upon man so completely organized.

If the end of civilization is to perfect mankind; to educate and develop a healthy, handsome, happy people; to promote good fellowship and kindness; to bring man into harmony with God—if this is so, then we may ask, Has the civilization of Paris done this? Perhaps not.

To-day, the central figure in France, and in Europe, too, is Louis Napoleon. In the city, and in all the empire, his will is law. He is the child of accident, but he has had the audacity to seize and the talent to use all the people and all the production of France, and to make them work out his purposes. It is a remarkable success, and it is the result of a belief nursed until it had become a fanaticism—cold-blooded, it is true, but still a fanaticism—a belief that he was to be *Master of France*. To serve France was not his dream, but to make France serve *him*. Cæsar was the model he studied, and he saw long ago that the Master of France must make the army of France his, as the Master of Rome had made it his twenty centuries ago. This he did, and since the 21st day of December, 1851, that army of five hundred thousand men has made a

nation of more than thirty millions pay tribute. In brief, each *one* man in the army is absolute master of more than sixty of the people of France out of the army; and nearly all the earnings of France, beyond a bare subsistence, go to support this army and the machinery which controls it. Ah! that is the secret. The man who moves this thorough and perfect machine is Louis Napoleon. He is master of the army, and so potent is the system of what is called "government," that even this army itself finds itself the tool of somebody, and that somebody the possible nephew of the great Corsican adventurer. Just what amount of all the taxes of the people of France the army gets directly and indirectly, it might be difficult to say; but it seems, according to the *Paris Temps*, that 169,910,430 days are consumed by it every year. That amount of men which might be productive, is not only unproductive, but is consuming and destroying. It was estimated that every soldier in our war cost one thousand dollars a-year. If the French soldier costs but half that, it would make the respectable figure of two hundred and fifty millions of dollars.

Some have fancied that this vast body of armed men was kept up to operate upon the fields of Europe, to control empires, and enlarge boundaries. It may be so used, but it has other uses. It centres in Paris, and is useful there. Spacious barracks, filled with thirty thousand men, dominate the most important centres of the city. The great sewers are constructed with railways in them for the speedy and secret moving of troops. There is not a pavement left in the city with which an outraged populace can build a barricade. The Master of Paris thus guards him-

self against his loving people, and an army is a most useful thing in his great housekeeping. But—it must be soothed and placated; it must be made to feel and to know that the soldier is better off than the civilian; that there are praise and pudding for him. *He does feel it*; and, so long as he does, no Emperor can be deposed. There are ugly stories afloat of what the Prætorian Guard did once in Rome, the Janisseries in Turkey,—and no Emperor can well forget them.

Espionage. So thorough is the system, that this army itself cannot unseat an Emperor except by a convulsion involving fearful risks and untold woes. The police of Paris is perfect: five men cannot stop on the corner of the street to have a little talk or to hatch a little conspiracy; nor can they meet in a room, privately or publicly, except by permission of the police, and with a policeman present to report their doings. The most brilliant members of the Institute can discuss political questions only under cover of Greece or Rome; and in the Parliament of the nation every statesman speaks with a curb in his mouth, upon which rests the finger of the President, upon whom rests the hand of the Emperor. Every man of note or influence is watched, and his doings, his plans, and his thoughts are known—the system is so perfect! How, then, is there to come any change to Paris? Only through the weakness or the generosity of the Emperor, or through a convulsion. For more than a thousand years Paris has been “governed” in this way; she is used to it, but from time to time she has broken up into eruption; the most frightful of which has come to be known as *the French Revolution*. Then the guillotine cuts off the heads of kings and queens and dukes and princes in the *Place de la Concorde*, where to-day stands the Needle of Luxor. The blood is dried up, and fresh earth is strewn, and all is gay and bright; but—a sham civilization breeds mischief, and who can, who dare, predict the future?

It has been well said, “Bayonets are

a convenient thing, but it is difficult to sit on them.”

The Government is *paternal*. The Emperor not only keeps the people from breaking out into disagreeable insurrections, but he sees that they are fed and amused. Taxation is thorough and searching, and none can fail to see how closely the Parisians live to starvation; *but they never do starve*. Why? From time to time we learn that France is in the market to buy wheat in vast quantities. What for? It is to feed the people of Paris, when work runs low and the machine creaks. The people must be cared for, too, when they are sick, and they must be amused to the requisite degree. These things “Government” undertakes to do in Paris.

The whole administration of charities and public aid is also thoroughly organized, under the Prefect of the Seine. The Director, in 1864, estimated that those who would demand relief in 1865 would number 259,199,* of whom over 100,000† were registered poor (permanent paupers), 91,355 were in hospital, 30,000 sick beside were treated at their own houses, and 23,416 abandoned children were placed in the country.

Two hundred and sixty thousand paupers in the city of highest civilization, does not tell a pleasant tale!

The population in 1860 was 1,700,000, and in 1866, 1,825,274—one eighth of all not able to support themselves by their own labor; another 100,000 were soldiers, and 60,000 ranked as criminal class. Any thing *might* happen, and some convulsion *must* happen. But “good order” prevails, and the Empire is peace—such is the word of the Emperor himself. The Prefect of Police has under his direction a body of 4,800 men and 4,400 gendarmes, a large part of whom wear swords and guns. By their help, matters are kept serene. It is the most singular of paternal governments—

“And all its life is love.”

After all, we may assume that every

* *The Charities of France in 1866.*

† 118,000.

one of the two millions of human beings in Paris is as important in the eye of the Creator as Louis Napoleon. We are also interested in them, and in the life they lead there.

It is certain that life is as difficult there as anywhere, notwithstanding so many Americans who go there believe it the most delightful city of the world, and that life there is easy, gay, and fascinating. Paris is not all Champs Elysées and Rue de Rivoli.

It has been said there is no starvation, while there *is*,—a vast population of 260,000 belonging to the pauper class. Another indication of the widespread poverty and of the hard struggle for existence prevailing in Paris, is seen in the *Mont de Piété*. This is a great governmental pawnbroker's shop, with various branches, and is thoroughly systematized. It guards the poor against the extortion of free pawnbroking. Through fifteen years, 1,313,000 articles were pawned annually, and the average of the loans was but 17 francs 40 centimes—some three dollars and a half. This may help to dispel the illusion that the people of Paris are gay and lighthearted. My own experience (brief though it was) led me to the belief that no people lived so closely, so carefully, or were in such grim earnest to get a subsistence; and that nowhere are the large mass so entirely hopeless as to bettering their condition—except it be through revolution and convulsion. The *system* holds them in hopeless poverty or mediocrity; and the system cannot be changed except by revolution.

About one half of the whole people at Paris—say one million—are classed as workmen; of these, in the business of

Food, are.....	38,559
Building.....	71,242
Furniture.....	37,951
Clothing and textile fabrics.....	104,887
Jewelry.....	18,731
Printing, engraving, &c.....	19,507

It may be curious to learn what these earn. I find that the wages of men range from 3.25 francs to 20 francs a-day—or from about 60 cents to \$4; those of women from half a franc—10 cents—to 10 francs, or \$2.

I discover another fact—new to me, and it may be to you—that 87 out of the 100 of them can read and write.* It is not the want of what we call education, then, that Paris suffers from.

While among the figures, it may be well to say here, that for the last sixteen years Paris has exported annually some 160,000,000 francs, or \$32,000,000, of manufactured articles.†

I have asked you to note that life is thoroughly systematized in Paris, under a paternal despotism of which Louis Napoleon is the father; and also that, notwithstanding this, nearly the whole population, while it never starves, lives as close to starvation as possible. You may wish a fact or two to sustain this assertion.

The budget of Paris—receipts and expenditures about the same—for the year 1867 is officially stated at 241,653,613 francs, or about \$48,330,000. Nearly the whole of this is raised from the people of Paris. Every egg is taxed, every dog is taxed, water is taxed, burials are taxed, wood is taxed, hay is taxed, night-soil is taxed—every thing is taxed. It must be, for the police and National Guard require yearly the pretty little sum of 15,329,000 francs, and public works (what is called “beautifying Paris”) 23,681,000 more. The people, the workmen, and those who amuse, get most of this from the strangers, and the government gets it from the workmen. Its system of taxation is thorough, and there is no escape.

Is Paris an earthly paradise for *woman*? Rich women and strange women may find it so; but the great mass of women there are intensely industrious, and are poor. The Parisians have discovered the art of utilizing their women. They have converted them from lovely and loving companions for man, serene partner of his joys and his sorrows, doubler of his prosperities,* sharer of his misfortunes—from careless, inconsequent, unproductive creatures, into the shrewdest, toughest, hardest, homeliest, and most productive of the race. It is

* Galignani for 1867.

† Ibid.

doubted whether ten handsome women can be found in Paris to save it. They produce vastly, every thing but children.

"Love"—so-called—is in the market, and in the Latin quarter, as well as in others, whole populations of women, called *Grisettes*, are up for hire as temporary companions of students. These are not to be described as harlots. While the engagement lasts they are true to their part of the bargain; they keep the rooms, they cook the food, they wash and mend and make; and when Sunday comes, in their neat dresses they go out upon cheap and pleasant excursions, or they enjoy a cheap theatre in the evening, and are not *abandoned* women, in our sense of the term. This life is their *business*, and there is no shame and no condemnation among them.

There is much less apparent vice in Paris than in any great city, and the "social evil" does not stalk the streets as in London and New York. All is here systematized also. Every house of prostitution is known and registered; its inmates are all registered; and they are subjected to monthly examinations, to secure them and the people against disease. Some 50,000 *malheureuses** are so registered, and there are 25,000 to 30,000 besides these who are not registered. They are not allowed to dress conspicuously, or to walk in the best streets soliciting custom. All is done decently and in order. Marriage is becoming more and more difficult, and non-marriage more and more easy.

Young American women, of the *nouveau riche*, are taken to the Paris market, because there marquises and barons abound; these want money, the others want titles. Among the upper classes, too, so much rank strikes hands with so much rank or so much money; but all is a matter of business, settled upon business principles, before the final consummation. In such a condition of things we should not look for much domestic bliss, nor much domestic jealousy: we do not—they do not exist.

* *Paris Guide*, 1867, p. 1883.

We come now to a rather startling assertion. It is, that in the modern civilizations of Paris, and other great cities, the strongest instinct of woman's nature, *maternity*, is nearly extinct. Materialism has taken its place. Women marry for money, not for love; they yield their virtue to the charms of money, not to the blandishments of passion. They are not sensual. A few facts may help to sustain these assertions. The legitimate births to a marriage in the Department of the Seine (Paris), in 1854, were but 2.51; while in the rural populations they were 3.25. It appears that in 1800 the births in all France were 3.33; in 1855 they had declined to 2.50 per cent. Among the shopkeepers, the common reply is, "We cannot afford to have children;" and they do not have them. Among the upper classes they do not *wish* to have them, and they do not have them. Among the poorer classes there is, as there is everywhere, much heedlessness. But here steps in an agency which enables these poorer women to keep at work. There are eighteen *crèches*, or public nurseries, which receive some 2,500 babies yearly, whose mothers, thus relieved of their care, are enabled to keep at work. We come now to another fact. About five thousand* children are annually abandoned to the foundling hospital. This has in its charge, mostly in the country, 23,228 abandoned children, who know neither father nor mother, and whose mothers never see or know their offspring.

The women of Paris do not love children, do not want them, and do not have them. The maternal instinct is suppressed, or it is sacrificed to the insatiable necessities of life, or to the exorbitant claims of pleasure. Is this, indeed, progress? Is it civilization?

The women of Paris are not beautiful, nor are they loving; but they are most capable, most dexterous, most fascinating. What they lack in beauty, they make up in skill, in tact, in subtle flattery, in neatness, and in sense. They

* In 1864, 4,489.

are thorough in their business, whatever it is, and *do* it well. Paris has shown what a wonderful creature a woman may become, when her nonsense is converted into sense, her aspirations into worldly wisdom. An American or an English woman can hardly believe the point of perfection a whole city of women may reach in the arts of this world. It is well known that the Grisettes are shrewd, cool, worldly to the extreme; yet they are the most agreeable creatures in the world; and their sisters of the higher classes are like them, only softened and tempered by the downy beds of prosperity upon which they lie.

It is hardly necessary to assert that the Parisian woman is not the model woman—what God intended her to be; but whatever she is, she is equal, if not superior, to the man. Upon him, the lord of creation, him of the upper class, tobacco, coffee, wine, and high-spiced pleasures have done their work, and he is pale, slight, weak, idle. The men of the lower classes, the “ouvriers,” are short, but stout and active; from them is made up the army of France, which has no equal for swiftness, audacity, and endurance. Below these come the population of crime (60,000 strong), whose hand is against every man, and every man's hand against them. The “gamin” of Paris, the boy, who knows neither father, mother, home, nor God, is a breed; most keen, most cunning, most enduring, most audacious. They grow into thieves and desperadoes, and ply their trades in the slums of the city and under the nose of royalty.

Thirty thousand *chiffonniers*, who pick their living out of the garbage of the streets, exist in Paris. But we have no figures to express the rich of the city. Do they number as many? I doubt it. Still, the *Bourse* is an institution. In a great Hall surrounded with Corinthian columns of white marble, between the hours of 12 and 3 every day (Sunday excepted, I believe), gathers a crowd of men. Among them are the *haut noblesse* and the German Jew. They buy and they sell stocks with a

noise and fury that is deafening. The mania for getting rich, and swiftly, pervades all classes; and here all classes come to gamble and speculate, and here millions are lost and won daily. It is easy enough to see how those who *know* what the Emperor is going to say, may buy or sell safely. Here the Mornys* and the “Brethren of the Elysée” are understood to have amassed their ample millions, which enabled them to rival the revels of Sardanapalus, and to die much eulogized.

The old nobility has gone down before the “new men” of the new Empire. Some of them yet exist, but they are powerless, and it is believed they grow weaker daily, in both intellect and money. The future of France will hardly find her great men among them.

The *art of living* has been a profound study in Paris for a century, and is more perfected than elsewhere; that is, here every thing is utilized, and nothing is wasted. Only the very rich live in a whole house; living in suites of rooms, upon one floor of a house, is universal. On the best floor are the *salons* and fine apartments for the rich; on the next floor, those for the well-to-do; above, for the artisans, and higher up for the poor.

Eating has become a fine art. Restaurants of every grade abound, and more people eat at them than in any other city of the world. Home-life is not so fascinating in Paris as in America; and the *café* supplies warmth, light, entertainment, and gossip. It is not so dull as home, and dullness the Parisian hates. Within a short time singing-café's have sprung into life, and at them a new charm is furnished free. Here Therèse became known, and won fame and money. She had talent, she had voice, she had wants, and she had audacity. She soon found that the impure paid better than the pure, that vile images were more seductive than noble thoughts, and she threw around these all the witchery of eye, tone, and gesture of which she was mistress.

* Died worth forty millions!

Whether she sang in the café or the open street, she was thronged with delighted men. Before long she was sought by the highest ladies of Paris, eager to learn from her the arts which brought men to her feet. They learned to sing her songs, and it is quite true that Thérèse has sung in the first *salons* of Paris, and in the presence of royalty itself. She has retired full of praise and money, with a supreme contempt for an elegant society which she believes baser than herself.

Food is all-important. The *Halles Centrales* stand upon the once burying-ground of the Church of the Innocents. This is the great central market, and here are sold, yearly, 110,000 beeves; 46,000 cows; 169,000 veals; 840,000 sheep; and some 86,000,000 pounds of dressed meat.* 240,000,000 eggs are consumed yearly in Paris, 28,000,000 pounds of butter, and 292,500,000 pounds of meat. And yet the consumption of meat here is found to be twenty per cent. less than in London. Wine flows into the city at the rate of 70,000,000 gallons† a-year; and as the water supply is poor, it is freely drunk. I have said that nothing is allowed to be wasted. Coffee-grounds are sold and resold; "Arlequins" sell every kind of broken meat and refuse food; the butter-tasters spit out the butter from their mouths on to straw laid on the floor to catch it; this straw is put into boiling water, the butter is skimmed off, and is sold to confectioners. The confectionery of the city is famous and most delicious!

The market-women—*dames de la Halle*—are a rich, robust, and powerful class. They are proud of themselves and of their business, which they attend to thoroughly and indefatigably. They love to appear at coronations and christenings of great families, wearing their bravery and jewels, to present congratulations and to be complimented. They have been powerful instigators and promoters of rebellions, and even emperors do not care to trifle with them.

Another of the arts of living—*dress*—is thoroughly exploited in Paris. It is, *must* be borne in mind, that no creature of God's creating, except man, is born naked, and continues so. The energies of man, therefore, are taxed (now to the utmost) to provide food and clothes. The supreme desire of man is for food, of woman for clothes. She may endure the deprivation of food, but without clothes she dies. The clothes one absolutely *needs* are such as will protect one from the inclemency of the weather; what one *wants*, pen cannot tell.

The wardrobe of Fayaway consisted of one garment of cotton cloth, tied about the waist with a cord braided of soft grass. The wardrobe of the Princess M— consists of 119 dresses of silk, each of 119 pieces, and trimmed with 1,900 yards of trimmings; 164 morning-gowns of various materials, adorned with one million of buttons; 61 walking-dresses and cloaks, ornamented with one ton of bugles; 51 shawls of various sizes and colors; 152 petticoats, in variety; 275 other undergarments; 365 pairs of stockings; 156 pairs of gloves of every known color; 49 pairs of boots and shoes; 71 sashes and belts; 64 brooches, in variety; 72 pairs of earrings, in variety; 31 fans; 24 parasols; 1 umbrella, &c., &c. Such, in brief, is the wardrobe now of a first-class Parisian lady.

How does she get these things? Ah, that is a question; for she makes none of them herself. Twenty kinds of sewing-machines each do the work of fifty sewers; these are at work night and day. Beside them, 150,000 men and women at least are at work in Paris making clothes to cover the nakedness of the race; and over \$90,000,000* worth are produced here annually. Not only are there new clothes made to this extent, but three firms in Paris sell annually, of "old clothes," over \$3,000,000 worth. This is vast—it is fabulous—it is almost incredible; but it is true.

There is a *mystery* about this subject

* *Paris Guide*, 1867.

† 68,200,000 gallons.

* 455,000,000 francs. *Galignani*, 1867.

that man's mind cannot fathom. It may be suggested by the question, What is fashion? *We look upon you (ladies),* and exclaim, "What loveliness! what exquisite combination of rosebuds and tulle! what taste! what art!" Alas! man is but a simple creature. He longs to possess the lovely wearer of so much loveliness, and to call her his. He does not know what part Madame Roget and Cora Pearl have played in this little drama. No one knows just how much Madame Roget and Cora Pearl have to do in *creating* the fashions which dominate soul and sense in all quarters of the civilized world.

"What is fashion?" is a mysterious question. By some sort of fraternity, the great makers of silks and ribbons and plushes and organdies do coöperate with the great milliners and *modistes* of the Palais Royal, and so discover what *they* will have the fashion to be, months before the problem is resolved in the general female mind. Three things are necessary for the great manufacturers, and for the artists of the Palais Royal: one, to invent a fashion; another, to persuade or force the women of the world to follow it; and the third, to change it often. All this means *business*; and fashion means business in Paris, and it means nothing else. It is thoroughly systematized, it is powerful, and it has its finger in the pocket of every woman of the civilized world. A little story will illustrate this: In the days of Louis Philippe, a most earnest and gifted preacher appeared in Paris. He waked people from their worldliness, and inspired a sense of duty; but, more than that, he became the fashion; so that women of the first rank hung upon his words and tried to follow his teachings. They took the jewels from their hands and laid them at his feet; they dressed simply and plainly, and poured the money into his treasury, or devoted it to works of charity; they wished to be humane, and they ceased to be vain and barbaric. Mark the sequel! The traders, and jewel-makers, and fashion-makers took an alarm; they appeared before the Minister of

State, and told him "the thing *must be stopped!*" This preacher must be silenced, or the people would suffer for food, and would rise in mutiny—for it was by these gods of fashion the city prospered." *It was stopped;* the eloquent preacher was *permitted* to leave the city; the ladies of Paris soon forgot him and his teachings; the traders and jewel-makers and *modistes* breathed freely; Paris was saved! and all went on in the old way.

Not only do the *artistes* of the Palais Royal create fashions, but they do another and a greater thing: they compel—yes, compel—every woman in the Christian world, from the missionary under the walls of Jerusalem to the trader's wife of California—all, of every language and race, to adopt these fashions, and to shape and reshape her garments according to the whims of somebody in Paris whom, individually, no one knows or cares for. A woman who cannot follow the fashion feels herself disgraced; and a woman who will not do it is contemned by most of her sisters. This is a thing which a man can hardly compass, and quite fails to understand. Thousands of women know this tyranny of fashion perfectly, but feel powerless to resist it. They detest the large hoops (once in use), they loathe the wearing of a dead woman's hair, they are sick of trailing their skirts in the mud, and yet they do these things; they do whatever "fashion"—that hidden god—tells them to do.

Now, woman is a part of the machinery which is used in Paris in this business with telling effect. There is a class of women there known as "*dames du lac*." They are, in fact, courtesans of the most elegant and expensive description. They spend much money; they drive in the most striking of equipages, and display themselves every sunny afternoon on the borders of the lake in the Bois de Boulogne—hence their name. Now the purpose of these women is to excite a sensation, to attract the gaze of the world, to fascinate men, and especially men with long purses. Their most convenient weapon is DRESS. They

display themselves before the world in the most lovely, the most gorgeous, the most strange, or the most extravagant of dresses. To them flock the "gentlemen" of Paris, glad to see, to know, to talk, to flirt before the civilized world. Around them gather the "ladies" of Paris, princesses, duchesses, marquises, and empresses, to see what the latest fashion is, to know how a *lady* is to array herself; only anxious to equal—she cannot rival—these free "*dames du lac*." Such is the latest phase of Christian civilization in Paris!

The name of Cora Pearl is well known. She is an English girl, who has beaten the French on their own ground. Her wit, her beauty, her audacity, her vice, have surpassed theirs, and to-day she rivals the Empress herself in the gaze of the crowd. She it was who invented the fashion of wearing red hair; she dyed that of her poodle red, that it might be in harmony with her own. The brunettes of Paris hate none so much as her. They long to thrust a knife under the fifth rib—but murder is not permitted.

I have said that fashion means business—that it is thoroughly systematized—that it is a mystery—and that it has its finger in the purse of every woman in the land. Can any one doubt? Can any fail to see that, by means of it, Paris draws a tribute of \$90,000,000 from the universal world? Can any one question that, if Paris could to-day be engulfed five thousand fathoms deep, the soul of every woman would be freed from a terrible tyrant? Does she desire to be freed? Let her answer for herself.

There is one religion in Paris, and it is called Roman Catholic. It is a curious fact that in this city, where the Calvinists once almost drove out the Catholics, there exist to-day but two Calvinistic houses of worship. There is *one* religion, but, according to Guizot, there is not a faith—or almost none. Faith in the unseen, faith in virtue, faith in an after-life of which this is the mere beginning, is rare, if it is to be found at all in the Church. This religion, through two thousand years, has be-

come thoroughly systematized into a Church. This Church is a perfect machine, which is indeed a power in the State, but is controlled and managed by the State. This perfect machine is in the hands of able men, and is an integral part of the social life of the city. The worship at Notre-Dame is a superb spectacle; the dresses are rich, the lights fine, the music delightful, the audiences well-behaved. Here, too, is applied that wonderful system and thoroughness which marks every thing in Paris. A high-mass costs from 50 to 300 francs; a grand marriage, with carpets, chairs, choir, &c., costs some 300 francs; and blessed candles for the poor to burn before the shrine of "Our Lady" can be had for a few sous. Death, too, pays. The business of burying is in the hands of the great company (*Pompes Funèbres*) chartered by the State, who furnish funerals at prices ranging from 19 francs to 7,184 francs—of which the Church has its share. We must not forget, however, that in the bosom of this wonderful Church lives and acts a body of women who save it from perdition—the Sisters of Charity. Some of them are old, many young, but all devoted. They spend their lives in relieving distress and allaying suffering. They do this not for money, but for the love of God and man. In the Church, too, are to-day, as there always have been, honest, sincere, devoted men, who work at the problem of human life, and labor to raise the souls of men from the temporal to the spiritual. Just now the most conspicuous of these are Father Felix and Father Hyacinth. The first is a Jesuit, and a most finished and cultivated preacher; but he fails to impress one with the earnestness and intensity of feeling which inspires Father Hyacinth. This last always attracts crowds, and they are not only women. Grave men, ministers, artists, writers, hang upon his fiery words in rapt attention. The Church is crowded hours before he speaks; carriages stop the way. It is a new, a startling, a novel sensation—this man preaching, as though he believed it, the gospel of the

poor and the suffering—the gospel spoken by Jesus of Nazareth two thousand years ago on the banks of the Sea of Galilee.

What is the result? It were impossible to tell. The brilliant correspondent of the *Evangelist* confesses herself perplexed. She sees the crowd, she knows they are impressed, moved, electrified; but they turn away talking as they would after hearing an opera or seeing a performer. They have had a sensation—they go away. She says: "Never has preaching in the Church been more followed. Never was there more talent put into requisition to satisfy this mercurial population, mad for excitement of every kind—whether in the church or the theatre; yet never, perhaps, was there more of demoralization in society, or even vice, more unblushingly displayed in the amusements and literature of the people." What, then, has religion come to be, and where is the home of faith?

Sunday is in no sense a holy day. The Church discourages business labors, and most of the public works are suspended; but private enterprises go forward, and for a part of the day labors go on, and the small shops are kept open. The people throng the museums and gardens; the shows of the Champs Elysées are vivacious, and the theatres are in full blast. Sunday is the holiday of the people.

Education is not universal, but in the higher walks it is not surpassed. The "Polytechnique," the "School of Mines," the "School of Natural History," the "Academy of Fine Arts," the "Conservatoire," the "Sorbonne," and the "School of Medicine," attract thousands of scholars from all parts of the world. There are also some five hundred schools for elementary instruction, where some seventy-two thousand children are taught at the expense of the State.* These schools are under the charge of the "Brothers of the Christian Faith," the counterpart of the "Sisters of Charity." The education here is

most practical and valuable, being such only as will fit the children for the work they have to do in life; for it is not understood there that every child will probably be a senator, or an emperor, as here. The mind of France concentrates in Paris, and the mind of Paris concentrates in the *Institute*. This comprises: 1. The *Académie Française*, founded since 1635, of forty members. 2. The *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres* (1663), of fifty members. 3. The *Académie des Sciences* (1666), of seventy-five members. 4. The *Académie des Beaux Arts* (1648-'71), of fifty members. 5. The *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*, of forty-six members. Those who have the honor of being elected to these posts have received the stamp of excellence, and are recognized *masters*. Even in the whirl and vanity and excitement of Parisian life, it is anxiously asked, "When is there to be a sitting of the Academy? when a reception?" and tickets are eagerly sought for.

In the various branches of science the French are unsurpassed. In the fine arts, especially in painting, they are today unrivalled. In literature there is certainly vast activity, and in the year 1860 nearly twelve thousand literary works were published, besides numerous periodicals. The *press* would be the most brilliant and varied in Europe, but it is muzzled. In the department of fiction, there is more brilliancy, variety, and intensity, and more vice, than in any literature of Europe; and it is a significant fact that the tendency in all directions is to tickle a satiated appetite and to excite a prurient imagination. Works are published and read unblushingly in Paris, which would not bear the light in America; and they prove most profitable.

In the departments of literature, science, and art, men not only reap honors, but they gather wealth, more than elsewhere. But they work; they spare no pains; they are thorough. Here is now to be found the true nobility of France, small in numbers, great in intellect. But this nobility, we may well believe, is nigh hopeless. It looks,

* Annual cost, £120,000 (\$600,000).

and it sees Caesarism, sword in hand, sitting on the throne, in the temple, in the schools; it sees vice made beautiful, accepted, and worshipped; it sees the grossest materialism mastering a whole people, and—it can do almost nothing—it is silent, its mouth is shut.

It is a significant fact, that when, recently, some of these earnest souls proposed to establish a free reading-room for the workmen of Paris, the police at once arrested it. No, it could not be! Men rarely speak of Caesarism in Paris; but what are their thoughts?

Paris, in fact, is the *city of the stranger*, for by the stranger the people live. Its manufactures are peculiar; they are most perfect and thorough, and they are especially of such things as the stranger can and will buy. They produce in perfection shoes and gloves, clothes in variety, watches and bronzes, pianos and perfumery, artificial flowers, and all varieties of instruments. As long ago as 1851, the annual product of these amounted to \$392,725,000, and it may now be double that.

The city is made gay and beautiful to please the eye of the stranger; the galleries and museums are free for their use; the great streets are gay with gas and people; the eating and drinking are of the best; thirty theatres, paid by the State, nightly open wide their doors, ranging from the Grand Opera to the Theatre Montmartre; circuses and concerts are cheap; balls of all sorts abound; at the Mabilles manners are free but good, at the Chateau Rouge they are most free, if not good; "*Où il y a de la gêne, il n'y a pas de plaisir.*" Such is their motto—"pleasure at any price." Over two millions of dollars are received yearly at some nineteen of the first theatres; and all places of amusement are thronged.

Two hundred thousand strangers visited Paris to witness the distribution of the Eagles to the army; and the numbers who have visited the Great Exposition reach millions. All have left their money at Paris. Listen! "Of all modern cities Paris is the most eminently *ennuyé*, gossiping, and indif-

ferent. For a long time she has permitted any one to say or do any thing before her, without shame or hesitation, if only she may be diverted for a moment." So says one of her own writers.

No visitor will fail to be struck with two things at Paris. One is, the brilliancy of the city. No city surpasses it in this respect—but I felt, when I saw it, that it was the brilliancy of veneering admirably varnished. A more careful examination satisfied me that this is so. It is not a hearty, substantial, honest, real city. The other thing is, the people. Industrious, capable, thorough, they certainly are; but they are not gay, light-hearted, trivial. They are in grim earnest to get something to eat, and they use every faculty, they strain every nerve, they practise every art to accomplish it. But their wonderful, admirable, superlative quality is shown in the patience and good nature with which they know and accept their destiny, and *make the best of it*. I do believe there is less of whining and repining at the situation, and a more widespread determination to *enjoy* their poverty, than in any other country of the known world. And this habit of making the best of things, and enjoying small pleasures, might make them teachers of us in America. The Parisians have less and enjoy more, while we have more and enjoy less, than any other people.

The brilliant city, then, is the result of a thousand years of paternal government, enlightened by science, softened by art, tempered by the Church. It is considered by the Parisians certainly, if not by the world, as the finest flower of modern civilization.

Is it the best that human nature is capable of? I ask you to think of it.

What is to be its future, what its perfection, it were hard to tell. Believing, as I do, that such a civilization is a sham and a delusion, permitted by the providence of God to prove to us the folly and feebleness of humanity, I do not altogether admire it. Not only do I distrust it, but so do others; and

he, the man who has grasped it and made it his, as much as any, perhaps.

On the 18th of last November (1867), Louis Napoleon made a speech to his Senate and Corps Législatif, which was intended to reassure his own people, and himself. He said, among other things, "You will, I trust, vote laws which will be submitted to you that will contribute, &c., &c." Observe—"that will be submitted to you!" By whom?

Again: "The journey I have made with the Empress to the east and north of France has afforded the opportunity for manifestations of sympathy which have touched me profoundly. I have been able to ascertain that nothing has been able to shake the confidence the people have placed in me, and the attachment they entertain toward my dynasty, &c., &c."

"Manifestations of sympathy," and "my dynasty," are the key-notes of this painful moan. Does the man see the end approaching? Does he see that in all the millions of France, not a thousand have any sympathy with his grasped Empire? that not one of all those millions loves him? that the conscience of France has judged him? that the intellect of France scorns him? that the shopkeepers and traders support him only because they fear change? He knows, and his people know, that he is all false, and his Empire a falsehood, and yet not a man in all France dare print one word of criticism or condemnation; not a man dare whisper it above his breath; his Senate and Corps Législatif must vote the laws *he submits*, or none. Meantime, starvation to-day presses more heavily upon the people of Paris; placards are posted in the secrecy of night, "Bread, or death!" His moan says, "The situation is undoubtedly not free from embarrassments. Industrial and commercial activity has slackened; uneasiness is general in Europe—the harvest is not good—dearness is inevitable," &c. Besides which, the great Adventurer's schemes in Mexico have proved a complete failure, and the blood of Maximilian smells

at the foot of the throne. More than all, that other great adventurer, the Count von Bismarck, pulls his beard, and laughs at his padded figure. He has ceased to be the scarecrow of all Europe, and he knows it.

"My dynasty" strikes another note—it is also a wail. The poor boy for whom he has hoped much and sinned much, the unhappy victim of his father's corruption, drags out his melancholy life, and will not live to sit in the throne his sire has seized. It will not be strange, then, if this strange man should see himself the last of his strange line, and that his setting should be solitary and in clouds and darkness; for we should never forget that there is a God above, and that villany is sometimes vanquished on earth. Napoleon has played a bold and a desperate game, and he has won. But if, to have the respect of the wise, the esteem of the noble, the sympathy of the virtuous, the love of the poor and weak, be evidences of a God-like man, then he has them not—then he is a total failure.

But we must leave him. The convulsion will come, but not during his lifetime. I do not look for it; his system is too perfect; and while he divides the spoil of the people with his generals and his army, he will keep his seat. We have to see and understand this, and then guard ourselves against the glittering idol who is only washed with gold.

To show how differently men see, I venture to give here the criticisms of a gentleman whose high position and whose means of observation entitle his views to great weight.

"I have read your paper about Paris, and was not surprised to find that you have adopted the prevailing American view of the French people and Government—a view substantially the same as that which has been sedulously inculcated by the English press and stage for the past two hundred years or more. I suppose it is the more popular view, and will therefore be acceptable to your readers, at least on this side of the Atlantic. I think, however, if you had seen the French Administration more nearly and known the French people more intimately, you would entertain different views from those expressed in your

paper. You would find that you have underrated them politically, socially, and morally, and failed to appreciate the obligations under which, for full three centuries that they have held the lead of European civilization, they have placed mankind. However, such views would astonish rather than gratify your readers, who will, I dare say, be charmed and satisfied with your picture.

"I feel that I should hardly comply with the promise I made you, if, after what I have written, I did not state some of the points on which I differ most widely from you.

"I do not think the French military force is more burdensome, in proportion to population, or more expensive, than that of Russia, Prussia, Austria, or even England, counting, as it is proper to do, the naval forces.

"Louis Philippe depended just as much upon the army as Napoleon III. does. If it furnishes the latter more support, it is because he renders his administration more acceptable to the people from among whom the army is recruited. It is a familiar *mot* quite current in France, that the French army never made or prevented a revolution. It is true.

"I think you entirely overstate the distress in Paris. I know of no people in any city in the world so comfortably fed and clothed, and where all the material conditions of living are so favorable, not excepting our own.

"You are mistaken in supposing that passports are a part of the enginery of the police. Passports are not required at all of travellers entering or sojourning in France. I think you greatly exaggerate also the espionage of the police, which, in all my residence in Paris, I never knew to seek information that all good citizens were not interested in its procuring. Of course there were cases, no doubt, of a dif-

ferent character, but they were so rare, and so circumscribed in their range, that they never, so far as I now recollect, came under my observation.

"I think you overstate the mercenary character of matrimonial engagements in France. Mercenary marriages are contracted everywhere, and the most mercenary matches that I have known in France were between parties half American. Some of the pleasantest and most affectionate domestic circles I have ever known I found in France.

"While I do not think the French women specially noticeable for physical beauty, there are no women in the world of such taste or of such rare companionable qualities. No *salons* in the world are so renowned as the French.

"So the French men are a remarkable race; they feed, clothe, and decorate the wealthier class of all civilized countries. They are not poor, as you seem to suppose, but very rich. The wealth of France is enormous, and, I suspect, increasing as rapidly as that of any other State in Europe. In estimating the social and physical condition of the French man, you must not overlook this remarkable fact—that the Frenchman rarely emigrates, and never without the *animo revertendi*.

"You will see by these observations that I do not share at all the popular impressions about the French, nor about their sovereign, who is a man like the rest of us, and is animated by substantially the same motives as other men, with ability enough to place himself at the head of forty millions of people, would be."

I can only add to this, that French *figures* seem to sustain the view I have presented.

FAME.

BE not thy heart devoured by love of fame,
That hound wild-howling ever to the moon!
Should'st thou! the world may smile a realm of June
Brimful of flowers, and not a hue shall claim
Thy look;—ho, what is fame! a transient thing
Treacherous as transient! shadow of a wing
Swift gliding over, leaving thee forever;
Wishing the shadow's blest return, and never
Hailing its mocking balm;—yea, what is fame!
A bubble blown by chance, an echoing name
And dying with the echo; Genius bears
No certain claim; what gloom its splendor wears,
Missing the sun at which its wing was bent
No! seek not praise but peace, not clamor but content.

TOO TRUE—A STORY OF TO-DAY.

CHAPTER XI.

A QUIET GAME, WELL PLAYED.

MR. DASSEL's first visit to the tenement-house was not his last. Little Toddle would shout with delight when he heard the voice of the beautiful gentleman; while Abby, the girl, a thin child, with light hair and angular motions like her mother's, would brighten up into a shy smile not ugly to see, though rather colorless. Their wonderful visitor was a Prince, like the one she had read about in her torn picture-book, and his gifts were lavish in their magnificence, for they included a real hobby-horse for Toddle and a splendid pink dress for herself, besides bon-bons innumerable.

With Mrs. Bellows he was quite intimate. That severe and chilling woman had conceived a blind admiration for her visitor which, in any one but a genuine New England wife, might have made her husband shake in his shoes; but with this descendant of the Pilgrims not a spark of sentiment or romance mingled with her affection for the man *who understood her and sympathized with her* as Abel never could or would! Mrs. Bellows once had been pretty, like the gingham dress she wore; like that, she was now faded and limp, and yet, she was younger in years than the handsome man who dandled her baby on his knee while he talked with her. But about this she had no fancies. She never ran to the glass when she heard him on the stairs, greeting those he chanced to meet in his cheery, foreign fashion, to see if her hair were smooth or her collar pinned straight; therefore, if a flush of pleasure did mount to her face it was not a flush to conceal from the father of her children. It was a great relief to her careworn mind to tell, at full length, the trials of her lot to an appreciative listener, including all those which arose

from the besetting weakness of Abel,—that sad dissipation of his which wasted the means already too narrow for his family. He did not drink, he did not smoke, he was saving of his clothes,—only those wicked lotteries beguiled him and led him astray. Mr. Dassel shook his head over this failing, casting glances of almost tender pity at the poor apartment and the complaining occupant, promising to use all the influence *he* possessed to win Bellows off from so foolish a passion.

It is true that the street upon which the Bellows resided formed a "cut-off" on Dassel's route from his boarding-house to the store of Borden & De Witt, of which it was but natural that he should avail himself, to shorten his long walk. Then, in passing, after having once proved his kindness by calling to inquire after a sick child, it might also be natural that he should repeat the deed which had seemed to give so much pleasure. At first, there was the excuse of the baby's picture, which he desired to see; then, he promised Abby a slate and pencil, and must bring them when he passed again. Mrs. Bellows was not a simpleton; she had plenty of shrewdness; and she never doubted, delighted as she was with the gentleman's civilities, and confidential as she became in her disclosures to him, but that he had some object in calling, beyond her or her children. She could see no object but Miss Bayles.

In the eyes of all the family that young lady was perfection; she was pretty enough for any man, and her manners were not to be surpassed. To be sure, Mr. Dassel was a remarkable gentleman; but that was only to make the fairy-tale come out as it should; they always had expected that some wonderful being would see Miss Bayles and her pictures, fall in love with her, and carry her off to live in a brown-stone palace in the gorgeous regions of

up-town. So that when Mr. Dassel brought confectionery to the little Bellows, and talked long with the mother, no doubt his eyes, mentally, were on the sweet face of the artist in the adjoining room; and the good woman, fascinated as she was by the enjoyment of pouring forth her own troubles into an attentive ear, was not so selfish but that she cut herself off, as it were, and put herself away, to summon Miss Bayles, with transparent pretexts, into her room to meet her destined prince. All the more delighted was she when she learned, through their conversation, that they had dwelt under the same roof and sat at the same table, during those days of absence in which the artist was at the country-house of her rich friends. The Fates themselves had a hand in it, thought Mrs. Bellows, and the harder, plainer, and more humble her own lot, the more lavishly did she build up castles-in-the-air for her fair neighbor.

An opulent future *was* slowly unrolling itself before the blind footsteps of the young artist, but Mr. Dassel had no part in it such as the imagination of his humble friend allotted him. Yet he took a deep interest in Miss Bayles; he devoted many hours to her, both in the tenement-house and at the villa, paying her attentions delicate and impressive.

Mrs. Bellows did not open her mind as freely, on these subjects, to Abel, as she would have done, had not a half-guilty consciousness that she was holding up the faults of her husband to a stranger, restrained her. Abel knew that Mr. Dassel came often to his house; he saw the presents received by the children; also, the guest was as apt to come when he was at home as when away. Indeed, to no one did he make himself more agreeable than to the porter. He frequently spent whole evenings with him playing draughts and backgammon, chatting, between-times, to the wife and Miss Bayles.

On many occasions the subject of the robbery at the store came up. The murder had made a profound impression upon Abel. He never could speak of it without nervousness, and a slight

pallor over his ruddy face. The shock to him had been great, for he very well knew that chance might have made *him* the victim, in place of his unfortunate comrade; while visits of aid and sympathy to the mourning widow kept alive those feelings of horror which he had at first experienced.

Yet, by a curious fascination, it seemed that he and Mr. Dassel could hardly sit down together for a quiet game, but that the subject was introduced. Dassel naturally enough had a great interest in it. Being correspondent for the house, he was interested in their concerns; and then, as he told the little man opposite—whose blue eyes were fixed upon him, as he spoke, with an indescribable, half-eager, half-withdrawn look—he had an inborn taste for disentangling the threads of mysterious crimes or complicated legal troubles—he should have been a lawyer, and had almost decided to study, yet, for the profession.

"I have no doubt I could now pass an examination, having read law, all my life, in pursuance of my natural inclinations," he remarked, one evening. "And, about this robbery, I never told you, Abel, that since my return from St. Louis, I have come upon a clue which I think will lead me to the guilty parties."

"Is that so?"

The two men looked at each other across the table. They were alone, Mrs. Bellows having gone down to spend the evening with the school-teacher's wife, and the children were in bed.

It was a cool night, early in November. It was a common thing for the visitor to send out for a pitcher of lager, from which he and Abel would drink moderately as they played their harmless game; but this evening, Dassel, complaining of chilliness, had asked permission to make some hot whiskey punch. Abel, consenting, drew the coals under the kettle, heated the water, and then told his guest to suit his own taste; as for himself, he seldom tasted whiskey. "Of course not, except to keep off chills," the visitor responded in his cheery manner; but, when his

task of concocting the medicine was over, performed with that airy, laughing grace so becoming to him, there were two tumblers of the steaming beverage, one at either elbow, and Abel, as he moved his men, sipped at his glass, half unconsciously, until its contents disappeared.

Now, as he looked up, with the question, "Is that so?" upon his lips, his heightened ruddiness and a certain glitter of the eyes told that the unusual stimulus had affected him.

"Yes," said Dassel, glancing towards the door and finding it closed. Each involuntarily moved nearer across the table, Abel with his short, plump arms folded upon it, his visitor with one finger almost touching his sleeve, scanning the other's face.

"I didn't never have no confidence in that St. Louis trip."

"Why not?"

Bellows grew confused. If he had not taken the whiskey he would not have allowed that remark to have escaped his lips.

"Why not?"

"Well, I don't know,—only I hadn't. It turned out as I expected."

"Bellows, have you any clue?"

There was no reply. Dassel turned more liquor into their glasses, and Abel, in his nervousness, drank his off at once: it ran like fire through his veins, for his companion had neglected to add water.

"I've thought, for some time, Abel, that you knew more about this matter than you have disclosed. If so, I think it your duty to make it known. I have not been with the firm as long as you; yet, if I possessed facts with regard to a matter like this, I should feel bound to reveal them. I would like to know how your suspicions tally with mine. Bellows, I have observed you closely, and I know that you have found a clue to the robber. Give up that clue to me, allow me to prosecute this thing alone, and I will not only allow you all the advertised reward, but will add a thousand dollars of my own. Think of that, Abel! two thousand dollars! You are

poor—in debt. Your wife is unhappy. You have made her so by fooling away your hard earnings in lottery tickets. Let this be your lottery, in which, at last, you will be sure of the prize,—enough to pay your debts and buy you a snug little home! enough to restore your wife's smiles and good temper! Winter is coming on; rents are high; I know it all. Look here! *give me the clue*, and you shall have this to-night!" —he took from his vest-pocket two bonds of five hundred dollars each, and held them before him on the table.

"What is it I am to give you for this?"

"You know, well enough, to what I refer,—a thousand dollars, cash down,—nothing can be easier."

Abel *did* know to what his companion referred. There was a spot over his heart which burned with intense consciousness. It appeared to him as if the keen blue eyes opposite could see, through his soiled vest, and all its wrappings of paper, the sleeve-button, with its green jewel flashing balefully. His whole breast seemed illuminated. He half expected the man to reach forth and grasp it. But, although the liquor he had taken increased the vividness of his feelings, it had not impaired his judgment. The doubts which had troubled him, the conflicting respect and suspicion, all merged in one sharp certainty, and he drew a breath which relieved him of weeks of suspense. Modest and deprecating as were his ordinary manners, he did not quail, now, before an inquisition which was truly terrible. The flash of their eyes met like the clashing of steel.

"Think of how much good this money will do you. The friend to whom you gave your note for a hundred dollars will be here to attach your furniture next week."

"Who told you that?"

"Your wife. No one else can make that thing which you have worth as much to you as I, Abel. A thousand dollars is quite a sum to a man situated as you are."

"I know it, Mr. Dassel. I have often

thought it over. I could have had it, any day, since the first week of the murder."

A slight paleness increased over Dassel's face; there was hatred or some other ugly emotion in its pallor, but he conquered the feeling which had only betrayed itself in the clutch of his finger-nails into the flesh of his palm; a tremulous smile played about his mouth as he spoke—as if he were asking some woman to be his wife—

"Are we not friends, Bellows? I have relied on your friendship. I believed that you loved me, as I have you, and yours."

Abel's glance sank beneath the soft power of a look which few, of either sex, ever had resisted, and, wandering restlessly about the room, fell on the hobby-horse which had given Toddle such delight.

"I always liked you better'n any blood relation," he faltered, presently.

"Thank you, Abel. Then I cannot see how you can refuse me so small a favor,—the first I ever asked of you!"

"Because," answered Abel, again recovering his self-possession, "this is a matter of conscience, Mr. Dassel. God knows I've been troubled in my mind about it! Murder is murder, sir, and nothing ought to excuse it. It makes me feel like a party to it, sir."

"That is all right, Abel; I see just how you are placed. But this case, it strikes me, admits of palliation. I have made up my mind that the robber had no intention of murder,—he was attacked by the watchman, and, under the influence of the instinct of self-preservation, killed him to save himself. How he came to be tempted to commit the robbery, who knows? Desperate circumstances—circumstances like yours, or worse—might have urged him upon it. I would not be any more merciful to him than you would. It is not a question of the robber's crime. It is a question of friendship between you and I, Abel. I want to prosecute this thing myself. In order to get it into my hands, I wish to get possession of that small article which the robber lost. I

offer you a thousand down for it, and all the reward promised by the firm."

"You don't mean to say you will deliver up the guilty parties and secure the reward?"

"Oh, but I do. Your suspicions are as far astray as wrongful to an innocent man. There is something to be explained which will be made clear when the time comes. Did you not know, Abel, that I, also, was a loser, to a small amount, by that robbery? that my desk was opened, and a little box taken from it containing several precious souvenirs of my foreign home—among other things, a pair of sleeve-buttons, of old-fashioned setting, but containing emeralds which were heirlooms in my family? Such was the case. My reason for not complaining was this: I believed that I could find the burglar by means of those jewels; they were too remarkable not to give a probability of their being traced. Since the robbery I have not allowed a day to pass in which I have not made exertions to find those emeralds. I have been to diamond-merchants and pawnbrokers. In short, I have found the other button, and by that means expect to convict the guilty party. I only ask you to give me that which you found, and to testify, when called into court, to the circumstances of the finding. In the meantime I give you a thousand dollars to relieve you from your present difficulties."

The porter stared blankly into the face of the speaker. Astonishment too great to be otherwise than mute had possession of him. But, it had an effect upon him quite contrary to what his companion expected; instead of adding to his confusion it calmed his excitement; the fumes of the liquor cleared away from his brain; his sensibilities no longer were in the ascendant; his reason came into full play; the half-shrewd, half-merry twinkle of the eyelid was gone; one might have thought that the porter had changed places with the man of the world, his glance grew so penetrating.

In the short silence which followed,

swift thoughts brought numerous matters before his mind, from which to make his selection. Was it possible that he *had* been accusing an innocent man, constantly, in his secret soul?—misrepresenting his every action, giving a ghastly coloring to his most simple actions, shrinking from his proffered friendship, shuddering when his hand touched his laughing boy? How glad he would be, could he spring up, this moment, confess his suspicion, and beg the forgiveness of the man whom he *had* loved, even while he had condemned! How simple the solution, after all! And he had made himself such an unhappy fool about the matter! Now that Dassel had mentioned that the buttons had been taken from his desk, how the whole face of the case was altered! How thankful he was that he had taken no steps to accuse one who could so easily have proved himself innocent!

And yet! how curious that Dassel should offer him so large a sum of money for the missing button, instead of simply asking him if he had found it!

Guilt is almost sure to overreach itself. It betrays itself continually; as Dassel had remarked, in the story of Count Konisberg, "the Ancient Mariner is ever impelled to repeat the tale of his own crimes."

There was inconsistency in the manner which Dassel had taken to recover his sleeve-button. Abel could but see it, though his heart yearned to overlook it. Perhaps, too, in that long watch which he had kept over a suspected man, he had come upon other reasons for doubting him. As we have said, the porter was not the firmest of men; he trembled, now, inwardly, for soft and thrilling as was the regard of his friend, there was a subtle light behind it which pierced him like a threat; but he had considerable moral bravery, and his hand, which had moved towards his vest-pocket, withdrew itself, and he answered the other's proposition,—

"Give me twenty-four hours to think upon it, Mr. Dassel. Come here to-morrow night, and get my answer."

"I will not wait. A thousand dollars to-night or never."

"Indeed, it is not with me; I have it away, for safe keeping."

This was a falsehood into which Abel was hurried by the other's manner; he blushed as he spoke it, for he was not accustomed to lie, and he felt that Dassel knew that he was lying.

Dassel stood up; Abel arose, also, pale with a dread that the angry man was about to spring upon him and choke him. He felt guilty, as if he had given his friend good reason to hate him,—even to attack him. He had refused to give up that which belonged to the other. At this moment, Mrs. Bellows came in.

"I declare, if you don't look like two prize-fighters," she laughed; "what ye been talking about,—*politics*?"

"Oh no, indeed, madam, I've been giving your husband a lesson in the art of making money."

"Which he needs, bad enough."

"Like the rest of us, I suppose. I have stayed late; I must be going. To-morrow night, is it, then?"

"Yes," said Bellows, following him to the door, "I will get it for you to-morrow. Don't be offended, Mr. Dassel."

"Oh, as to that," with a light laugh, "we are friends or enemies. I love my friends and hate my enemies. Good-night, Mrs. Bellows."

Abel arose, the next morning, more uneasy in mind than he had been since the first week of the robbery. Some instinct urged him not to go about with the fatal sleeve-button on his person. He could not tell himself whether he was afraid that it would be violently wrested from him, or whether he dreaded his own weakness which might be persuaded into giving it up. He always had kept it in the pocket of his vest.

"It is cold," he said to his wife; "I b'lieve I'll put on my winter-vest, Abbey," and he hung the one he had been wearing on a peg in his bedroom.

Still, he did not feel easy. He went back, took the troublesome button from its hiding-place, wrapped it in more paper, opened the clock and tucked it

away in that sacred repository of small treasures, where Mrs. Bellows kept Matthew's five-dollar gold-piece and her marriage certificate.

He did not meet Dassel that day; it was not his correspondence-day, and he did not come to the store. Abel felt relieved; but he shrank from the evening, for he had made up his mind to refuse to give up the button. When he reached home, tea was ready, and Abbey was looking unusually good-natured. A pair of handsome gilt china vases stood on the mantel-piece, and a new delaine dress-pattern lay on a chair.

"There was an old-clo'es man come along to-day," she said, in explanation. "I don't usually deal with them rascals; but this one give real good bargains. I got the dress and the vases, and what d'ye s'pose I give for them? nothin' but your old coat and that vest you threw by this mornin'."

"I wish you'd stop sellin' my garments till I give you leave," burst forth Abel, adding the next moment, "no harm done, though, Abbey,—you did make a real good bargain."

He laughed nervously, pretending to admire the dress-pattern, while the sweat stood on his forehead as he congratulated himself upon having removed "the silent witness" in time. He would have thought it a mere chance, that the old-clo'es man should have got *that* vest, had not the articles given been of more value than those received,—quite the reverse of the usual way of doing that business;—guilt, again, overreaching itself. Why not have driven a hard bargain, and prevented suspicion?

While they were drinking their tea he asked particularly about the appearance of the pedlar,—was he tall, or short,—what was the color of his eyes? Really, Mrs. Bellows did not mind;—he was rather tall, and had plenty of black whiskers. Abel did not decide, to his own satisfaction, whether to accuse Mr. Dassel, or whether to believe that the real guilty party,—the person who had taken the buttons from Dassel's desk, and afterwards lost one of

them,—had got upon its track. Neither conjecture was pleasant. He began to feel haunted, and to look about him, as he went his ways.

That evening Mr. Dassel did not come. Abel retired to-bed with a feeling of relief, and began to think that he had exaggerated the importance of late words and actions. This belief was strengthened when, the following day, he encountered Dassel on the pavement, not far from the store, and received the usual pleasant smile and word.

"Why, Abbey, your clock's half-an-hour too slow," he exclaimed, that evening, coming home at dusk, and finding the supper not ready. "I never knew the old clock to play us such a trick before;—she's growin' lazy."

"Is it slow?" asked the wife, beginning to fly around the table. "Mr. Dassel he was in to-day, and said it was too fast. He stopped her a few minutes, and set her right by his watch."

Abel's heart was in his mouth.

"I never see such a handy person, for a brought-up gentleman, as he is," continued Mrs. Bellows; "he might pass for a right-down Connecticut Yankee—he can do any thing. Sech a tinker! He noticed the lock of the bureau-draw was broke, and offered to fix it. He's done it first-rate."

He scarcely heard what she said; he was at the clock, feeling in its dusty recesses.

"Hand me the lamp, Abbey."

"Here 'tis. But never mind the clock till you've had yer supper. It's ready, after all."

After a moment's investigation Abel set the lamp down suddenly, himself dropping into a chair.

The sleeve-button was gone!

"Are you sick, Abel Bellows?"

His wife's voice was not tender, even when she asked him a question like this; it started him out of his reverie.

"Not sick, Abbey, but tired."

In the pleasant mood in which her visitor had left her, she had made hot biscuits for tea, but they might have been sawdust as far as her husband's appreciation went.

The next day was Saturday. Mr. Dassel would be in, through the forenoon, writing up his foreign letters. He came, as usual; Abel, restless and miserable, made an excuse to approach him, replacing some light boxes near his desk.

Dassel sat at his work, calm, humming to himself a German drinking-song, as his white, slender hand flashed over the paper, writing with ease and rapidity. A ray of sunlight came through the skylight, flashing upon something brilliant at his wrist, as he moved it. Abel saw the flash, and recognized the emerald-set sleeve-buttons. Dassel looked up at the same instant, meeting the troubled glance raised from the jewels to his face, with just the glimmer of a smile—triumph shining beneath indifference. Neither of them spoke; nor for several days thereafter were they brought in contact.

Abel Bellows grew thin and haggard under the perplexities of the position in which he was placed. Then, too, he had private troubles of a financial character,—a note of a hundred dollars to be met, and nothing to meet it with; his wife soured and fretting over coming trouble, Mr. Dassel passing him with a haughty carelessness.

At last he resolved to do what he should have done at the first,—seek some member of the firm, and tell him, simply and fully, the whole story of the sleeve-button, leaving it to the firm to decide upon the facts and to act as they saw proper. Having come to this resolution, it was with a lighter step than usual that he trod the familiar way, and entered upon his duties in the store, about ten days after the affair of the clock. Alas for good resolutions, which came too late! Alas for Abel, and his wife, and his little ones! All the previous troubles of their lives were as nothing to the disaster which befel them that day.

When the gentlemen of the firm came to business that day, they came accompanied by police-officers, who took Abel, bewildered and stupefied by the shock, into custody, on the charge of

being the person who had robbed the store and murdered the watchman.

"Who accuses me? where are the proofs?" he cried, in his anguish.

"That you will know, at the examination. I assure you they are strong, or they would not have brought us to accuse *you*, Bellows."

This was said by Mr. Borden, and the reproach in his voice was a hard thing for the porter to bear. It caused a lump to rise in his throat which prevented farther attempts at self-defence, and he was led away to disgrace and imprisonment.

CHAPTER XII.

WILL SHE DO IT?

"GIRLS is so sweet," said Mrs. Grizzle, who, never having had a daughter, always had sighed for one. "I wish Sam would hurry up his cakes; I expected we'd have the fun of a wedding before this. We'll do it up Brown when he does git married; we'll only have it to do once. I never seen Miss Bulbous look so pretty as she did just now. How'd you like her, Grizzle?"

"Oh, middlin'. She's good weight and fine grain; she's been well fed. But, I can't say but I fancy our neighbor more, or even Miss Bayles. Fact is, I like that latter. I feel to home with her. She allers puts me in mind of the grocery-store, and she a-coming in so modest with her little purse, hesitating over this and that, which was what she wanted, but so dear! It's pleasant to me to know that I allers gave her good measure and under price."

"Let you alone for that, Grizzle; the only wonder is, how you ever contrived to git rich, with your easy ways."

"Government contracts to blame for that, my dear; I couldn't help it. Miss Bayles is a gen'us though, isn't she? Did you notice how exact she got the smile in my eye, and them books on the table, with my hand on 'em? I told her to give me a literary turn, as the portrait was for my descendants, and I didn't care about handin' down the

pork business unto the third and fourth generation."

"I think she's done us all splendidly, Grizzle,—quite per-Raffelite, I tell her, which is so fashionable at present."

"And what style's that, pray, Mrs. Grizzle? You're gettin' quite a judge of such things, I s'pose, since you've visited so many galleries lately, and made friends with them Academy fellows."

"Well, I am allowed to have some taste,—the artists have complimented me, often, on my discernment. The per-Raffelite style, as nigh as I can make it out, is to paint things just as they be. I heard one artist to the Academy say he'd spent three days paintin' a brickbat, and wasn't satisfied with it yet. There was a beautiful hod, half full of mortar, by the same gentleman. I declare, if I'd been an Irishman I should a picked it up."

"Accordin' to that, Miss Bayles ought to have drawn me sittin' on a hogshead with a sty on my eye."

"Nonsense, Grizzle! how you *do* go on. I'm talkin' about purchasing the hod-picture. Its ruther high—eight hundred dollars,—but they all say it's wuth it."

"I'm afraid it'll be considered *historical*, my dear. I wouldn't like to have our friends see it on our walls and ask if it was our grandfather's."

"I never thought of *that*," said the lady, evidently declining in her enthusiasm for that particular work of art.

"Let's have something nice, when we do spend our money on such things, my love. I like pictures with lambs in 'em, and green trees, or a bit of water that looks as if there was trout in it."

"I don't care much what the pictures are, for my part; but I think the frames help furnish a room, and people think you're mean if you don't patronize art. But, about Miss Bayles, husband: don't put that idea into Sam's head again. He looks higher now. Didn't you notice how Miss Bulbous kissed me before she went down the steps? La! I understood it all; that kiss was for Sam."

"She'd better get me, then, to act as her deputy."

"You go 'long! How becomin' blue is to Miss Bulbous. She's stopping over to lawyer Cameron's, now, to invite their young ladies. There'll be quite a party. She and her pa are going down to the Fifth Avenue Hotel next week to board through the winter, and she's asking all the neighbors to a farewell party. Sho! If Sam ain't over there, too! He's gone to assist Camilla out of the carriage, and he's done it in good style, too. I never did see a boy improve as he has since we had Mr. Dassel in the family. It's an excellent thing to have a Baron handy to settle little matters of etiquette, when one's in doubt. I never should a got through that dinner, last week, as I did, if I hadn't got his advice as to settin' the company and what orders to give the head-waiter. I do admire to see Sam around the girls."

The beaming face of the good-natured mother, shone between the gorgeous amber of the satin curtains of the parlor side-window, like the sun between golden clouds, as she leaned forward to watch Sammy escort Miss Bulbous through the Cameron piazza into the hall. It was a cool, bright November morning, in the midst of the Indian summer,—a fine day for morning visits; and Miss Bulbous was improving it, by inviting her friends to an evening gathering before their villa should be closed for the winter.

Mr. Bulbous had no residence in town. As his family consisted of himself and daughter, and a maiden-sister, it was as well for them to board during their three or four months of city-life. His daughter was not averse to rooms at the Fifth Avenue, while it was very convenient for Bulbous, *père*, who could there carry on, through the evening, the same business which engaged him during the day.

The only time that Camilla's face showed animation was when there were young gentlemen about her; and then it was not sufficient to light her eyes or color her cheeks. Her father was large,

white, and fat; she, as we have said, was large, white, and waxy. Many people thought both very handsome. She did look well as she entered the parlor, escorted by Sam, and met Miss Elizabeth with that little kiss current among young ladies, bowed to Mr. Dassel, Miss Milla, and sank upon the sofa, which seat she chose as leaving a possibility open to Sam to sit beside her.

There was a bow of blue velvet at the throat of her white Marseilles morning-dress; ribbons of the same rich blue mixed with the frizzes of her light hair, on top of which was perched a suggestion of a hat with a blue plume. Her carriage-cloak was lined with blue, and there were blue rosettes on her gaiters.

"How pleasant it is to-day," said Elizabeth.

"Oh, its splendid!"

"Did you go down to the *matinée*, yesterday?"

"Oh, yes, it was splendid!"

"I meant to have heard it, but was kept at home. Have you secured your rooms at the Fifth Avenue?"

"Pa engaged them some time ago. They're perfectly splendid! I want to get into the city dreadfully; the country's stupid at this season. I wish you'd come and board at our Hotel, a few weeks, Mr. Grizzle: I should think you'd die, out here all winter. Ask your father to allow you, won't you?—it will be splendid!"

"It will, indeed, Miss Bulbous. I'll be sure to ask him."

"We're going abroad next summer, Mr. Dassel. Shall we have the pleasure of meeting you there, or is America your permanent home?"

"I can hardly answer, *mademoiselle*. I shall not trust myself in those distempered countries so soon, I think."

"Ah! Mrs. Grizzle told me you were expatriated. But, I suppose they'll not trouble us Americans? You ought to go across in your yacht, Mr. Grizzle,—it would be splendid! But, I must make a very short call, as I have sixteen more on my list this morning. I only came to invite you all to our house next Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, to a little

music and dancing. Mrs. Grizzle has promised for herself and this young gentleman here. Give my compliments to your father and mother, Miss Cameron, and beg *them*, especially, to come;" —she hesitated, and looked at Milla. "I saw you at Mrs. Grizzle's party," she said, "so you cannot refuse to attend mine on the score that you're not in society. I shall expect you, too. Above all things, come early, for we are to have the German,—and that takes time. Mr. Dassel, with your permission, I shall expect you to lead the German. I saw you dance, a few evenings ago, and I set my heart on electing you to the leadership."

Mr. Dassel bowed. He had flashed a look at Milla, answered by one from her.

"Do you consent?" cried Miss Bulbous, rising to go.

"If you think me qualified, Miss Bulbous, I shall feel honored by such commands as you see fit to lay on me."

"Thank you, Mr. Dassel; the success of the dancing is assured. It will be moonlight,—splendid, for a party in the country. Oh, dear! I wish gas-lamps grew on trees, like apples. I don't fancy these country-roads. Now, all of you, be sure not to disappoint me," and Miss Bulbous said good-morning, and swept out, carrying off Sam, to accompany her to a far-away neighbor's with whom he was better acquainted than she.

"Will you go, Milla?" asked her sister, in the silence which followed.

"If mamma will go."

"It is a lovely day," said Elizabeth, presently, as she stood by the window. "I feel the inclination for a solitary drive upon me,—so I shall not ask either of you to accompany me," playfully, as she moved towards the door.

"We shall do very well at home: Mr. Dassel is going to play 'Faust' with me. He has brought Sam Grizzle's flute."

A sharp pain clutched so suddenly at the elder sister's heart as almost to make her cry out. Blind, hard-hearted little Milla! It was strange that

one, herself so like a sensitive-plant, should be so dull where the feelings of this devoted sister were concerned. Milla looked upon Lissa's regard for Mr. Dassel as a light and feeble tie which it had caused her hardly a pang to break, because she, in her own wayward impulsiveness, could not understand the proud reticence of the other. Already self-reproach had died out, and she enjoyed her strange, delicious abandon of happiness as openly before the eyes of Elizabeth as if she had been no usurper of her rights. Many of the sweetest hours of Lissa's life had been passed at the piano with Louis, he accompanying her playing with voice or flute.

"How cruel she is! how innocent!—like the infant that bites its mother's breast," thought the poor girl, as she quickened her footsteps from the room. "Oh! that I could go away from here! I cannot endure it—indeed I would not, if I had not promised Robbie to remain. We ought to have a letter from him in a very few days now. Foolish boy! I imagine with what shame-facedness he will own to his unaccountable illusion. Yes! yes! yes! I will go out to drive—I will go alone," she murmured hastily, as already the first notes of the opera struck upon her ear, and a feverish light came into the dark eyes—the

"Sweetest eyes 'twere ever seen,"

as Louis had often, and truly, told her.

Martin, their only man-servant, was in the flower-garden taking up bulbs, when she went to ask him to get up their little one-horse carriage.

"Hadn't I better drive?—I'm not very busy to-day, Miss,—and r'ally, you don't look strong enough to manage Prince; he's quite spirited with being shut up so much lately."

"I wish he would run away with me!" burst forth the young lady with a laugh which quite startled Martin, it was so different from her usual pleasant seriousness. He looked at her doubtfully.

"'Twouldn't be no joke to be tumbled down the bank on to the railroad-track or inter the river."

"That's true, Martin. But, I think you may trust me. Prince and I are good friends; and if he only feels as much like going as I do, to-day, we both shall be well suited. Bring him around as quickly as possible, for I want to get up an appetite for lunch."

"Where are you going?" asked Mrs. Cameron, as she met her daughter in the hall, driving-gloves in hand. She herself had just come in from the greenhouse, where she had been looking after her flowers. "See what an exquisite moss-rose this is. Put it in your hair, Lissa."

"Give it to Milla, mother. It looks just like her, now that she has more color. She is in the parlor, with Louis. I am going out for a long, lonesome drive; I sha'n't even ask you, mamma, to go with me."

"And I shouldn't if you did," said Mrs. Cameron, kissing her; "the fresh air will do you good. I'm going to take my sewing and sit with Milla. Too much music is not good for her."

A few moments later Elizabeth was flying along the beautiful road at the highest speed of which Prince was capable. She was in one of those moods which require some safety-valve of outward excitement to be opened in order to render them safe. She had longed, ever since that strange conversation with Milla which preceded the breaking of her engagement, to go away from home. Under the circumstances, it was cruel that she should remain there. Indeed, her mother had encouraged her to go, and had written to a relative at Newburgh, who had been asking for one of the girls to spend a season with her, that Lissa would like, now, to make the promised visit.

At first, she had remained to help Robbie off; then she had delayed in asking her mother to write, until they should hear from him; for the boy had exacted a promise of her. The memory of that interview with him, in the summer-house, was like the memory of a nightmare. It had, really, no deeper influence than some fearful dream often leaves; we are oppressed by it, haunted

—yet, when we seek for the cause of our terror or melancholy, we remember that it is *but* a dream. If Lissa had not loved Robbie so well she must have been mortally angry with him. But, she forgave him, wondering what could have so distempered his frank and generous nature towards a man who had wrought her much suffering, but who was one of earth's chosen and choicest.

As it was nearly time to expect a letter from Robbie, the friends in Newburgh had been written to, and Lissa had promised to be with them before Thanksgiving. That home-sickness which is heaven-sickness, was upon the young girl's heart, as she found herself alone on the country-road. She had been so desolate. Robbie gone, Milla estranged by the singular barrier which had arisen between them, her father careworn and preoccupied,—if it had not been for the sweetness of her mother's friendship, what would have become of her in those wretched days? To-day, in the culmination of her desolate mood, she fled even from her mother's love. Every thing was unsatisfactory. She shrank from the idea of going into a strange house, of leaving her own dear friends; yet, remain with them she could not. In the unhappiness of her situation she yearned for heaven as the child first banished from it yearns for home—with a wild, wailing cry, as if it could not be forbidden.

It was the balmiest of Indian-summer days. The slight chill of the morning had melted into an atmosphere of purple and amber, perfumed with fallen leaves, whose gorgeous fragments were scattered everywhere along her path. An amethystine haze hung above and around the Highlands, casting a thin veil over the deep blue of the Hudson. The fields were brown, the forests lay like patches of gold and carmine on the hillsides; no artist could hope to transcribe that melancholy splendor of coloring and tone; no heart, not in harmony with nature's and touched by sorrow, to feel the full influence of this pathetic beauty of blighted summer.

Elizabeth felt it. The universal sadness and mystery of the soulless creation impressed her with a power to soothe the rebellion of her mood. As her horse grew tired of his tearing pace, she allowed him to drop into a more reasonable gait; the feverish gleam of her eyes was dimmed in tears—she felt more like praying and less like suicide.

It must have been past the usual luncheon-hour when Elizabeth was startled from her reverie by merry voices, and looking about her, saw that she was four or five miles from home, and that Miss Bulbous's carriage had just driven in from a cross-road and come up abreast of hers.

"Can't you take this young gentleman along with you?" cried Miss Bulbous. "It will be a pleasure to you, I've no doubt, and save us ten miles' driving. I'm hungry, and I want to get home."

"Oh, Miss Bulbous," expostulated Sam, blushing very red, "you promised to take me home, but I can walk; perhaps Miss Cameron don't wish company. She might think it wouldn't—wouldn't look well—to be seen—with only me."

"She'll be delighted, I know; and, as for looking, who'll see you?—I think it will look delicious," and the coachman was down and had the carriage-door open before Miss Cameron, annoyed, but too kind to show it, could force herself to say,

"Certainly, there is a seat to spare; you are welcome to occupy it, Mr. Grizzle."

The next moment the young man was by her side, and the carriages had parted company. Sam felt as if he had been struck in the face by a rainbow. His ears tingled, and the earth and air looked all colors. It was the first time he ever had been *entirely* alone with Miss Cameron. He had worshipped his idol at a distance, and it appeared a superlative lift of fortune which had enthroned him beside her. For a few rods nothing was said. Elizabeth had been startled out of her solemn, tearful

reflections too suddenly to assume at once that gayety of manner which she usually adopted towards her neighbor; while he was quite overpowered by the mingled delight and embarrassment of his position. Gradually the rainbow which had smitten the young man scattered; he could make out the road, the river, the trees, the loud throbbing of his own heart, and even gained presence of mind to ask if he should drive. Miss Cameron declined.

Again there was silence for a few moments. Sam stole a furtive look at the face beside him; he could not be mistaken in the paleness of the smooth cheek, nor in the traces of tears on the fair eyelids. All his soul melted down in his breast at this sight, like a bar of lead at the touch of fire, and lay there in a quivering, solid pool in his bosom, reflecting Miss Cameron from every side and at every angle. The sight of her sadness filled him with a courage of which he never before had the slightest intimation that he was capable. Since she wept, she must be mortal; *if* mortal, why should *he* not aspire? Some would assume that gentle and generous compassion moved the lover; I choose to believe that he thought it a favorable moment to urge his selfish claims to that of which he had an instinct he was not worthy.

At all events, the first thing the booby did, who must be audacious or nothing, was to get hold of Elizabeth's disengaged hand and squeeze it. The air with which she withdrew it, and said, "Go on, Prince," was rather discouraging, but he managed to say,

"You've been crying, haven't you? I'd give a thousand dollars to know the reason why. Don't drive so fast, Miss Cameron," seductively.

"We all have our sad moments."

"That's true. Sho! I've experienced that a good deal, this summer. I've been nigh about crazy, the last three months. You know what about, don't you, Miss Cameron? *Don't* go so fast! I sha'n't have time to get through with what I've got to say."

"You must not say any thing, Mr.

Grizzle. You *must* not. I give you fair warning. *Go along, Prince!*"

"Oh, Lord, I can't stop, now I've got a-going, no more'n that horse can, going down-hill. I'm desperate, and I'd just as lief you'd give me the mitten right out as to be kept in this suspense."

"Then I give it to you now. Pray, change the subject."

"I will, in a minute. I just want to say that, if you think I've ever had a fancy for Miss Bulbous, you're mistaken. I've never liked a girl since I saw you. Miss Bulbous is rich, and sweet on me; but, I'd rather have you for my wife than twenty like her. Oh, do say you'll have me, Miss Cameron! Pa'll give you all the money you want, and ma's so fond of you. You'll have a nice time in our house. Your horse goes like thunder; check him up, can't you?"

"Your mother is very good to me, Samuel; but, I'm sorry you spoke. You must know that I do not love you; and you should not have compelled me to say it."

"I knew it. I *hadn't* ought, that's so. But, I've been full and running over so long! Oh, Miss Cameron, are you engaged to any body else? Perhaps you're going to marry Mr. Dassel!" the sweat breaking out on his forehead, and his hands trembling.

"I shall never marry Mr. Dassel,—nor any one else. Now, Mr. Grizzle, will you please not annoy me any more?"

She spoke this last in a passionate voice, sharply; but, because Sam was afraid he had offended her, because he therefore was in despair, and Rose Villa was almost in sight, and Prince fairly racing, he cried out again, taking hold of her hands and the reins:

"I can't take 'no' for an answer. Oh, I know I can't. I shall go and drown myself. I'll try and be a good husband to you; you shall do just as you like. There sha'n't be a thing you ask for that I won't get for you. Ma'll feel so disappointed if you don't have me. Say you will; *do* say you will, Miss Cameron, that's a good girl! Come, now! there's the house. You

don't say any thing. *Won't you stop this confounded horse? Whoa, Prince, whoa!*"

He pulled her hands and the reins; she ceased to make any resistance. She was thinking; and thought can compass much in brief time. In that hour of her desolation, when about to fly her own dear home, whose whole atmosphere had been poisoned to her, there was a certain sort of fascination in the picture her mind painted at Sam's words, "Mother likes you,—father'll give you all the money you want." Yes, here was ease, splendor, and affection. If Milla and Dassel should remain, as she wished them to, under her parents' roof, she need not abide with them, nor yet be without a home whose pride and idol she knew that she would be. It was true that Mrs. Grizzle was vulgar and uneducated; but she had a kind, motherly heart and way which atoned for many defects.

Sam Grizzle was esteemed a "good match" by most of the young ladies in the neighborhood. He bore the outward dress of a gentleman, and might some time acquire refinement, in a limited degree. Then, to be married when Milla was, or before; to have a grand wedding, to step into a wealthy house,

dress richly, dispense bounty—would this not be a sort of balm to wounded pride,—the best, the *only* pleasure now left to her? Would there not be triumph in it, under the circumstances? To show Mr. Dassel— She drew her breath in, not daring to look towards the flushed, eager face, venturing to bend nearer to her own.

"We'll be home in a minute more. Won't you give me an answer, Miss Lissa,—just the least little thread to hold on by, until you've time to think it over? There's ma on the portico now; please—do tell this horse to stop, for he won't mind me," despairingly.

"Whoa, Prince," said Lissa, and the carriage came to a stop, but it was at the gate of Rose Villa, and Mrs. Grizzle was hurrying down the lawn, to ask what this delightful drive meant.

"Jump out," cried Lissa, nervously. "I do not wish to meet any one now. I will send you my answer to-night;" and Sam jumped, feeling as if he were soaring to the stars instead of sinking to the earth. Prince started on, and in five minutes more Elizabeth stood in the centre of her own room, with flushed face, conscious of a high-beating pulse, and a very miserable, reckless mood.

(To be continued.)

THE GLORIA AND THE MISERERE.

I.

O SHEPHERDS, did you hear the angels singing
On Bethlehem's plain afar?
When the Gloria, through heaven's open arches ringing,
Reëchoed from star to star?
The wide plain in dewy peace was sleeping,
The young lambs were folded to their rest;
The watchers gray their silent guard were keeping,
The whole earth was waiting to be blest.
O listeners to the melody elysian,
Abiding in the glory, were ye strong
For the presence of the beatific vision,
The rapture of the clear, celestial song.

II.

O shepherds, from the harmonies of heaven,
Attuned to lower notes, our spirits shrink;
The chalice of God's glory, to you given,
Was fairer than our paler lips may drink.

We list in our wandering faint and weary,
 For the echo of the Gloria soft and low,
 And our dull ears hear but the Miserere,
 With its long, long wail of human woe.
 It sobs with the sob the children smother,
 Whose young lives no child-joys ever hold;
 It wails with the wailing of the mother,
 Whose thin lips are whitening in the cold.
 It moans with the moaning of the dying,
 When the night-dews are falling on the brave;
 It sighs with the weary captive's sighing,
 And groans with the groaning of the slave.

III.

Do ye hear the Miserere, O ye reapers,
 Bending downward with crystal tears?
 For deeper grows the burden of the weepers,
 With the onward rush of years.
 They list where moss and ivy blending,
 Clothe wall and tower with verdant maze;
 They hear the organ-tones ascending,
 With its voice of lofty praise.
 They list while the Gloria is pealing,
 But its clear notes' upward flow,
 To their souls no glory is revealing,
 And deeper grows the settling dark below;
 They wait in the silence deep and dreary,
 Till, echoing sad and slow,
 Swells the deep chant of the Miserere,
 But that cannot reach their woe.

IV.

O angels, do ye hear the bitter sighing
 Of the souls bedewed with tears?
 It faints with the infant's feeble crying,
 And swells with the voice of years.
 The glad birds are singing by the rillside,
 The glad flowers are whispering to the breeze,
 The glad winds are chanting on the hillside,
 The glad streams are shouting to the seas.
 But the deep wail of the Miserere,
 Still ever onward flows,
 And the Gloria the angels sing so near, we
 Hear not, for the burden of its woes.

V.

O bearers of the heaven-harmonious gladness,
 Let the glory shine around!
 For our hearts are fainting with the sadness,
 And our ears are deafened by the sound.
 We list in the ebb of earth's commotion,
 For the Gloria our souls can dimly hear,
 And wait till the full flow of the ocean,
 Of sound seraphic meets our longing ear.
 We know its bright epiphany draws nearer,
 And our listening souls grow brave,
 For the symphony of joy is sounding clearer,
 Since the clanking chains are fallen from the slave.
 Your wailing is not vain, O life-weeper,
 For the gates of pearl unclose,
 And the Gloria of heaven shall echo deeper,
 Than the long Miserere of your woes.

AFTER THREE THOUSAND YEARS.

"Do you remember the last request you made of me, when we parted in Paris, you to return homeward, and I to bury myself in the tombs of the Pharaohs?" asked Vance, the latest lion of Eastern travel, of Marion Harleigh, as he took her out to dinner at Madame Belletoile's.

"Perfectly. I asked you to bring me some personal ornament from the mummy of a princess," replied the young lady with *sang-froid*.

"And you promised to wear it, remember," pursued Vance, maliciously watching for the pallor that did not come.

"Exactly. I promised to wear it, and I am ready to keep my promise. Did you bring me the opportunity?"

"Could I have ventured to present myself before you without it?" replied the traveller, with smiling courtesy.

"And what is it?"

"May I come to-morrow, and offer it?"

"I shall be very glad to see you."

The next morning, at twelve o'clock, Vance rang at the door of Mr. Peter Harleigh's fine town-mansion, and, upon inquiring for Miss Harleigh, was shown at once to the drawing-room, graced by that young lady's presence. She came to meet him with outstretched hand.

"Welcome home!" said she, a little more earnestly, perhaps, than she would have spoken to Professor Byzantium, who also returned to New York from Eastern travel, by the Persia.

Millard Vance held the hand she offered, long enough to dart the piercing glance of his hazel eyes deep into the heart of the young girl, and then, releasing it, said softly,

"You are kind; but I have no home, you must remember."

"You should interpret the word more widely, and feel that your native land is enough for home, and your country-

men and women enough for family, at least in the present," said Marion, hating herself for the blush she could not restrain. Turning hastily, she added,

"This is Mr. Vance, Juliette. My cousin, Miss Randolph, Mr. Vance."

A little figure rose from the great arm-chair where she had been almost buried, and bowed smilingly in answer to the stately bow of the traveller. Then she seated herself upon the sofa beside Marion, and unconsciously offered her misty golden curls, pure complexion, and sweet blue eyes, in contrast to her cousin's trained and statuesque brunette beauty.

Vance, studying the two without looking at either, found it impossible to award the palm to either, and gave both credit for arranging a contrasting tableau—a manoeuvre for which Juliette was as yet too innocent, and Marion too proud.

After ten minutes, Vance drew a little Indian casket from his pocket and placed it in Miss Harleigh's hand.

"There is the Pharaonic spoil you have kindly allowed me to bring for you," said he.

Marion opened the box, and uttered a little cry of surprise. It appeared filled with golden beetles sparkling with phosphorescent gleams. Immediately she closed the lid upon them, and looked up into Vance's laughing face.

"They will not harm you; they are securely chained," said he, opening the case as it lay upon Marion's lap, and taking from it a necklace of golden scarabæi, with diamond eyes and green enamelled wings. Each insect was linked to each by a tiny chain, but so loosely as to admit of perfect freedom of movement. The necklace was clasped by a medal of burnished gold deeply graven with certain symbols or characters, not easily to be deciphered even as to form.

"Oh, the darling, lovely, odd thing!" exclaimed Juliette Randolph, while Vance lightly swung the glittering toy from his finger; but Marion turned pale, and slightly shivered.

"Where did it come from, Mr. Vance?" asked she.

"From the neck of a Pharaonic princess, as you desired that it should," returned Vance, watching with boyish zest the effect of his announcement.

"Oh, tell us all the story, please, Mr. Vance!—how you got it, and how she looked, and all," pleaded Juliette, settling herself in the sofa-corner with the impatient delight of a child about to listen to a fairy-tale.

Vance looked at her appreciatively, then suffered his regard to linger for a moment upon the proud, dark eyes Marion Harleigh had almost unconsciously fixed upon his own, before he gayly answered:

"Oh, yes; we travellers are but too happy in finding audience for our adventures, you know; and this one in a manner belongs with the necklace. I wintered upon the Nile last year, partly, no doubt, for my own pleasure, but partly, as I hope you will not refuse to believe, Miss Harleigh, in the hope of fulfilling your commission more certainly than a mere passing visitor could have done; for a new mummy is not to be met with every day, even upon the Nile; and I promised, you will remember, to take the ornament you were so kind as to ask for, directly from the person of its original possessor. My inquiries, bribes, false hopes, and opportunities of allowing myself to be cheated in the neatest possible manner, were unlimited; so also was my patience and my faith in its final reward. That faith was justified upon the day when my dragoman mysteriously introduced into the cabin of the Sphinx a rascally-looking Arab calling himself Sheikh of El Kab, the village off which we lay, and who offered for a compensation to conduct the illustrious lord, of whom he had heard as desirous of opening a new tomb, to the door of one discovered only a few days previously

by himself and his son, who had resolved to sell their secret to the magnificent nobleman 'Inglis,' instead of to their own government, to whom it properly belonged.

"After hearing this story, I quietly remarked to my friend the Sheikh that I had been so many times imposed upon by the same account, and had lost so much time, patience, and money in consequence, that I had resolved to revenge myself upon the very next impostor for all that I had suffered at the hands of his fraternity, and that it was but fair to give him timely warning that I intended keeping to my resolution, and to offer him the chance of reconsidering his proposition.

"Without any pretence of being hurt in his feelings or wounded in his honor—pretences at which I should have only laughed—my Sheikh repeated his assertion that the tomb he mentioned was, and had been for ages, fast sealed, and that, from its situation and certain characters wrought upon the stone closing its door, he had no doubt it contained the remains of some person of consequence. Beyond this he knew nothing and professed nothing, and stipulated that, in all events, he was to receive a certain sum for admitting me to the tomb, let the results be what they might. Should they prove considerable, of course the reward was to be augmented.

"Rather impressed, after all, with the fellow's apparent honesty, I acceded to his terms, and that night, accompanied only by my two servants, I met him just outside the village, and followed to the catacombs perforating like the cells of a honey-comb the sandstone cliffs behind the town. The scene was wild enough, and more picturesque than you get even in the new Park, ladies; and, were I an artist either in words or colors, I would give it you with all the accessories of swarthy Arabs in snow-white drapery and turbans, flashing torches, gloomy subterranean passages, sculptured walls, and paintings yet glowing with all the richness of the original color. Sparing this, however,

I will merely say that the old Sheikh proved himself a man of his word, and even 'buildd better than he knew;' for the tomb whose door he had discovered hidden behind the pile of bones and dust half-filling an outer tomb, rifled ages ago, had never been opened, to all appearance, since it was first sealed up, perhaps three thousand years ago."

"Three thousand years!" softly exclaimed Juliette Randolph, opening her great blue eyes. "Has the world lasted more than three thousand years, Mr. Vance?"

Miss Harleigh's downcast eyes glittered impatient scorn; but Vance smiled with the indulgence rarely refused by men to a pretty woman's ignorance, while he replied,

"For perhaps four times three thousand years, Miss Randolph, woman's beauty and man's devotion have enacted upon this earth of ours the same old-new story that makes it to-day so beautiful and fresh, to fresh and beautiful eyes."

A little quivering smile emphasized the look not yet died out of Miss Harleigh's haughty eyes; but Juliette, blushing like a rose, lifted her innocent gaze to meet the meaning Vance rather looked than spoke, and then she said,

"But the story, Mr. Vance."

"Yes, the story. We penetrated the tomb at last, although not without much difficulty and hard work, for the cement was like stone, and the stone like—well, like stone itself. At last, however, we stood within the little chamber beside the single sarcophagus it contained. At the head lay, upon a sculptured pedestal, a lamp burned dry, but with the wick still clinging to the lip, and, at the foot, an exquisite vase of alabaster, three feet high.

"We lost no time, for the adventure was not without its peril had we been discovered by the Turkish authorities in opening the sarcophagus, and in removing the innumerable folds of mummy-cloth swathing the occupant by the expeditious means of slitting the whole series from neck to heel with a sharp

knife, and turning it back like the covers of a box. Within lay a slight, elegant figure, very dark in color, as mummies nearly always are, but retaining sufficient beauty of outline, both in face and form, to prove to my mind that a rare loveliness of the days gone by lay before me, neither preserved nor quite destroyed; and in my heart I wished that the too careful love that had laid it here had rather given that beautiful form to Nature, who would in those three thousand years have produced and reproduced from that germ, flowers enough to beautify the whole earth.

"But Miss Randolph's eyes are exclaiming, 'The story! the story!' and I return, contritely. This mummy, I had expected, would be richly decorated with amulets and ornaments, for such was the rule in the interment of women of the higher class among the Egyptians; but, to my surprise, there was absolutely no ornament about it, with the exception of the necklace you now hold, and a small square box or reliquary of gold suspended from it, and containing a bit of parchment inscribed with a brief hieroglyphic sentence. Carefully removing these, I folded the cerements once more about the silent figure, replaced the cover of the sarcophagus, and left my Pharaonic princess to resume the slumber so rudely disturbed. Let us hope that no evil dream connected with her lost necklace has marred her rest."

Vance ended smilingly; and Marion, who had listened with the utmost intentness, although never raising her eyes, suddenly looked at him, demanding,

"And what was written on the slip of parchment, Mr. Vance?"

"Hieroglyphics."

"But they can be read by modern science," replied Marion, a little impatiently.

"Yes; and the parchment, with an impression from the clasp of the necklace, is now in the hands of the man best qualified to decipher them, of all our cryptic scholars. I left them with

him last night, and am to learn his decision to-day. You shall know it almost as soon as I."

"Thanks," said Marion, breathing a little more freely. "It would be horrible to me to have a three-thousand-year-old secret hung like a millstone about my neck, if I could never hope to solve it."

"Then you will wear the necklace?" asked Vance, smiling down upon her, for he had risen to take leave.

"Certainly. Shall you be at Mrs. Lane's to-night?"

"May I hope to meet you there?"

"We are going, and I shall wear the necklace of scarabæi, with many thanks to the giver."

"It is not a gift; it is a commission. You sent for it by me, as you send to Paris through your *modiste* for a new dress. It is a debt."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Marion, a little superbly. She had walked beside Vance the length of the drawing-room, and now stood near the door, out of ear-shot from the sofa.

"Yes," replied Vance, pausing in his leave-taking, and slowly adding,

"The price is already fixed. Do you wish to know it?"

"Perhaps I should know it before accepting the necklace. It may be beyond my means," said Marion, struggling for an indifferent look and tone.

"I think not—I hope not. I cannot tell you now what that price is,—but you will wear the necklace to-night?"

"Yes," murmured Marion, and felt glad to see him go.

"What a splendid man, Marion dear! And he knows such a quantity! One really feels quite ashamed of ignorance beside him," prattled little Juliette; and her cousin, with a lingering, unfathomable smile upon her lips, made some vague reply, and hid the true answer in her heart.

That evening, at nine o'clock, came an imperative ring at the Harleigh door, and a message earnestly requesting Miss Harleigh to see Mr. Vance for one moment on important business.

In ten minutes she came down to

him, superb in gold-colored silk and black lace, but without ornaments.

"Your business is very urgent, then, Mr. Vance," said she, a little haughtily.

"Thank God!" murmured Vance, staring at her regal neck and shoulders.

"For what? That you have some important business at last?" asked Marion Harleigh, one of the women who instinctively resent, even upon the man they love, the attempt to reconcile them to lure and jess. It was upon one of the profoundest truths of feminine nature that the mythologists founded their fable of Atalanta, of the sleeping princess—yes, of the Sphinx herself. He who approaches such a woman's heart with intent to win, must wholly subdue it, or she will turn upon him and slay him with her eyes for daring to make the attempt.

But Vance was too engrossed to note the antagonism so flattering to his vanity which had replaced Miss Harleigh's ordinary suavity.

"You have not put on the necklace!" exclaimed he at last.

"I was interrupted before my toilet was complete," said Marion.

"I can never be sufficiently thankful. I went from here to call upon the *savant* whom I mentioned this morning. He had gone out—as I afterward discovered, had gone to find me. I remained down-town, and finally dined at Delmonico's with a friend. On my way home I called once more upon the *savant*, whose first words were—

"Have you parted with that necklace?"

"I said that I had presented it to the lady for whom it was procured."

"She will not wear it?" exclaimed he.

"She has promised to do so to-night," said I.

"Great Heaven! You have killed her, man!" thundered he, and then went on to show me the translation of the hieroglyph taken from the breast of the mummy. It was—

"See me, the beloved of a king. I scorned him for a lesser love, and thus I lie."

"Upon the clasp of the necklace were engraved the words,

"The gods who give life, also take it."

"In some way that infernal (beg pardon, but I could not help it) necklace was the cause of that unhappy woman's death. Probably it is poisoned, and I—I brought it to you, and urged you to wear it—for my sake!"

His emotion was as unfeigned as it was evident; and Marion Harleigh forgot even her antagonism—forgot the danger she had escaped, and drooped her happy eyes, lest her lover should read them too easily.

But a lover reads his lady's eyes even through the lids, and, five minutes later, Millard Vance had presented Miss Harleigh with a girdle in place of the rejected necklace—a girdle formed of his own right arm; and she, her pride forgotten, submitted to its tender compulsion, nestled close to his heart, and even yielded her lips to his kiss, as meekly as the simplest country maiden could have done.

What wonder that Marion forgot then, or afterward, to repeat to any one the half-revealed secret of the necklace hidden in the depths of her well-stocked jewel-box?

The winter passed, and the spring, and Mr. Harleigh took his daughter, the niece who was to him almost another daughter, and the good-natured elderly cousin who matronized them, to the little cottage by the sea where they spent always a portion of the year.

Vance went also, finding quarters in a farmhouse close at hand, and spending all his time with the two girls. Marion, now that she had time to think and to command herself, was the most capricious and shyest of *fiancées*; and poor Vance never knew from day to day if he should be permitted to quietly lay his homage at her feet, or if he must watch to see it spurned, ridiculed, or rejected. Seldom, indeed, could he obtain a *tête-à-tête*, and not unfrequently Marion declined altogether to see him, pleading, to-day a severe headache, to-morrow a dressmaker, the next day an

imperative engagement in town, compelling her to leave with her father in the morning, not to return until his return at night.

In all his sufferings, at first poignant, but, alas! as time went on more endurable, from these various caprices and desertions, Vance found comfort always awaiting his acceptance in the pitying eyes and tremulous smile of Juliette Randolph, who, single-hearted darling that she was, could never understand how her cousin found pleasure in tormenting thus the man she loved—and such a man!

"Perhaps she does not love me, Juliette," suggested Vance, in disconsolate reply to this wonder, naïvely expressed on one occasion.

"Not love you, Millard! Why, of course she does! How could she—" began the child, and there stopped, blushing like the dawn.

Vance, a master in heart-lore as in books, finished the sentence, read the blushing face, and his own grew suddenly pale. Then his gloomy eyes wandered across the sea to the horizon-line, and rested there so long, that Juliette, who had as yet guessed neither his secret nor her own, gayly asked of what he was dreaming.

"I was thinking what a pity I came home last winter," said Vance simply.

"Oh, don't talk like that! Marion will be well to-morrow, and perhaps gay and bright. And on those days, you know, you do not wish that you had not come home," said Marion's cousin, with a smile as tender as it was arch.

Vance glanced at her, then away, and, leading her back to the house, excused himself from entering, and spent half the night pacing up and down the beach with the wild sea breaking whitely at his feet.

"I must have an explanation with Marion; and, unless she will consent to an early marriage, I shall leave this for some time. I will travel again, or—"

But if the night brings counsel, it also puts to sleep and benumbs the counsel that came before; and when, next

morning, Vance found his lady-love genial, beautiful, and even affectionate, he said nothing of the explanation or the journey, and the day went on as many a day had gone before.

And other days, and weeks, and months, while still the little party lingered at the shore, held by the warm, dry autumn days, as sweet as summer, and even richer in their gorgeous beauty.

And still the explanation had not come; and still Vance lingered; and still Juliette, the simple, loving child, all innocently sought to soothe the wounds inflicted by her haughty cousin, and all unconsciously gathered poison to herself from the wound she sought to heal.

At last there came a day when Marion, suddenly arraigning her own heart for judgment, found it guilty of hypocrisy, ingratitude, cruelty, and all uncharitableness toward the one creature upon earth for whose sake life was worth the living. She stood aghast at the record placed by memory before eyes too long and too wilfully blinded, and then took a resolve in strict accordance with her fault. As the sin had been a sin of pride, so the reparation was born of a profound and sweet humility,—child of pride wedded to love.

"I will go to him this moment," whispered Marion, "and, telling him how dearly, how wholly I love him, I will beg forgiveness for my fault, and, if he wishes still to take me all to himself, I will—"

So, on the moment she went. It was the night of the full moon, the harvest-moon, and all earth and ocean lay glowing and quivering in a bath of golden splendor. From the woods and fields came rich autumnal odors, and from over the sea, sighing breaths of a dying tropic breeze,—night-birds and insects on the one hand, the long waste of dreaming waves sliding up the sands, and breaking in music, upon the other.

Marion stopped, to raise her face to heaven.

"Thank God for life, for this beauti-

ful world, and for love," murmured she, and then went smiling on.

Her light feet made no noise upon the sand; the moon and the wind threw her long shadow and the rustling of her draperies behind her; and so she came all unconsciously along the beach to the spot where Vance and Juliette sat in the deep recess of a hollowed cliff.

Hearing her lover's voice, Marion paused. She could not speak indifferently to him just then, nor could she say what was in her heart to other ears than his. She hesitated, wondering how to act, but soon wondered no more, for Vance spoke again in answer to words which Marion did not hear.

"You do comfort me, darling; who else?" asked he passionately, and Marion, turned to stone as she stood, knew, as if she had seen it, the embrace and kiss that accompanied the words.

Then Juliette murmured sobbingly,

"Oh, Millard, you must not—you ought not! It is Marion whom you love, and she loves you. Let me go away from both of you—and die."

"No, you shall stay with me, and live," cried Vance, ardently. "She does not love me now, if she ever did. Has not she been trying to prove how little she cares for me ever since we came here? And I—oh, darling, it is a simple, trusting, loving heart like yours that a man should give his own for. Marion is a splendid woman—a woman of grand intellect, passions, and possibilities; but you, Juliette, you are the dove whose nest is in my heart. Come to me, doveling—come to your home forever! Trust me; you have the right, and Marion will never suffer."

Then, in the pause that followed, she turned, and went her way, careless if she were seen and heard, or not. Turning her back upon the man that had wooed her to her doom, she saw her shadow stretching black and ominous along her path, and set her feet within it at every step. The dreaming sea, no longer whispering of love and hope, moaned wearily among its grasses; the sighing wind brought an odor of decay from the woods and fields, of chill

unrest from the distant sea. The sands, that had seemed the golden dust of Pactolus, were of a sudden filled with flints and shards. All nature showed a change, and yet nowhere was change like that in the heart Marion Harleigh carried home from the little journey she had made to find her love.

The next morning Vance was awakened in the early dawn by the farmer's wife, who, standing at his bedside, laid a letter in his hand.

"It was brought by the Squire's man. He said you was to have it last night, but it was so late when he got here that we was all a-bed, and so he called again first thing this morning and made me come right up with it."

"Yes, thank you. That will do, Mrs. Brown," said Vance, who, holding the unopened letter, had turned of a sudden numb and chill, with a horrible, indefinite foreboding.

So soon as he was alone, he tore open the envelope with fingers almost too impatient and too tremulous to reach their object.

It contained the slip of parchment Marion had begged of him soon after their engagement, and a sheet of paper exhaling the violet perfume Marion loved, and with Marion's monogram at the top. It brought him this message:

"Your friend did not interpret the hieroglyph aright. This is my reading: "Behold me, who fancied myself the beloved of a king among men. He scorned me for a lesser love, and thus I lie."

In ten minutes Vance, with death at his heart, was on his way to her who thus summoned him. The early morning was fresh and sweet and delicate in its beauty as a young girl's first dream of love, but Vance knew it no more than Cain, who fled from the wrath of God and the eyes of man with a brand upon his brow.

Arrived at the cottage, and finding only the servants astir, he ordered Marion's maid to go and ask if she could see him in half an hour.

The woman went, and, when her shrill shriek rang through the house, one list-

ener at least was neither startled or doubtful of its meaning.

Striding up the stair, and past the frightened servant who ran to call her master, he entered the chamber alone, and stood beside the bed where lay his mistress, royal in death. She had dressed herself in the bridal robes, given her only a few days previously by her dotting father, and magnificent in silk and lace and embroidery of oriental pearls. The bridal veil, fastened to her glorious coronal of hair, swept down at either side, but no flowers encircled it, or lay upon the quiet bosom, or were clasped in the icy fingers. No flower, no jewel, no ornament of any description entered into that strange bridal toilet, save such as formed part of the dress itself, and a necklace of golden scarabei about the throat.

With a groan, such as the rack might at last wring from the strongest heart, Vance bent to examine this necklace, which had, as the merest glance showed, undergone some strange transformation.

Strange, indeed! The beetles, no longer mere toys and images, appeared to have suddenly assumed life, and the power attributed to them by the men who worshipped them as gods. Standing erect upon the myriad legs hitherto folded unobserved beneath their bodies, with open wings, and upraised antennae, with their diamond eyes flashing and glittering in the first ray of the rising sun, the creatures appeared so fearful and so unearthly that Vance drew back a pace in terror from the sight. Recovering his manhood almost instantly, however, he snatched at the necklace with the shrinking hate of human nature in presence of the fiend, and would have torn it from its resting-place, although too late, for its work was done. But with a strange, new thrill of horror, he found the effort in vain. Each of these thread-like legs ended in a minute claw, and each of these claws, fastened deep in the flesh beneath, held to its prey, still warm beneath its deadly grasp.

The household, alarmed and wondering, were by this time flocking into the

room; but Vance, turning upon them a pallid face, and strained, blood-shot eyes, begged to be left yet a moment alone with the corpse of his promised wife. Only the father remained; and Vance, leading him to the bed, pointed at what lay there, saying, in a hard, cold voice,

"She dressed herself in these robes as a girl would naturally like to do, and she put this necklace about her neck. It was poisoned, as I told her when I gave it her, and warned her not to use it. She forgot my warning, and placed it about her throat, meaning, perhaps, to wear it as my gift when we should stand before the altar. I warned her, but she did not heed, and—there she lies."

Peter Harleigh, shrewd and crafty man of the world, looked long and earnestly into the face of his son-in-law, then into the face of the corpse, hardly sterner, hardly whiter, than that of the man; and at last he said,

"There is a mystery, but I do not care to fathom it, lest I hate the man my daughter loved. The story you tell will answer. Go, now, and leave me with my dead."

"I will take this; it is my right," said Vance, plucking away the necklace. Beneath it lay a livid band encircling the throat, and composed, as a close examination showed, of innumerable points or dots; but, even as they looked, this faded slowly from the surface, and, an hour later, the skin had become smooth and white as it had ever been.

No one saw Vance after this, until he stood with her father and cousin beside Marion Harleigh's open grave. When the services were ended, and the mourners, save themselves, dispersed, he turned to these two, and simply said,

"Good-by. You will not see me again."

Juliette, uttering a faint moan, turned away; then, tottering, fell in a swoon like death.

Her uncle, pointing to her prostrate body, sternly met the eyes of the miserable man who stood staring gloomily before him, and said,

"Not her too, surely! Is not one enough?"

"If Juliette will marry me, you may set the day for yourself," said Vance, desperately.

"One year from to-morrow, if Juliette still wishes. Let my girl lie one year, one little year, in her grave first, and then her claims shall give way to those of the living," replied the old man bitterly; and Vance—

"One year from to-morrow I will come back. Then, if Juliette will marry me, she shall."

The year came round, and, with it, Vance. Juliette, who loved, and could not comprehend him, was ready to accept the sacrifice he offered instead of a heart, and they were married.

She is happy in her nursery and in her household, and she worships and deceives in a thousand little ways the husband she fears as much as she loves.

And he? Of his inner life we do not speak; of the outer let this fact suffice: where no eye but his own ever sees it, he hides a little Indian casket containing the Egyptian necklace. The scarabæi, no longer excited by contact with warm human flesh, lie in the quiescent state we first saw them, but the venom remains, the power remains; and Vance, looking at them, fancies often that they are but the outward symbols of the avenging memories that gnaw and sting his heart forever.

COTTON-PLANTING AT PORT HUDSON.

A GREAT many "contrabands" sought refuge at Port Hudson in the winter of 1863-'64. I determined to turn their labor to account; and having obtained permission to cultivate the fields between the old Confederate line of works and the Federal cavalry pickets—the fields over which so many desperate charges had been made during the siege—I engaged one hundred and fifty hands, a force sufficient to plant a thousand acres in cotton. The freedmen were still called "contrabands," to their own great wonderment; but as their ideas crystallized, they began to call each other "citizens," and before the close of the war any one speaking of their "camps" in terms less respectful than the "citizens' quarters," was not considered friendly to the colored man.

We were located at Mt. Pleasant, about half a mile below the citadel of Port Hudson, where, during the previous autumn, I had built a large steam saw-mill to supply the quartermaster's department with lumber. At this point first touches the river the line of bluffs that frown upon the Mississippi at Port Hudson, Vicksburg, and Memphis, forming the eastern boundary of the delta, and of that great alluvial plain which extends from the mouth of Red River to above Cairo. The position was inside the cavalry picket-line; but, to guard against surprise and for the protection of the mill, a stockade-fort had been built, and was garrisoned by a company of soldiers.

I had arrived at Port Hudson in September, a few weeks subsequent to the capture; and after a couple of days spent in getting my military pass *en règle* for landing, was permitted to ascend the lofty bluff and enjoy the liberty of the post. What first struck my attention was some of the strange transformations effected by war. The brick walls of the church where the bread of life had been wont to be dis-

pensed, were being converted into an immense oven for the soldiers. The Point Coupée Echo, which had taken refuge inside the fort, and had doubtless often encouraged the besieged to die in "the last ditch," was itself cast into the gutter.

When Port Hudson fell, there was but little to savor except mule-meat and a few cow-peas. Yet several thousand barrels of the finest rock-salt, in large crystal masses from the wonderful mine of Petite Anse Island, were captured *in transitu* to the Confederacy, at a time when salt was more of a king than cotton. Scattered all about were the spoils of war, the great guns mounted on the bluff, grim and sullen, the park of light-artillery which the Confederates had used to defend their long lines, the pieces broken and bruised by Federal shot, and thousands of small-arms that were hardly worth preserving.

Still more interesting to me were the old camps occupied by the Federals during the siege. They were outside the zigzag Confederate works, on the crests of those terrible ravines which with their underbrush and fallen timber rendered the approaches to Port Hudson so formidable. The artillery had been removed, but the great piles of cotton bales of which the batteries, unlike the mythical cotton breastworks of General Jackson in New Orleans, had mainly been built, were still remaining. Most of the camps had been pitched in the woods, and it was curious to notice how many little things the men had improvised for their convenience. Here a horseshoe had been nailed against a tree over which to throw the reins, or the prostrate trunk of a tree had been hollowed out for a feed-trough; there a rude earth-oven had been built, and along the ravines little caves had been dug in the hillsides that served as shelters against both the elements and the bullets of the enemy.

Many of the soldiers had in leisure moments carved their names on the tall magnolias, that were to be their only memorial. Temporary hospitals had been made within brush enclosures, and soft couches prepared by opening on the ground bales of cotton. Several weeks had elapsed, but the rains had not sufficed to wash out the purple stains, and wild forget-me-nots had bloomed where blood had so recently flowed. In the tumult and labor of the siege but few head-boards were placed over the dead; and of perhaps three thousand graves, few can now be identified. Who, alas! shall deck with flowers the graves of these unknown, patriotic dead!

We began to plough about the middle of February, and in a few days forty-five teams were at work, very much as when breaking up for spring crops in "God's country," with the exception that the ground is thrown up into narrow ridges, or "cotton-beds." The fields, or rather the open plain—for of fences there were none left within several miles—was covered with a tall growth of dry weeds that burned like tinder. Sometimes the fire communicated to the great canebrakes in the ravines, and by night furnished the semblance of a battle. Vast clouds of smoke would roll in sullen splendor above the sheets of flame. The newly-caught cane would crackle sharply, like a discharge of firearms, while now and then one of Farragut's monster unexploded shells, ignited by the searching heat, boomed, and sent its fragments whizzing through the air.

On the first day of April we began to plant, and—for a good omen—my wife committed the first seed to the ground—the first, also, ever tended by emancipated labor in that part of Louisiana. A slight furrow is opened on the "cotton-bed" with a rude implement which my Irish overseer called an "eye-opener." Over this furrow the cotton-seed is scattered by the women, and imperfectly covered by means of a light harrow drawn by a single mule. Before the war it was customary to re-plant nearly all the cotton-seed obtained from

the crop—equal to three times the weight of the cotton itself—in order to enrich the land. Many a fastidious epicure now dresses his salad with deodorized "oil of cotton-seed," under the innocent delusion that it came from the rich olive-presses of Italy.

When we began to plant, the Southern spring was already far advanced. The tops of the lofty cypresses,

"The green-robed senators of the mighty woods," were the first to put on the verdure of spring. The cotton-woods, which spring in pigmy groves from the slimy ooze deposited along the river-bank, as if to conceal its deformity, and rise from the *battures* in immense, successive waves of foliage, were next sprinkled with green. Gum, locust, and oak were soon clad in the livery of spring. The beech-trees had already lost their bloom. The long hedges between the plantations were white with flowers, but the magnolia, the pride of the Southern forest, had not yet opened its creamy, lemon-perfumed petals.

The flocks of robins and troops of swallows, so numerous in the short winter, had long ago migrated northward with the airy shoals of waterfowl. Quails whistled cheerfully from their glossy coverts, great flocks of buzzards wheeled high in air, and now and then, from the river-bluff, one caught sight of a stately crane or a pair of snow-white pelicans. Birds of song and of brilliant plumage were not abundant, but one could often catch the gleam of a cardinal-bird flashing through the air, and by day and night the wild weird carols of the mocking-bird were so constant, that for sleep I had to drive them from the branches overhanging our window. By night, also, the swamps resounded with a batrachian chorus, varied now and then by a dissonant croak, deep, heavy, and of such roaring volume as to deceive Taurus himself. Mingled with these was an occasional bellow from an alligator making its lonely night-rounds of the swamps, or traversing, with wallowing gait, the narrow strip of land between the river and Lake Fontana.

Our cottage stood on the steep bluff, from which one could toss an apple on board the great steamboats that came thundering by, looking, as they approached in the darkness—the light gleaming from the open furnaces on deck—like some monstrous Cyclops with an eye of fire. The great spring torrents of the Mississippi were pouring down with the accumulated driftwood of half a continent, and many an hour, like the Federal sentinel standing guard along the "Father of Waters," have I watched by moonlight the dim processions of mighty forest-trees, wrested from far-off forests on the slopes of the Alleghanies or the Rocky Mountains, and hurried silently and phantom-like down the turbid flood, as the ghostly dead were hurried down the river of Lethe.

The commanding general frequently rode out to Mt. Pleasant with his staff to see about lumber for the works at Port Hudson, or to enjoy a gallop over the cotton-fields. Among the officers was a brother, or cousin, of Prince Ghika, late *hospodar* of the Danubian principalities, of whom I had known on the lower Danube during the campaign of Omer Pacha, and also a brave Hungarian, a relative to Kossuth, who had unsheathed his sword in several European wars. Our rides over the cotton-fields brought back many reminiscences of the plains of Hungary and Wallachia. Their being here illustrated how deeply the great American conflict had excited the European mind, and drawn multitudes of its most liberal spirits to the theatre of strife, just as the Eastern war gathered on the plains of the lower Danube the armies of civilized Europe, the picturesque hordes of Asia, and dusky legions from Africa.

The military lines were closed, but I soon learned that a Federal cavalry-officer was deeply enamored of a rebel maiden outside, so ineffectual were picket-guards and the rage of war to intercept the shafts of love. Such planters outside the lines as were willing to take the oath, were permitted to visit Mt. Pleasant. I also sometimes

accompanied a reconnoissance into the country. Southern society I find is not more homogeneous than in the North; yet I am surprised at that marvellous peculiarity of American civilization which enables it, here as well as there, to engraft, appropriate, absorb foreign elements and mould them into a strong and vigorous nationality.

When I was a student at Vienna, Hyrtl, the great anatomist, used to show us on his brawny forearm a little plantation of human hairs transplanted many years before from the bodies of dear friends. Here was one from Humboldt, here one from the renowned Von Hammer Purgstall, there one from a distinguished poet, a noted actress, from his Transparency a Minister of the Court, or from a famous Hungarian general. It was strange to hear the professor eloquently descant upon the virtues of departed friends who to a certain extent were yet living in his own body. What, indeed, are the limitations of this subtle theory? May not the single cell in which one life originated, transmitted mysteriously, but always imperishable in the world of atoms, be, at last, the nucleus of a resurrected body? The extraordinary vitality of American society always reminds me of Hyrtl's capillary plantation.

It is now the first of May. The seed has come up, and the process of "scraping" has begun. The earth is taken from both sides of the row with a proper implement drawn by a mule. Then come the hands, cutting out the superfluous plants with the hoe, yet leaving until the next working more than are actually necessary, in order to insure a "stand."

The freedmen are doing well, and every thing goes on merrily. The outer fields are some distance from Mt. Pleasant, and the ploughmen take the women behind them on their mules as they go out in the morning and return at night. It is as peaceful and quiet as if there were no enemy within a thousand miles. The sentinel's musket gleams in the sunshine as he paces his solitary round

on the rampart, and outside the fields stands the mounted picket, the cavalry reserve, or "deserve," as my overseer called it, being concealed in the thickest close at hand. The old plantation-songs are heard, and some of the hands, who claim to have always taken the lead-row at home, and are wise in cotton-craft, begin to talk of our making a thousand bales of cotton.

Business called me to New Orleans on the 10th of May. My wife accompanied me. Early the following Sunday morning, as I was leisurely passing by headquarters, Captain Buckley asked me into his office. His nervous manner foreboded trouble. Putting himself in connection with the Port Hudson operator, he began slowly to read, as the electricity clicked the words, "Five hundred rebels just attacked Mt. Pleasant—mill and plantation buildings in flames—many hands killed, and rest prisoners—rebels have got off with plunder—our cavalry in pursuit"—when the line broke, and I—drew breath.

Hour after hour I waited for a message, hoping the disaster had not been so terrible, and anxious for a word to relieve my suspense. It was in vain. The rebels had cut the wire between Baton Rouge and Port Hudson. Mt. Pleasant was a hundred and fifty miles from New Orleans, and the road, if not actually held by the enemy, was infested with guerillas. I could only wait for the Tuesday evening Vicksburg packet.

Wednesday afternoon the Albert Pierce brought me in sight of Mt. Pleasant. Nothing was to be seen but a column of smoke and the tall brick chimney of the mill—the first erected below Cairo after the beginning of the war. As I contrasted the latter with the chimneys that rose grimly above the ruins of the great sugar-mills on the opposite side of the river, I was reminded that my misfortune was but one of the accidents of war. Just six months previously, to a day, an agent of Jefferson Davis, who afterwards received six thousand dollars in gold from his chief for his devilish work,

had set fire to the steamboat Tecumseh, and in half an hour forty thousand dollars of my property were in ashes, with half a million dollars' worth of cotton belonging to other parties. Confederate hatred could hardly ask for more than this second disaster on almost the same spot, involving far greater loss than the first, and accompanied by circumstances of shocking barbarity.

When I landed not a soul was to be seen, and nothing remained of the pleasant hamlet but piles of smouldering ruins. The stockade-fort was abandoned, and even my wife's little flower-garden had been trodden under foot by the rebel cavalry. I had scarcely looked around, however, before my bookkeeper suddenly appeared, with the utmost terror pictured on his countenance. They had come out of the fort to bury one of the men killed Sunday morning, and were about to lower the body into the hastily dug grave, when the Confederates again made their appearance. He and his companions had taken to the ravine. He urged me to hasten to Port Hudson: there was not a moment to be lost.

Just then also my Irish overseer came rushing down the hill, himself and horse covered with blood and foam. The brave fellow, who had been in Japan with Commodore Perry, had often ventured alone, miles inside the Confederate lines, and had recently risen from an attack of typhoid, thought he had received a mortal wound, and I could not restrain a smile at his almost disappointment in finding that the rebel bullet, fired at him but a few paces distant, had taken effect only in his horse's neck, from which a purple stream still flowed. Recovering in part his composure, "I've had," said he, "the new-moonia and the typhoon fever, but niver the likes of this!"

We hastened towards Port Hudson, and before reaching the sally-port were so fortunate as to overtake Mr. E—, who had come out with my bookkeeper and overseer to bury their comrade. His clothes had been torn by the thorns, and it seemed incredible that he

should have found his way through the dreadful ravines and thickets. His vacant, pitiable expression—a blending of terror and despair—told me plainly that the fright he had just received, his fatigue, and the dreadful sufferings of Sunday morning, had unsettled his mind. He had come out from the North only a month previous to assist me, but never recovered from the terrible shock.

I obtained a tent for myself and such of my people as could be found, and during the evening learned the particulars of the raid. Just at the gray dawn of Sunday morning five hundred mounted rebels, yelling like demons, dashed upon Mt. Pleasant, a deep ravine winding back into the forest having concealed them until within a few rods of the stockade. They had, doubtless spent the night near by, as the freedmen afterwards declared that a strange person, dressed in blue, had come into their meeting Saturday night whom they recognized next morning among the raiders. Part of them immediately overpowered the stockade-guard and made the lieutenant prisoner, while the others rushed among the buildings and fired upon the terror-stricken people, not one of whom was armed or offered any resistance. Two of my employees—faithful, loyal men, who had lived many years in the South, were shot down, yet not until they had almost reached, in attempting to escape, the foot of the citadel of Port Hudson. It was the work of but a few minutes to plunder my house, set fire to the buildings, and, gathering up prisoners and mules, dash off into the forest. Two of my white men were mounted bareback on a powerful mule with a colored man between them. Another was hurried along half running, half dragged by a stalwart rebel hold of his collar. The best mounted rebels ordered negroes, both men and women—perhaps their former slaves—to get on behind them, and a few even carried off small children. They rushed through the forest at full speed, where an ordinary rider would have to pick his way. A small detach-

ment, with seventy of my mules and horses, took another obscure path into the woods.

But the Federal cavalry, a splendidly mounted Illinois regiment, were soon thundering up in pursuit. The chase was magnificent. Had not Colonel Fonda been informed by a negro, who halted him just as they reached the open country, that a large rebel force was in ambush ahead, scarcely one of the enemy could have escaped. The rear of the pursued and the van of the pursuers were soon mingled, and sabres and revolvers were freely used, several of the rebels being killed.

One by one the prisoners let go their hold, slipped off, and got out of the way. The stalwart rebel who had put my man through nine miles quicker than they were ever made by the swift-footed Achilles, had to let go his hold. A bolt of Sprague's prints proved the ruin of a raider who had fastened one end of it to his saddle. It unrolled and streamed along in the wind, and before he could disengage it the Yankees were upon him. During the running-fight a Federal and Confederate got separated from the others. They unloaded their revolvers upon each other, tried their sabres, finally halted, dismounted, and clinched for very life. The Yankee had lost a thumb in the *mêlée*, and was getting worsted, when a comrade rode up.

"Surrender!" cried the latter.

"Go to h—l!" was the only response.

"I'll teach you how to raid plantations!" replied the Yankee, in equally forcible language, as he split him down with a single stroke of his sabre.

The rebels, however, got off with the stock and a few prisoners. Among the latter was the poor lieutenant. I was afterwards told, that when the Confederates encamped that night, they put him one side while holding a parley. A negro crawled up to the officer in the dark, and asked him if he had any message to send: that was the last ever heard of him. The leader of the raiders has never ventured to show himself in the vicinity of Port Hudson since the war.

But my freedmen. Those not captured Sunday morning had taken to the ravines between Mt. Pleasant and Port Hudson. Most of those carried away had also managed to get back. I asked the commanding general for permission to bring them inside the Federal works. He would not even consider the request. General Banks' Red River failure had emboldened and let loose the rebels; Johnston, they said, was marching down through Mississippi, and would besiege Port Hudson within ten days; I must leave; he would order a steamboat to transport the freedmen to New Orleans.

Times were indeed gloomy, and the general no doubt had the interests of the service at heart, but I was satisfied that the reports of Johnston's movements were unfounded. At least, no rebel general would venture to hurl his columns against the great earthworks of Port Hudson, mounted with so many guns, and defended by several thousand brave men.

Three successive days I urged my case with every argument at my command. I had invested almost a fortune in this enterprise; the Government, in granting me permission to plant, and in approving my contracts, had by implication, at least, promised me its protection, when such protection did not interfere with the service. These hundred and fifty freedmen were also entitled to consideration. My efforts were in vain.

At last the general yielded so far as to permit me to bring fifty of my hands inside the works at night, the remainder to be kept outside. I repaired immediately to the freedmen still hidden in the ravines, trembling with terror, and utterly disheartened. Collecting them near the spot where during the siege the great naval battery had thundered against Port Hudson, I told them my plans: that I had established myself at Port Hudson to make a crop of cotton, and intended to do it; the rebels doubtless congratulated themselves upon having broken up Mt. Pleasant, and might not return in a long time; I asked no one to go where I did not lead; that a

price having been set on my head by the enemy, I ran a far greater risk than any of them; if any of them wished to go away, they had only to step forward and get their wages and a release from their contracts.

But two or three of the faithful freedmen left me. Having procured fifty condemned tents from the quartermaster, we pitched part of them in a deep ravine near the new works, and the balance in a similar ravine just outside the old Confederate line, where they were effectually concealed from sight to a person a few yards distant.

I had remaining but a few broken-down animals. Fortunately, many of the freedmen about Port Hudson were in possession of a horse or a mule picked up as worthless just after the siege, but now again become serviceable. The provost marshal permitted me to use these unemployed animals for a stipulated sum per week, and many a faithful charger, or artillery war-horse, harnessed to an ignoble plough, afterwards pricked up his ears and quickened his gait at call of bugle or boom of cannon from the fort. Just nine days from the terrible morning of the raid we ventured out into the fields to resume work.

The stockade-guard at Mt. Pleasant having been discontinued, and the cavalry pickets drawn in, I was obliged to abandon three hundred acres of young cotton. It was the most promising part of the crop. The hands had finished "scraping" it the day before the raid. To abandon it involved a greater loss than mill, stock, and plantation buildings together; there was no help for it. Could we save the remaining seven hundred acres?

The freedmen were very shy, and daily turned many a nervous glance to the deep woods bordering the fields. A point which they particularly dreaded came to be called "Reb' Corner." One day there was artillery practice at the fort, and the officer of the day having forgotten to inform me of the order, the hands were frightened out of their senses by the bursting of huge shells over their heads. On another occasion

a false alarm was raised by the commanding general. The drums beat to arms, bugles sounded, and the great guns on the earthworks opened a tremendous cannonade upon the woods at the left. As the cavalry and the batteries of light artillery rushed out of the sally-port in the direction of the fields, the hands were sure the rebels were about to fall upon them, and broke for the fort in a general stampede. Our camps were so situated in the ravines that the shells flew harmlessly over them, and at night all our animals were taken inside. With the exception of these, sometimes ludicrous, incidents, there were no serious interruptions, and in the course of a few weeks we regained our former sense of security.

Scarcely a drop of rain fell from March until nearly the end of May. The cotton-plant, when it has attained some size, does not require much moisture, and is oftener injured by the excessive rains than by the long droughts, both of which so frequently occur in the Gulf States. Copious showers fell on the deserted plantations across the river; the young and tender cotton-plants on my fields seemed on the point of perishing. At last the windows of heaven were opened, and rain fell almost every day for several weeks, with tropical violence. As the season advanced the weather became excessively hot, but the nights, owing to the breezes from the Gulf and the heavy dews, were cool and agreeable. However distressing the heat of midday, one could rise refreshed in the morning. To this fact may no doubt be attributed, in great part, the good health which, with temperance and habits of regularity, may usually be enjoyed in the South.

To my utter consternation the small-pox broke out among my hands in June. In a few days thirty of them were prostrate with the disease. We had survived the terrible raid upon Mt. Pleasant, but here were disaster and threatening death in a more dreadful form. The fiery drought of May and the torrents of rain in June had done comparatively little harm, and the vigi-

lant cavalry seemed to insure protection against further molestation from the enemy; but of what avail were picket-lines against this terrible infection? A panic, I feared, would drive the freedmen from the plantations. For several days the success of my enterprise again hung trembling in the balance. I was surprised to find, however, that the disease was neither so contagious nor so fatal as among the whites. Separate quarters were provided for the sick. But two of them died.

The first day of July I picked the first cotton-flower. The plants, so tender and unpromising in May, had of late grown with extraordinary rapidity. The flower, purple when it opens, but soon changing to white, resembles the bloom of the morning-glory, and contrasts beautifully with the deep verdure of the plants. In a little spot almost covered with the rusty fragments of exploded shells, I noticed that the flowers retained a deep-red color, just as in another instance I observed that the water-lilies grown over the sunken ruins of a rebel gunboat were scarlet instead of white. The ground was nearly covered with thrifty cotton-plants that would have ornamented a lady's flower-garden. As I looked over the broad fields, the leaves glistening in the sunshine, and the purple and pearly bells swaying in the wind, I certainly thought I had never before seen so beautiful a rural prospect. The afterthought, also, that they ought soon to yield six hundred bales of cotton, already worth five hundred dollars per bale, did not sensibly diminish the pleasure afforded by the sight.

After an appropriate celebration of the Fourth of July with the freedmen, I again left for New Orleans. But I had scarcely landed when a telegram from my chief overseer informed me that the entire cavalry had been ordered away from Port Hudson, the infantry withdrawn from the old works to the new fort on the bluff, and that during the previous night the rebels had roamed undisturbed over my plantations and committed many depredations. A sin-

gle stroke of General Banks' pen, with more absolute power than was ever swayed by the god Terminus, had instantly located my plantations far beyond the Federal lines, and within the rule of Rebeldom.

The freedmen, who had hitherto relied upon the protection afforded by the cavalry, were entirely disheartened at this turn of events. After the dreadful experience of the raid at Mt. Pleasant, it would have been cruel to ask, and useless to expect, them to expose themselves to the enemy. I was advised to arm them, and muskets were provided for the purpose. But aside from the inability of undisciplined freedmen to repel any serious attack, the musket and the hoe were incompatible. Moreover, most of the freedmen in my employment had belonged to planters in the vicinity, and I naturally hesitated to adopt a plan that would inevitably arouse the revengeful hostility of the latter. Nine or ten of the best and bravest of the freedmen were well mounted, and under the lead of my manager, who had shown himself to be a bold and efficient man, acted as a picket-guard for the others while at work in the fields. After the first feeling of timidity had worn off, they scoured the country for some distance in the rear of the plantations, and gave us timely notice of danger. Falstaff's ragged recruits could not have presented a more grotesque appearance than these dusky scouts, awkwardly flourishing their long muskets, but relying mainly upon the speed of their horses.

About this time General McNeill assumed command at Port Hudson. The reputation he had acquired from the summary disposal of guerillas in Missouri had preceded him. Had he fallen into the hands of the Confederates they would have treated him in an equally summary manner. Yet, with a small mounted escort from one of the light-batteries, he boldly reconnoitred the country many miles in the rear of Port Hudson; and not until several weeks afterward, when the steamboat Empress, on which he was ascending the

river, was attacked by the Confederates, in consequence of information transmitted from below that he was aboard, and the boat and passengers were saved by his heroic conduct, was he seriously molested.

One day, General McNeill happening to get separated from his main escort, an officer of his staff rode up to a house at the fork of the roads, and inquired of the lean, scrawny woman who appeared at the door, vigorously plying the "dipping-stick," whether she had recently seen any cavalry.

"I don't know nothin' about cavalry," said she, "but if you're after Capt'in Miller's critter company, they's jist done gone up that way."

The zeal of an old "piney woods" planter in pursuit of a fugitive slave led him so close to the Federal works that he was picked up by a scouting party. He seemed struck with the appearance of the cotton-fields, and, turning to me, remarked,

"You croppin'? Eh?"

"Yes."

"I reckon, you don't understand niggers?"

"Possibly."

"Them's some of my niggers you're workin'."

"Very likely."

"Well, here's a right smart chance of a crop, but I'll be-dogoned if you ever pick a pound of cotton. Why, you see our folks is perfectly willin' you should make the crop, but they's jist waitin' to see you begin to gether it."

This, then, was another reason why I had recently been so little molested.

The first day of August we picked the first opened boll of cotton, just four months after the seed had been planted. Before finishing the cultivation, or "laying by" the crop, we went over the fields four times with small ploughs and the hoe. After the process of "scraping," the earth was thrown toward the roots of the plants. The most untiring industry was required to keep down the grass which, especially during the hot and rainy months of June and July, grew with wonderful rapidity.

When we cultivated the fields the last time, mules and hands were almost hidden from sight by the thrifty plants. Some of them were so high that one on horseback could not reach the topmost leaves, and, on a single one, I counted one hundred and sixty bolls. The green and swelling bolls began rapidly to burst, and their fleecy whiteness, in contrast with the purple blooms and rich foliage, made the broad fields still more beautiful.

Aside from the peculiar annoyances and dangers to which we were exposed, the reader should not get the impression that the management of one hundred and fifty freedmen just escaped from slavery was a matter of unalloyed enjoyment. Far from it. It required "the patience of Globe" (Job), as my overseer constantly asserted, to get along with them. It was a matter of the first importance to obtain their confidence by just and honest treatment; and in no case to abuse it. Without this nothing could be done.

Our camp in the ravine near the new fort had meanwhile grown into quite a village, of which the manager's house, a plantation-mill to grind corn for the weekly rations, and an enormous stable, were the conspicuous buildings. The tents had gradually given place to cabins, around many of which the freedmen cultivated little gardens, and made accommodation for the traditional pigs and poultry. As regiments were ordered away from Port Hudson they secured many of the small buildings which spring up like mushrooms in a military camp; and on Saturday afternoons, when I gave them teams for the purpose, I several times saw quite a street of little houses perched bodily on the wagons, moving slowly to our quarters, like Birnam wood to Dunsinane. They called our little village Yanktown. General McNeill, restless under the inactivity at Port Hudson, used in vain every effort to have his force increased so as to begin aggressive operations. Suddenly and unexpectedly he was relieved from command.

Dismayed at the gloomy prospect,

and thoroughly convinced that I could not gather the crop without protection, I repaired to the headquarters of the cavalry in New Orleans. Aside from my own interests, which, of course, could not be urged, there were many reasons why a cavalry regiment should be sent to Port Hudson. I used every argument in my power, but could get no encouragement whatever, and returned in more perplexity than ever. Cotton had already advanced to a dollar and a half per pound; the unprotected fields were whitening for a splendid harvest that bade fair to be a very cup of Tantalus.

At this time there happened to arrive at Port Hudson a company of independent loyal scouts, who had joined General Banks' army during the first Opelousas campaign. Among them were Creoles, *Cagians*, the descendants of the old Acadians, and a few mulattoes. They belonged mainly in the Attakapas region of Louisiana. Many a Federal soldier will recall the daring feats of this band of loyalists, to whom rebel bullets were not half so fatal during the war as rebel rage has been since its close. Here to-day and there to-morrow, now making rendezvous in one of the dense swamps of the Teche or the Cortableau, then falling, like lightning, upon some rebel detachment or dashing into a rebel town, watching every Confederate camp, learning every movement, eluding all pursuit, their history would furnish some of the most thrilling episodes of the war in Louisiana. Their connection with the army in 1864 was merely nominal, and the commanding general at Port Hudson, who was powerless to protect my interests, advised me to employ this well-armed and well-mounted company to guard my plantations. However serviceable in keeping off guerillas, they could not have resisted any considerable body of the enemy. There was the same objection as existed to arming my freedmen. But I did not abandon the idea.

In a situation of terrible suspense, I happened one day to be walking on the

levée at Baton Rouge, when I noticed a large steamboat covered with colored troops, whose fine cavalry equipments, especially their new Spencer carbines, attracted my attention. To my incidental question as to the destination of his regiment, Colonel Alexander replied that it was the Fourth Colored Cavalry, for Port Hudson.

I felt like embracing him.

A few hours afterward the men encamped on the little plateau between Port Hudson and Yanktown. Seeing no horses, I inquired when they were to arrive, and was struck speechless with astonishment to hear that the regiment not only had no horses, but that there were none for them in the department.

The situation was growing desperate.

Retiring to my tent to think over once more the problem which had so often elated me with hope, and suddenly baffled with disappointment, my eyes fell upon a special order of General Banks, in the newspaper, to press into the cavalry service the available horses in the city of New Orleans. After a few days' delay, which seemed as many weeks, the horses arrived, but notwithstanding my anxiety and disappointment, I could not help shedding tears of laughter at the very sight of them. What but a passion for conic sections could have led the officer in charge to select such miserable hacks! To mount men upon them seemed a mockery and a snare. Had the choice been left to the worst rebel sympathizers in New Orleans, they would have picked out for us just such sorry Rosinantes. True, the equine population of New Orleans had already stood two or three similar drafts, but on my next visit to the city I could see no diminution in the number of fine turnouts on the Shell Road. However, the men were mounted, and a double force pushed out to the old picket-line.

With a light heart I once more rode over the splendid fields for so long a time practically deserted. The impatient freedmen were also ready, with bags strapped over the shoulder, and huge baskets wherein each kept the

cotton picked, to be weighed in the field at midday, and again at nightfall, so that extra care and labor could be compensated. Twice a-day large plantation-wagons, filled to the top with fleecy seed-cotton, conveyed their precious loads to Yanktown, where it was dried upon scaffolds, and, as there were no gins at Port Hudson, was packed in bulk for shipment to New Orleans.

Not waiting for a large lot, I hurried down to arrange for the selling of the crop, and offered four bales at auction. It was the 3d of September—a day not soon to be forgotten by cotton-buyers in New Orleans, for on that day the price touched the very highest point. Never, before nor since, have I seen such an excited crowd at the great cotton-mart—such wild, feverish haste to buy. The bulls were in high carnival, jubilant, defiant. My small lot being new cotton, and the first of the season, reached the highest figure. It started at one dollar and fifty cents per pound; "sixty," "seventy," "eighty," "ninety"—in quick succession—"ninety-one"—"two"—"and a half"—"I'm positively giving it away," shouted the auctioneer—"last call"—and down fell his hammer at one dollar ninety-two and a half cents per pound, or over eight hundred dollars per bale.

The Iberville landed me at Port Hudson early the next morning. Riding out again over the magnificent fields, a slight calculation assured me that I ought to make six hundred bales. Was it not in fact already made? Just after the raid at Mt. Pleasant I would gladly have accepted ten thousand dollars for the whole crop. Had any one now offered me three hundred thousand dollars for the same it would have been promptly refused. Why not? It seemed good for half a million.

Who has not studied one of those little charts made to represent the fluctuations of gold during the war by means of an irregular line drawn as an artist, with a single dash across the soft blue atmosphere of a painting, may outline the summits of lofty mountains? That crooked line is a simple matter,

but terribly suggestive. The defeats and victories, the ebbs and flows and surges of public opinion during those eventful years, what other barometer so well indicated them? The holder of gold on the 30th of June, 1864, could hardly have described his sensations. He would not have cared to describe them a few hours afterwards.

When travelling in the East, I one night asked our dragoman to interpret for me one of those marvellous stories—arabesques of imagination woven upon some tradition of Scripture or of patriarchal life—with which the Bedouins still love to draw out the long hours of the night under the dreamy stars of Palestine. It referred to King Solomon, who from small beginnings, according to the story-teller, had become so enormously rich that it required a hundred camels to carry the keys wherewith to lock his treasures. A little fly, sent by Allah, entered into his brain, and rapidly increasing in size, soon caused such intolerable pain that he could get relief only by having his head constantly pounded with mallets. Finally, a swarm of flies burst forth that soon turned into innumerable worms and utterly consumed his possessions. "Behold," said Allah, "what an insignificant thing hath caused thy ruin!"

Within twenty-four hours after my arrival from New Orleans I noticed, in a remote portion of one of the fields, a little cluster of cotton-plants whose leaves were strangely perforated. Dismounting, I could find upon the plants only a few slender, greenish worms, with gray stripes on the back, and perhaps an inch in length. "Dey is grass-wums, sare," said the freedman with me, who claimed great wisdom in plantation-craft. "'Cause, you see, dey don't doubles 'emself up and jump, like the ginwine cotton-wums, when I'se done touch't 'em." There was plenty of excellent grass, but the preference of the worms for cotton-leaves was as unmistakeable as their appetite was voracious.

I directed the chief-overseer to leave off picking cotton on the morrow, and

be ready with all hands for this new emergency. Although the worms multiplied enormously during the next few days, they were still confined to a single field. In this vermicular warfare we gave no quarter. The least of the one hundred and fifty freedmen must have slain his myriads, but I could not see that any impression whatever was made upon the number of living worms. We had outlived raids and surprises, the loathsome small-pox, the drought and rain: what strategy could avail against these new enemies, more vindictive than rebels, and multiplying like forest-leaves in the spring!

Some one had told me that the army-worm would not in its advances cross a ditch. Most of my freedmen had helped throw up the rebel earthworks of Port Hudson; and they went to work with a will upon this new defence against the creeping host. Notwithstanding the terrible heat, we soon completed a ditch, entirely cutting off the affected portion from the rest of the plantations. Vain delusion! Uncle Toby's famous parallels and salients would have been quite as effective.

It was positively dreadful to watch those crawling armies. They covered the plants and the earth. Nor was it necessary to see them. A dull metallic sound, very like the falling of rain on the leaves, indicated their devouring presence. And the smell of them! With a sort of breathless wonder, as in the terrible conflicts of the elements, one can look upon the destruction of his property by consuming whirlwinds of flame, by engulfing waves, or the blasts of a tornado—but to see it devoured by loathsome worms!

After several days there was still one field, of about fifty acres, in which not a worm was to be seen, nor one of those black moth-like flies that deposit their eggs on the under side of the cotton-leaves, and then wrap themselves up in a single leaf, as in a shroud, to die. I telegraphed to the city for thirty barrels of coal-tar. It arrived the next morning. The freedmen, provided with basins, buckets, and skillets, deposited

a little coal-tar near the foot of every plant. Should this bucolic engine prove effective, I would become a believer in Stephen H. Branch's vermicular theory of success.

The next morning I rode out to see the result. There were the worms more numerous than ever, unchecked in their devouring march by the dreadful heat and the vile odors wafted by the south wind. "Sirocco of the Desert" I have ever since regarded as a weak and commonplace figure of speech.

"Innocent worms!" do you say?

When witnessing the worse than gladiatorial combats to be seen in a drop of water, where microscopic monsters devour each other, and in reflecting that, perhaps, all the bloody campaigns in history, all the tortures of martyrs and burnings of heretics, have caused less suffering than we thoughtlessly inflict, every meal, upon millions of animalculæ exquisitely sensitive to pain, it may be, in proportion as they are minute, I may have indulged for the worm in my path a sentiment of pity. But what a grim and ghastly satire upon such mere sentiment was the sight

of those fields stripped of their beauty, like forests in winter, and consumed as by the breath of a demon!

Still the loss was not complete. Like Sennacherib's hosts, the armies of worms disappeared even more suddenly and mysteriously than they came. Excepting the almost mature cotton-bolls, they left not a green thing behind. Had they come a month earlier, there would have been no cotton—a month later, the crop would not have been injured. As it was, the hot sun shining directly upon the swelling bolls, opened them nearly all at once; and the great fields quickly became white as the driven snow. They usually remain green until the tender plants are killed by the frost, and the picking then continues until Christmas. We gathered two hundred and fifty-six bales, which, at the enormous price of cotton, brought one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars. The entire expense of making the crop, including losses and revenue taxes, was about one hundred and five thousand dollars. But the physical and mental wear and tear of such a cotton-campaign was positively dreadful.

YOUTH AND AGE.

YEARS make not age; the head may gleam in white

Yet youth twine verdure round the heart; below

The drift may smile the flowers; the genial glow
Of Spring-tide melting even the Winter's might.

White hairs may come in youth; the heart be old;

No blossoms deck the early-frozen mould.

Keep the heart young! the conscience crystal-clear!

So shall sweet Summer smile throughout the year!

Faint not because of trouble! let the sun

Be present to thy thought, though clouds be black!

To-morrow haply on the present's track

Shall glide, and radiance and thy life be one!

Were pleasure but thy handmaid all thy hours,

Her smile would pall! the couch soon sickens piled with flowers!

LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A POOR MUSICIAN.

In the hilly suburbs of the quaint old city of Aschaffenburg, there stood, twenty years ago, a grim and stately stone building. This building was the celebrated "Rheinhardt Academy." Here I was imprisoned, in the year 1848, in company with over a hundred other youths between thirteen and twenty years of age. Within walls, the severe and unchanging discipline of daily study was interrupted only by occasional exercise in the enclosed play ground attached to the building, and the yearly four-weeks' vacation. Our knowledge of the world outside was limited to the glimpses caught through the narrow framework of our windows; and many a youthful imagination kindled at the distant panorama of the river Main, with its ever-shifting motion and light. Here, a dry and monotonous existence poetized to two young lads by one of those impassioned friendships peculiar to school-life, and which has the *couleur de rose* of Love, without its suspicions or its pangs. Herman Ehrthal, who was three years my senior, had completed his mathematical studies, and was almost exclusively occupied in the musical department when I entered the Academy. Many a time, after school-hours, have I crouched outside his door to listen to the delicious harmonies that fell from his fingers, and which seemed to interpret for me all the bright dreams of that future which lay in its glowing perspective beyond the present cold and cheerless life. It was here he found me one night, in tears, and took me to his heart. From that moment we understood each other. Through the six following years, he was color and sunshine to me in the shade of those grim old walls. In 1854 he left the Academy and went to Vienna, where he pursued his musical studies exclusively during a residence of six years. From Vienna he went to London, where he resided five years. In 1865 he returned to Germany, and informed his friends that he should leave the following month for America. Before he sailed, we agreed mutually to keep journals, and, upon reunion, exchange them, so that each might possess the record of the other's experiences, objective and subjective, during separation. Two years after his departure for the New World I joined him there. When we met, the journals were exchanged according to promise. His now lies before me. The few leaves which I have selected for publication are precisely as I find them, except in the substitution of fictitious names. The story of these pages is neither dramatic nor sensational. The reader will find none of those startling events which quicken circulation—none of those dark mysteries which provoke shudders and pique expectation. To those who enjoy the intense shadow and intricacy of plots *à la* Wilkie Collins, the possible-to-every-one history of Herman Ehrthal will prove but tame amusement. But to those born to music, these pages will hold a peculiar interest; for, enclosed in the simple framework of this simple story, is woven the subtle, subjective experiences peculiar to the artist-life. That finer discrimination in music which is born not so much of *acquired* as *instinctive* knowledge, will be passed by unheeded by many. That rapturous enthusiasm which is as irrepressible to the artist-nature as song to birds, and which in its most eloquent expression seems to him but a feeble counterpart of that which burns within him, will be smiled at by this same many as puerile rhapsody. But those whose souls have kindled at the same fires, will read aright the language, and will feel with the artist its entire inadequacy to its sublime theme. To these I offer these pages.

October 24th.—Well, here I am home again! Home! a narrow, carpetless room; cot bed, rude chair, and washstand; in one corner, a trunk; in the other, an upright piano. My apartment is certainly not elegant, yet it is not without ornamentation; witness: four excellent engraved portraits of the following composers, Handel, Beethoven, Bach, and Schumann; the rosewood

piano left in my charge by H— till his return, and on the window-sill the bunch of roses I bought to-day of the pale little girl at the corner. Alack-a-day! my efforts to gain work have been so far unsuccessful, and a *dolce far niente* life is my present prospect. What a weary day this has been! Will it ever be thus? Must I barter my holy Muse, whose white garment I am un-

worthy to kiss, for "filthy lucre?" Filthy lucre! I would not despise the base article in practical cents and shillings as I sit here to-night with only half-satisfied stomach. This afternoon I went to the Seminary in — street, but met with no success. Luck does not seem to follow me. Later I repaired to Mrs. B——'s, whose daughter is my only pupil—a young lady of average capacity. Wishing to be in the fashion, she requested me to give her some German music. I brought her one of Mendelssohn's "*Lieder ohne Worte*." She has learned to play the notes correctly, but they have no significance to her. She is very pretty, however,—has liquid dark eyes and a rich bloom. I watched her, this afternoon, as she fingered the exquisite Tone-poem. The pretty features never quivered, the eyes neither quickened nor softened. She sat in statuesque passivity, quite unconscious of the tender yearning and melancholy that throbbed in fitful pulses among the notes. Pretty doll! Nature made you very neatly—only forgot to put a soul into you. Perhaps you are none the less happy. Heigh-ho! my purse is getting sadly thin, but I shall not ask Mrs. B—— to advance my pay. I ate my scanty meal with relish this evening, for the keen air had sharpened my appetite, and my body is still so young and strong. My evenings are certainly solitary, but it is then that I have my happiest hours—then that my tone-wings raise themselves from the clogging mire, and soar and bear me to blessed regions where I hear primeval warblings and catch the perfumes of heavenly gardens. To-night I was bitter, almost despairing. Was it unnatural that my mood should have dissolved into the prelude No. 4 of Chopin? I repeated it again and again with a lingering, torturing satisfaction, and in that smothered cry for hope and help I plead for love, for free air, for sunshine, for some way out of this hateful imprisonment. No human being was ever more entirely a victim to dyspepsia than Chopin—a dyspepsia that disordered soul and stomach, and

had its *whine* somewhere in nearly all his creations. In a number of noble instances he left the narrow circle of the meum, and, fired by a great idea or a fine enthusiasm—forgot his own personality; but these are the exceptions. Exquisitely keen to joy and pain, and hungry for happiness, with all an artist's passion, he revelled in the outpouring of his glowing, quivering sensibilities through Tone, whose dictionary his marvellous genius commanded and enlarged at will. The egotism of a self-centred, morbid being was never before hidden under such bewildering modulations; the complaints of a sick brain and body never before clothed themselves in so seductive a garb; the passion of *personal* joys, pangs, and longings was never before told in so eloquent and fascinating a language. But, though his music flatters, bewilders, intoxicates, there are in it no outlets into celestial space. This evening I enjoyed it with a peculiar keenness—made many a morbid, melancholy romance of which I was myself of course, the hero, and rose from the piano a more bitter and selfish man. Awaking suddenly from the absorbing dream, the close walls stifled me, and I went to the window for air. The city below looked cold and spectral; its inhabitants were stupid grubs, and I, fancying myself one of the great *élite*, looked down from my garret-window upon their fine dwellings and despised them. *Misérable homme incompris!* What cares the busy world, with mighty questions on its big brain, for thy private gnarlings? But I am weary, and must seek rest. I will be true to my best self through every counter wind and tide. Knowing that my art is divine, and meant to serve the highest purposes of the soul, I shall not sacrifice my artistic conscience to a threadbare coat, but will guard my ideal as the sacred host in the purest tabernacle of my inmost soul. Ah! beloved mother, far in the fatherland, fold thine arms again about thy boy, and soothe him to rest. Thou shalt never know of the scanty meal and desolate hours. I forget them all now,

Mütterchen; thy soft touch lingers tenderly on my brow; thy loving eyes bend over me! I am not ashamed of these tears before thee, mother. God bless thee! God bless thee, and keep thy son as worthy of thee as in the pure, blessed days gone by.

October 29th.—A note came to me from Dr. A—— to-day, enclosing the address of a friend of his, a Mrs. Irving, who is looking for a music-teacher for her niece. The Doctor said a good word for me, and the lady expressed a desire to see me. Towards evening I repaired to her residence. When I entered the parlor, the gas was not yet lit, and the atmosphere of the room was subdued and mystical. I slid abstractedly into the nearest seat, for I was surprised and awed by the opening strains of a song of Robert Franz—a song little known, and *knowable* only to the *few*. It begins with the following stanza, the words of which were enunciated with a wonderfully pure accent:

"Nun die Schatten dunkeln,
Stern an Stern erwacht,
Welch' ein Hauch der Sehnsucht
Flutet durch die Nacht!"

The song tells the story of the twilight hour. We wander out into Nature, and at the first step stop in awe, for we find ourselves on the threshold of a land so mysterious and holy that we feel we need baptism before we pass the sacred portal. The first vivid glow of the sunset has gone; we pass into a realm of delicate, intangible beauty, where every atom of atmosphere floats on ethereal, golden wings. The opalesque sky bends tenderly towards the yearning earth; the purple shadows descend softly in the dreamy air, and mystical depths of lustre melt away in the violet light. The first notes of this matchless song breathe the very awe we feel as we enter the mysterious sunset realm, and at last, through ever-quickenings modulations, the impassioned soul soars and floats away beyond the veil! And here is the peculiar province of the German "Lied." Its best mission is to translate into Tone, not so much a *nameable* sentiment, or emotion, as the vague, inquir-

ing bliss, or melancholy, of a *mood*. It demands not so much a framework, as an atmosphere—outline, as color. It is one of the prophetic messengers that Beauty has at her will, and expresses not so much what is said as suggested, possessed as perceived. I had heard this song before, given with a mere sensuous enthusiasm (how often mistaken for an *intelligent conception*!) that a pleasing melody produces on a discriminating ear; but now for the first time I listened to it from the lips of a poetess, who entered into the very spirit of its inspiration. And that delicious voice! The tone was aromatic, and held its peculiar quality as purely as a flower its perfume,—a quality rich, searching, and lazy,—the luscious indolence of tropical skies, hammocks, and pomegranates, in whose dream and languor slumber fire and color. As I listened, my sympathy with the song and singer became so intimate, that I moved unconsciously nearer; but the last strain was hardly finished, when the hands fell in broken, startled chords upon the keys (had I spoken?), and the figure vanished through the open door beyond. I had hardly regained my seat, when the servant entered and lit the gas. Every thing in the room took now a positive outline, and that moment of free joy seemed already like a dream. Before I left the house, satisfactory arrangements were made, and to-morrow I give the first lesson. I discovered, too, that my future pupil and the poet-songstress are identical. A pleasant prospect is in view for me. Once in the street and alone, imagination filled her framework with many a pleasing picture. I saw a delicious landscape to-day, and longed to buy it. It would have been like hanging perpetual summer on my walls; but, alas! one must have bank-notes to exchange for summer. Ah, poverty is a wretched companion! A philosopher can endure it, perhaps, and moralize over it; but to the luxuriant nature of the artist it is sickening. It lays an icy finger on his warm, free pulses—stands ugly and gaunt at every door of his soul, and with sour visage

and relentless gripe scares back the messenger he would send forth. But there is compensation for all things. Beethoven, disappointed, poor, and unrecognized, wrote "*Es ist so schön das Leben tausend mal zu leben.*" Aye, it is indeed beautiful to live a thousandfold life. Blessed is he who is gifted with a palate capable of appreciating all the rich and delicate essences of existence. Many a fellow-creature, the pet of fortune, might envy me the fine pleasure of those five minutes this afternoon in the parlor in G— square. Born to music, and initiated by that birth into the sacred mysteries of her high altar, the gates of Paradise are open to me, and beyond, I taste the joys of disembodied spirits while yet in finite chains. The celestial vision comes to most of us in some form, perhaps, but only to those initiated by birth is the blessed privilege through *music* vouchsafed. That voice brings a nectar memory. When shall I hear it again?

October 30th.—The lesson is over. It is an event to record, and events are rare things with me. I have always ridiculed journal-keeping as a merely sentimental pastime, and now, behold! forced by my promise to L—, I have begun the practice myself. Is it profitable though, this constant self-analysis on paper—this maintaining in daily numbers, forever "to be continued," a chronic history, of which one's self is the perpetual hero, the pivot on which life itself turns? It is very possible that the occupation is a selfish one, but Heaven knows few such are granted me. To begin with my "event," the lesson in G— square. Firstly, I have seen the poet-songstress face to face, and shall proceed to give a descriptive outline of her, to which I may refer hereafter to quicken memory. The head is massive, but noble in form. The hair is gathered loosely back from the brow (not hauled and tortured by Fashion's hand), and has that combination of rich color and fineness of texture which belongs to a vital and refined organization; it has, too, the natural wave which denotes obstinacy and warmth.

The features are irregular, but the smile transfigures them with a living light which vanishes before you can seize it. The impression I received through the physique of the soul was that of *color*. Force and richness of nature seemed to me to speak from the brow and eye and in the smile and voice. The young lady is certainly not pretty, however, but possibly beautiful at times. I brought her, to-day, a nocturne of Chopin as a good text to the delicacy of her ear and sentiment. She read it slowly at first, for her eyes are unpractised, but she seized the melody and modulation with a surprising quickness. The execution was often deficient, but in spite of the imperfect mechanism, she conveyed something of the fire and longing that breathed from the notes, and gave the delicate touches, where the soul in its impassioned confession bases its tenderest pulses, with a rare sensibility. I recognized her, in all this, to be a true *musik-kind*; but her musical education has been loose and insufficient. It will require hard study to perfect, but I feel a certain keen pleasure in the anticipation of moulding such rare material. How the nocturne delighted her. Never having heard it before, she felt in it all the excitement of a fresh revelation. It is said that no piece can be appreciated upon first hearing. True in one sense. There is in all true greatness a noble reserve which yields only to the clearer vision of the reverent seeker; but the born musician holds in his own peculiar organization the responsive pulses of all harmony, and through his fine sense flashes *instantaneous* recognition, though the fuller appreciation of the detail comes with subsequent study. In the course of the lesson, this afternoon, I asked my young pupil if she really cared for music. She gave me a quick, searching glance, then said quite simply, "I love it above all else. *You* will not misunderstand me, and think me affected." "Do others think so?" I asked. "Why do you ask me?" she replied; "you must know that music is at best but a worldly ambition, or a

pleasing entertainment in the ice-cream line, to most people. I have never before met any one to whom I could express my real feeling about it." I had suffered myself in the unsatisfied need of musical sympathy, and knew how to answer her. "It is true," I said; "there is no *reverence* for music nowadays; but guard your own worship sacredly. You may yet become a priestess, perhaps, if you only keep pure your faith." Her face kindled, and her eyes filled with tears. Ah, what a revelation those tears brought! I comprehended it, and was deeply touched. Well, these lessons are going to be a true enjoyment to me. I find in my new pupil a satisfaction seldom vouchsafed to me—that of a positive musical affinity. But she will find me an exacting teacher. I shall put her through many a tedious exercise, till the mechanical is no longer a hindrance, as at present, but a medium. I wish I knew something more of her history. She does not suit the gaudy house and her fashionable worldly relatives. There is a fresh fragrance about her as of new-mown hay and clover. I wanted to hear her sing again, but hesitated to ask her. I shall gain courage some day, however, for hear her I must.

January 6th.—I moved, to-day, into a pleasanter quarter of the city. Through the kind recommendations of Dr. A—and the Irvings, I am constantly gaining pupils, and find myself in a most hopeful frame of mind. Truly the mission of a music-teacher may be a noble one. If he is faithful to his trust, he holds an important service in the work of a higher civilization. But here, in America, music is a *business* held in no very high repute. "He is only a poor Dutch musician," is a phrase which throws us beyond the pale of society into ignominy. Society is not entirely to blame, however, that she is shy of accepting musical artists as companions to the young people of either sex. When the artist forgets the noble laws of the higher life, and descends into the poisonous atmosphere of the lower arena, he deserves to be an outcast. It

sickens me to see men gifted with noble powers, who might be the pure apostles of a divine art, corrupting themselves with low habits, getting down on their knees to crawl through the loop-holes of humbug to success, and sacrificing their artistic conscience to gain a hasty popularity. Out with them! They may win applause to tickle their vanity, and gold to fill their pockets; but they are no true artists, because no true men. Not until the artist's only narcotic be the divine intoxication of the ever-living waters, will there be the purest inspiration and the grandest work. For Art must serve the Infinite. Only through those laws which gravitate to the Divine shall her servant be worthy to interpret her higher meaning. In the past, Art, to succeed, must be the slave of Royalty; and Apollo was represented *en perruque, à la Louis Quatorze*. The artist of the nineteenth century would make her serve his own private monarchy, but her contempt of his trick shames and confuses him. Not until he go for *magnetism*, not *needles*, will she flash her prophetic messages through from pole to pole. For Beauty has no respect for private telegraph-wires. She will only serve the highest spiritual liberty. But all talk about art is mere prattle, and we are but at the crowing of the cock in any real knowledge. My favorite pupil, Miss Estelle Irving, is making fair progress. The two hours of the week spent with her are a pleasure, not a labor, and make me forget the drudgery of the other days. The lesson, however, is by no means all smoothness; it opens generally with many a dry exercise. "How I hate them!" the young lady exclaims, and tries to hurry them on; but I permit her no such indulgence, and, turning back to the first page, require a careful repetition. Sometimes she bears the ordeal with heroic patience; again, she looks like a naughty child that deserves the dark closet. This afternoon she was in a sensitively musical mood, and fluttered restively under the mechanism of the noble art. For her inattention I inflicted the punishment of a few satiri-

cal remarks delivered in my most chilling tone. I watch the effect with infinite amusement. With her sensitive, warm organization, the quickened pulse throbs to the surface, and she has not, like me, the phlegm to hide its quiver. So I have the advantage of her. If I reprove her kindly, she softens, puts on the sheepskin, and promises with a child's impulsiveness to do better. If I am cold and critical, the nostril quivers proudly, and the lips assume a pretty *moquerie*. Sometimes she throws a direct glance at me, that says, "Do you think I'm afraid of you?" again she turns my words to her own advantage. As often she says nothing, but the attitude and expression affirm that, though somewhat excited, she is fearless. I like her in her little bristling moods, and, if I had the right, would treat her as a naughty child should be treated—would take her in my arms, tease her, laugh at her, and possibly mingle kisses with the taunts. But having no such pleasant right, I try to make my professorial dignity as impressive and becoming as possible. The cloud is dispelled, however, when the music begins. Ah, what a subtle language music is—a freemasonry in itself. Its sacred secrets are forever concealed from the uninitiated, but its children under all skies recognize its sign, and through the unmistakable revelation claim each other.

June 28th.—Since my last date, Miss Irving has dismissed her Italian singing-teacher, and taken me in his stead—a change which I certainly approve of. This afternoon I brought her that exquisite tone-wreath, Schumann's Opus No. 48. I was completely charmed with her interpretation. She forms, with the quick insight of a poet, a distinct conception of the peculiar significance of each individual song, and embodies that meaning into a living and eloquent message. It is a dangerous business, however, this duett performance. We cannot enjoy what is dearest to us with another in so subtle a sympathy, and not be stirred to the quick. When playing her accompaniments, I

come into the most intimate musical communion with her, and the fire that flows through my veins out to my finger-tips sends a kindred glow into her eyes and tones. In certain excited moments I feel that a man might gladly die, and give up, if necessary, the promised white robe and harp of Paradise, to gain the love of a woman with such a soul. She is so beautiful, too, when she sings. Her dark gray eye burns or softens with the passing emotion, and the whole face glows with the pure light of passion.

"Ah! to hear or see her singing,
Scarce I know which is divinest."

I could have fallen on my knees and wept tears of sweet delight, but it would have been homage, not to her—not to her—but to the holy Muse that speaks through her. "Oh, what a pleasure it is to sing to your accompaniments!" she exclaimed this afternoon; "and how enchanting these songs are! The idea of translating them! The words and music of a people should never be separated."

"Certainly not," I replied. "In the true German 'Lieder,' the poetry and music are a unique inspiration. Heine used to go to Franz with his fresh poem, and exclaim, 'Ah, Robert, here is a child of mine that must be married.' And Franz comprehended the soul of the child, and, touched and enkindled, married her to Tone. Often the very inspiration of the music is born of the poetic glow that burns in the poem. The light and shade, the flash, the tint, are modulated to the words; the very temperature is the same. Franz's songs are neither descriptive nor dramatic. They are mostly moods, enwrapped in themselves. When listening to his music, you float away with a dreamy, swaying tide, where no positive outline is visible, no destined haven in sight. On and on you are borne through an atmosphere whose color and perfume permeate your very being, filling you with a vague hope and misgiving which is half delight, half pain."
"And that divided pain and pleasure

you Germans call *Wehmuth*—do you not?" she asked; but before I could reply, she said, with a sudden way peculiar to her, "Do you like ballads?" "Certainly," I replied; "they are the domestic tone-poetry of a nation. Indeed, I like good music wherever I find it. The history of a people's life-experiences is written in its music." "It is so refreshing," she exclaimed, "to find a musician who is not bigoted in his art. Most of them affect an exclusiveness which is as narrow as the sectarianism of the churches. And yet it seems to me that the artist, above all others, should have the power to perceive Beauty where the duller sense finds only a fog of commonplaces." "Yes," I answered, "the true artist should be a true democrat. But it is getting late," I added, looking at my watch. I turned from the eager face, and the following moment found me on the pavement. Here, at last, is a true woman in the larger sense. We men tire of the eternal sweet woman who smiles forever at our elbow. We want in woman a touch of grandeur and fire to rouse, mingled with the tender that softens. The maiden of G— square has a rare scope of nature. With the brain to grasp great ideas, she unites the glow of genius and a fine delicacy of intuition. She possesses, too, that rarest of charms among the modern editions of young ladyhood—perfect health. Ye gods! what a privilege is the acquaintanceship of a woman who is never afflicted with indigestion! To come in contact with a clean soul acting through a clean body. *Migraine*, with its inevitable languors; the constant weariness which assumes constantly reclining attitudes; the capability of fainting at any required moment, are qualifications apparently quite unknown to this nineteenth-century Hebe. Why do the artistic heroes and heroines of to-day claim morbidity as the prerogative of genius? Why are the disciples of the arts, who have continual gastric complaint, considered more gifted and poetical than those who are so unfortunate as to have sound stomachs? A vital question,

this. Dear Journal! I see that my favorite pupil is the almost constant topic of these pages. I return from her luxurious home to my naked room, and make a minute record of the hour spent in her presence, to gain a double experience of it. I admire her; yes, there is no denying it. She appeals to my tastes and gratifies my artistic instincts. She has, too, a fine breadth and independence, which stimulates like the keen breath of mountain-air. She has grown up like a wild plant, with no wise hand to prune and direct; but the plant has a rich juice in its veins, and bears no puny blossom. The man who takes this woman to his heart must be vastly strong, patient, and tender. She will inspire, enlarge, and refine him, and give him divine emotions. She will also sting, torment, and contradict him. He may be charmed with the friskiness of the wild merlin, but he will find her hard of management. The task would give full play to his powers. An attractive, challenging task! It makes the blood flow swifter to dwell on it. Heavens! am I mad? Come with me, my Journal, to the mirror. What do you see there? Is that grave, colorless, commonplace face likely to charm an artistic maiden? Now turn from the contemplation of the person, to the surroundings of this lord of creation. And this is the home he would offer the Peri of his choice! Now, if I were fortunate and well favored—but I am a fool, even in thought to couple our destinies. It is well that an inexorable Fate divides us. She stands over my shoulder now as I write, a smile of ineffable scorn on her grim visage.

February 24th.—To-day I brought Miss Estelle some of Bach's music. She was quite unacquainted with it. I placed before her the "*Alemande*" of Suite No. 2 in C minor, worthy to be the ancestress of all pure sonatas. She caught its spirit with her usual insight, and accented the rhythm, which in Bach marks the ebb and flow of emotion, with a marvellous nicety. Intuition taught her what study reveals to

few. Then I gave her the second minuet of Opus No. 1—a musical dew-drop. Ah, thou great Sebastian! even we, who so love and reverence thee, can never scale the grandeur of thy heights or fathom the pathos of thy depths. I found, upon my return this evening, an invitation from Mrs. Irving to a musical soirée at her house next week. Do I owe the honor of this attention to the recent discovery made by this worldly lady, viz., that our family-name bore originally the prefix of a "Von?"

March 2d.—The soirée is over, and was considered a success, I believe. There were various musical performances, many of which were unmeaning, but all were followed by lively plaudits, and ecstatic murmurs of "How sweet!" "How delightful!" Vocalists and instrumentalists proceeded to their performance with an air that evinced they considered they were gracing music, and not *vice versa*—a troupe of modern Jack Horners, each with his especial plum, and each in his own especial style heralding forth his own dimensions. The hero of the evening was a young American who has lately discovered himself a genius. When called upon to perform, he took his seat at the piano with an air worthy of Gottschalk, and sent beaming smiles into his audience in the lingering process of divesting his hands of their kid coverings. Of course, he first attacked the instrument in a series of dashing original (?) chords—(why must we always have this preliminary *splurge*?)—and then proceeded to his piece. He played his own compositions in preference to those of his brother masters; and his choice seemed to gain him an almost reverent admiration. He has faculty, but lacks that surest sign of real worth, modesty. He will be popular, however, for he will descend to Humbug, and will live *by*, not *for*, Art. I watched him as the specimen of a *type*, and lost myself in thoughts of the departed great ones, who went about among men unknown, unsought, bearing in their souls the consciousness of a holy power, but humbly acknowledging themselves

only the imperfect instruments of the Divine purpose. Among the instrumental performances was Beethoven's duett in F for violin and piano. The performers executed it neatly, but its inner meaning was Chaldaic to them. My God! when will revelation come? When will men and women be pure and great enough to interpret the glorious gospel of this divine tone-prophet? His works are becoming fashionable now; but how seldom we hear a virtuoso who reproduces his music in its real simplicity and grandeur, without paralyzing its nerve, without extinguishing the celestial fire that burned in the Titan-master's soul. The prima donna of the evening was a young lady with a clear, powerful voice, who certainly deserved credit for the dexterity of her roulades and the purity of her trills. This tight-rope dancing of an agile larynx gains for the performer a decided popularity; but does the heart beat quicker at the perfect mechanism? A brilliant execution is certainly a most admirable thing, but one would be willing to forego it somewhat for a little more poetry and originality of conception. Most singers learn their song by rote, commit to memory the spots where they must scream, gasp, sigh, or smile, and the thick-skinned public accepts the sham sensibility for a reality. And yet, how wretched the semblance. We do not realize it till some genuine touch of Nature rouses the real heart of humanity. Thank God, the modern Prometheus, though somewhat tamed by civilization, is not yet in chains. Miss Estelle sang an Italian aria this evening; for she knew that a simple song of Franz or Schumann was too pure and significant for the comprehension of a stylish American audience. How charmingly she looked. She was dressed in a simple white muslin, her only ornament a damask rose gleaming in her hair; but the glow of its tint was not warmer than the light in her eye, or brighter than her smile. Yes, she is beautiful—with a beauty that torments while it fascinates; for you can neither seize nor explain it. My

eye never lost her, though I was crafty in the espionage. I noticed that another watched her as closely as I—the young officer whose feet followed her motions as boldly as his eye. He certainly has many charms—a fine head and face, orientally dark and flashing, and a manly, graceful figure. But his most eloquent charm was a wounded arm. Who would not willingly suffer the pang of bullet and surgical knife, to win glances so dewy with approval? Miss Estelle has no lukewarm patriotism. To her the United States soldier is the champion of a great idea, the hero of a noble crusade. But *this* young officer! Were those looks only for the military hero? Did no sweet personal emotion mingle with the undisguised interest? He seems to be intimate in the family, and has probably frequent access to her

society. A young woman might easily be magnetized by his Eastern eyes. They looked well this evening, as they stood together; his handsome head bent slightly as she looked up, sending the light of her smile into his face. As I watched them, I became convinced of a fact that I have mocked at and denied, viz., that I loved her utterly, and that to live for, or without her were the only prospects that lay in the perspective of my future—a lifelong happiness or a lifelong sorrow. But I will cast the madness from me, at whatever cost. In the meantime, I will procure a likeness of myself, also one of the handsome officer. They shall hang side by side, and I will make the contrast a constant study. A good sedative, this, for the imagination.

(To be continued.)

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

I.

I SAW the Night prepare to mount the sky,
Yet watching till the Sun had left the throne.
To make her know that Day's great lord was gone,
A cloud beneath the West flashed signals high.
She threw her scouts abroad from zone to zone,
And drove her dusky steeds and chariot higher,
Quenching each cloud left by the Sun on fire;
And when her foe delays his rout to own,
Her first-born star urges the fleeing Day,
Then bids Night's ambushed companies advance,
Who rose in stately order, one by one,
Till all the squadrons bright afield had gone,
And with more signs of power filled heaven's expanse
Than he who at her coming fled away.

II.

Now Darkness reigns; Light's peer! God called thee Night
With the same word wherewith He called Light Day;
And He himself hath said that He would stay
In the thick darkness, though Himself be light.
No worlds on high to mortal vision roll
Till Night shows kindness to the lonesome earth;
Lonely no more, we straightway feel new birth
With the fraternity who gird the pole.
Sorrow comes over us, a deep-veiled Night;
Our Day is gone; but, wondering, we behold
Gateways that lead through mysteries untold,
And we who sat in darkness see great light.
Hail, endless Day! let there be Light! unfold
Night's orbs, lead through them, change our faith to sight.

MACKINAW.

FAR away to the northwest, between the great lakes Huron and Michigan, lies the pleasant island called by the redmen Michilimacinac, or the Sleeping Turtle. In that region also are found headlands known as the Sleeping Bear and the Sleeping Rabbit—names which indicate that the district was formerly, as now, a land of Drowsy-head, and filled with somnolent influences. The more valuable is it as a refuge for the overtaxed brains and bodies of St. Louis and Chicago citizens, who, being always wide awake at home, need the perfect repose furnished at Mackinaw, where, unvexed by daily mail or telegram, they can fill their lungs with oxygen and their stomachs with white-fish.

There are many points of resemblance between Mackinaw and that other island of beauty which lies in Narraganset Bay—Aquidneck of the Indians, the Island of Rhodes of the Pilgrims, or Newport Island of to-day. Both were important commercial centres a hundred years ago, before the modern upstarts, New York and Chicago, were famous. Newport had a great trade with the West Indies and Africa, resting on rum and slavery; Mackinaw supplied all the frontier posts with Indian goods, cheap guns, shoddy blankets, glass beads, and whiskey; and to each place its ill-gotten wealth proved a delusion. Both islands are historical, and were the scene of solemn treaties and bloody battles; and after all their former glories, they are now supported by summer visitors and the fisheries. Both islands are beautiful in land and water views, in climate, and in atmosphere—the western island excelling in landscape, and the eastern in water-prospect. The population of each has remained the same for the last half century, and the people have in both places a slow, indifferent, sleepy character, unlike that of other American towns. In the words of the wise Fluel-

len, "You shall find that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, and there is also, moreover, a river at Monmouth, and there is salmon in both."

As we approach Mackinaw coming through the straits from Chicago, we see the resemblance which the island bears to a turtle sleeping on the calm water; but as the boat rounds to, and enters the little harbor round which the village is built, the likeness changes to that of an alligator's head, with the white cliffs representing the uncovered teeth of the monster.

As we step ashore, we are greeted with the pleasant smile of our host of the Mission House; and there, at the head of the pier, stands his omnibus, the same which we rode in twenty years ago, and apparently the same horses. Time deals gently with men and things in Mackinaw; and, thus reflecting, we arrive at the Mission House. The house has a pleasant seat, lying under the shelter of a limestone cliff covered with cedars, and looking out over a lawn upon the mile of water which separates this island from Bois Blanc and Round Island.

The house appears to be full, but we trust that Mr. Franks will be able to find us a room if we leave him to study the situation. There is no use in being in a hurry here: "Slow and easy" is the word. An interesting uncertainty pervades all arrangements. You order a carriage for 4 o'clock, it arrives at 6. You and your party wish to meet the sun upon the mountain-tops, and direct the stable-keeper to send the three saddle-horses known on the island, at 5 A. M. Two of them arrive just as the breakfast-bell is ringing; the third, having escaped to the woods, is no longer available. You engage a sail-boat to be at the wharf at 9; at that hour you see its white sails three miles away. As to the meals, they come when

the cook pleases, and he generally takes a liberal margin of time. But time is of no consequence; our business here is to kill it, and we succeed; it dies, and makes no sign. It is this absence of law and order which makes the place so attractive to children; here they run wild, unvexed by rules of behavior or manners.

We notice another peculiarity: nothing is in place; every thing is used for an unusual purpose. The stable-keeper has boats to let; the doctor deals in nets and fishing gear. We visit the fort, and find it deserted; entering by escalade through a rear sally-port, we find no garrison except a pig, who comes grunting a welcome which seems to say that it is long since he has seen the face of man. The only church on the island partakes of the same confusion, and is used for a wash-house. It is but fair to add, however, that the owner of the church offers it for its legitimate uses whenever a preacher shall be forthcoming; until that time, linen will be cleansed instead of souls.

The hotel has a long piazza in front, where most of the company is to be found. They are chiefly from the western cities, though an occasional New Yorker may be noticed by the shortness of his coat-tails or the slenderness of his legs. If a Philadelphian, we see that the hereditary neatness of costume and primness of accout yet lingers in the land of the Quaker. Your Bostonian, again, affects the English style. He clothes himself in rough garments, cultivates the long side-whisker, is pedestrian and sporting in his tastes, and if he appears on horseback his nag must be a trotter. The Western men, mostly coming originally from the Eastern States, show a mixture of the habits of all, though the New York type prevails. But in the West, the cities are less important than elsewhere, and exercise less social influence. The great agricultural population of the West, which feeds the nation, which furnished the armies that saved its life, and which must soon politically control it,—this population knows little and cares less for the vaga-

ries of fashion. These people stay at home on their farms, and are seldom seen at watering-places. So that the people we meet at Mackinaw, or on Lake Superior, are not plants of Western growth, but merely Eastern merchants and lawyers transplanted. So we see that the ladies here wear the *chignon* as large, and the train as sweeping, as you find them at Newport or Saratoga; while the men look like Broadway somewhat modified by the freedom of Western life—with some of the starch washed out by Lake Michigan.

We are told by Schoolcraft, "that wherever Missilimaciac is mentioned in the missionary letters or in early history, it is the ancient fort on the apex of the Michigan peninsula that is alluded to." There were two places called Mackinaw—"Old Mackinaw," on the south side of the straits, seven miles from the island, and "New Mackinaw." The first was settled by Father Marquette in 1671, and was for many years the metropolis of the Ojibwa and Ottawa nations, and the theatre of some of the most important events in Indian history previous to the arrival of the white man. In 1675, Father Marquette died, on his way back from Kaskaskia to his mission at Old Mackinaw, and his body was brought here for burial by the friendly Indians, great numbers of whom followed in their canoes; and the Catholic historian says, "Marquette reposes here as the guardian angel of the Ottawa missions." The bones of the pious father, however, were not suffered to rest; for when the post of Mackinaw was removed, about 1780, from the peninsula to the island, his remains were transferred to the old Catholic burial-ground in the village upon the island. There they remained till a property-question arose to agitate the church; the graveyard was disturbed, and the bones of Marquette, with others, were transferred to the Indian village of La Crosse, near L'Arbre Croche, Michigan. For many years after the burial of the good father, in 1675, Old Mackinaw was the headquar-

ters of the Indian trade, being the gateway of commerce between the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, and the rendezvous of trappers, traders, soldiers, missionaries, and Indians. There was a fort and a chapel, and here the Jesuits erected their first college in the Western country. The place passed into English hands from the French, with all the other Western posts, in 1760, by treaty; and in 1762 it was taken by the Indians by stratagem, and most of the garrison massacred; as is well told by Henry, one of the few survivors, who was brought over to the island by a friendly Indian, and hidden in a cave. When the English recovered the post, they removed it, for greater security, to the island, where it has since remained under the English and American Governments, and the old post, which better commands the straits, abandoned. This removal was made about 1780, and "New Mackinaw," as it was called for a long time, became the great centre of the fur-trade. It was ceded to the United States in 1793, was retaken by the English in 1812, was unsuccessfully attacked by the Americans the next year, and was finally restored to them by the treaty of Ghent in 1814.

The island in former times had a bad reputation with the Indians, as being the resort of giants and evil spirits, whose principal abode was in a cave in the high rock upon which the fort stands, the entrance to which was said by the medicine-men to be right under the south gate, or sally-port. After the occupation by the white men, these spirits disappeared, driven away, perhaps, by the more potent spirits of the white medicine-man, known as Red-Eye and Forty-Rod Whiskey.

In the fortification which crowns the bluff, and is called Fort Mackinac, there is a curious mixture of frontier-post and old-world castle. Thick walls of limestone crawl along the cliffs and scale the rocks, leading to sally-ports defended by cannon; while at the angles of the work, blockhouses of logs stand loopholed for musketry, and stockaded against Indian attack. The fort is a

very picturesque object, and a specimen of a mountain fastness, perhaps unique in this country; but as a fort, in the modern meaning of the term, it is probably of little value. A monitor, with a ten-inch gun, would make short work of it; besides which, it is commanded by a hill in the middle of the island, by the possession of which the British took it in 1812, having dragged a couple of guns up in the night, which rendered the fort untenable. They built an earthwork on this hill which they called Fort George, and after the rendition of the island to the Americans, the name was changed to Fort Holmes, in memory of Major Holmes, of the United States Army, who fell in the attack upon it under the command of Colonel Croghan.

Our hotel, the Mission House, has a name which is significant and historical. It was built for a Protestant Mission by the General Association of Connecticut, who established it here in 1802, and sent Mr. Daniel Bacon as a missionary to the Indians in this region. The worthy man did not meet with much success, however, the reply of the red-men to his sermon being, "Brother, your religion is very good, but it is only good for white people. It will not do for Indians." The mission was continued until 1837, when it was abandoned, and the mission-house and church were sold.

Protestant missions seem to be valued in proportion to their distance from the parent churches. If in India or Patagonia, the money flows freely in for their support. When Mackinaw was one thousand miles away from the settlements, the mission was worthy of support; but now that it is practically at our own door, and would benefit the white heathen, it is abandoned.

The climate of the island is very salubrious. The air is pure and bracing, so that persons who, in St. Louis or Chicago, hardly find energy to cross the street, are here able to walk over the hills for miles. The temperature is uniform, owing to its insular position: a record of the thermometer kept in

July and August, 1865, gives 78° as the highest figure at noon, and 60° as the lowest. The walks and drives are pleasant, winding through the thick woods which cover the interior of the island, it being a pile of limestone, about three miles in diameter. The variety of trees is great, almost all, in fact, which grow in this latitude being found here, though the cedar is most abundant, covering every rocky eminence, in great size and beauty. Flowers abound in the woods, such as the twin-flower, yellow lady-slipper, Linnea, Louicera, Cyno-glossum; and the Epigea, or May-flower, supposed by some enthusiasts to be peculiar to Plymouth woods, is here in great beauty.

All the navigation of Lake Michigan passes in sight of this place; the steamers going through the channel between Round Island and Mackinaw, and most of the sail-vessels taking the south channel, between Bois Blanc and the Michigan shore.

What this lake navigation is, few persons have an idea; but before the Rebellion it was equal in amount to half the commerce of the United States, and for the last five years this internal navigation has constantly increased, while the foreign trade has fallen off. The *Chicago Tribune* for August 26, 1867, records the arrival at that port, on the day previous, of eighteen steamers and one hundred and sixty-five sail-vessels; a larger number, it is thought, than will often be found to have arrived even at New York in a single day. A record kept at Mackinaw of vessels passing through the straits for six months, ending September 30, 1859, in the daytime, gives—

Barks,.....	136	
Brigs,.....	94	
Schooners,...	1263	1493
Steamers,...	586	2079
add one third more for those passing in the night		693
		2,772 vessels.

And these are vessels ranging from one hundred and fifty to one thousand tons, whose trade is to carry coal, salt, iron, and lumber to the upper lake-ports, and bring back grain to the lower lakes.

The village of Mackinaw consists of two streets of old frame-houses, many of them built early in the century; a few stores and old warehouses, the latter representing the palmy days of the fur-trade, now passed away, and the former dealing in the goods needed by a small population of fishermen and half-breeds—with Indian curiosities and New York millinery for the summer visitors.

One of these which we noticed, with smart-looking clerks behind the counter, seemed to be the favorite resort of the young ladies from the hotels, who beguiled the long hours of summer by the purchase of bark canoes and Stuart's candy, by ascertaining by scale their daily increase in weight in this wholesome air, varied by flirtations with the island-beaux, just to keep themselves in practice, probably. These were merely the amusements, the serious business of the day being walks to the Arched Rock or the Lover's Leap, rides to those remoter points, Fort Holmes and the British Landing, or in sailing about the straits,—virtue, in this case, bringing its own reward, in a keener appetite for the trout and white-fish, the strawberries and raspberries, of the Mission House table. We mention these as the indigenous and native viands—all things else eatable being brought from Detroit or Chicago by steamer.

And here let us say a word of those fishes of the great lakes, the white-fish and trout, often eaten by travellers, but seldom in perfection; and to which, consequently, justice has not been done. The first of these is, when fresh and in good condition, a delicious fish, everywhere; similar in delicacy to the Connecticut river shad, but with fewer bones, and a higher flavor. The fish which it most resembles is, we think, a fresh-caught blue-fish—and, like it, the white-fish should be broiled. When kept for a day or two on ice, as is the case with most of those found in the lake-cities, the flavor and delicacy are wholly lost. Even at Mackinaw you seldom get them in perfection at the hotels, as the purveyors for those houses

are apt to buy fish taken in gill-nets, which may have been dead twenty-four hours before they are brought to table. To be really good, the fish should be caught either in a pound-net, where they are kept alive, or in a dip-net, as they are taken at the Sault St. Marie by the Indians. The best white-fish are those of Lake Superior, where they grow to the weight of twelve pounds, and, unlike most fish, the largest are the best. After much experience in fish-eating, we think that the white-fish at the Sault stands at the head of the list of American fishes; for it has this peculiarity, that, owing to the delicacy of its flavor, it never cloy the appetite, as we find the salmon and the brook-trout will do. Hasten, then, ichthyophagous epicures, to Lake Superior, where you will find the happy combination of an appetizing climate, and a fish of which you may eat till you burst.

The Mackinaw trout we cannot praise so highly. There are, we think, several varieties of this salmon in the lakes—one of them, when fresh, much resembling in flavor the true salmon, but most of them inferior to it. This fish in Lake Superior is much better than in the other lakes; as is, indeed, the case with all the kinds found there.

An abundant supply of fish is found in these lakes, and the catching of them employs a great number of men. They are taken in seines in the spring and fall, and in gill-nets and pound-nets all summer. The gill-net is made of fine twine, with a mesh just large enough to admit the head of the fish without letting his body through. The net is about four feet deep and several hundred feet long, and is kept at the bottom of the lake by weights at the lower edge, and floats at the upper. To mark its place in the lake, wooden buoys are attached to it by long lines, and it is set in from fifty to one hundred feet depth of water, and visited, if possible, every day for the purpose of removing the fish. The pound-net is a square enclosure of netting twenty-five feet each way, with a bottom of the same; this is fastened to poles which are

driven into the bottom of the lake in twenty-five feet of water, and reach to the surface. This enclosure of netting has a wing of the same net stretching to the shore, so as to direct the fish towards the opening of the pound, which is on the land-side, made in a sort of intricate or labyrinthian fashion, so that the fishes, once in, cannot find their way out. As they follow the shoreline, they strike the wing-net, and, following this, they are conducted into the opening of the pound.

We visited one of these pounds on Lake Michigan, and entered it in a small boat. All around us were the various fishes found in the lake, swimming about as if in an aquarium. White-fish, pike, black and white bass, the pike-perch, sometimes called the Ohio salmon, great lake-trout three feet long, and huge sturgeon as long as the boat, and so crowded together in their watery prison, that we could seize hold of them by the tails.

Of these, the white-fish—*Coregonus Albus*—are found in all the lakes, those of Lake Superior being the largest and best, weighing as high as fifteen pounds; while, in the other lakes, five pounds is a good-sized fish. They spawn in the fall, on shoals and reefs, and are vegetable feeders almost exclusively. They are the most numerous as well as the most valuable of all the lake-fishes, and command the highest price when salted.

Pike or pickerel—*Esox Boreus*—are taken in large numbers in the rivers and shallow bays; they rank next in value to the white-fish; usual weight from two to ten pounds; spawn in the spring.

The lake-trout—*Salmo Amethystus*—are very voracious, and feed upon the white-fish; are caught in nets, and with the hook—by trolling in the summer, and with set lines in spring and fall; weigh from five to fifty pounds; spawn in the autumn.

The siscowit are only found in some parts of Lake Superior; they belong to the salmon family, and are very fat—so much so as only to be eatable when

salted; weigh from four to six pounds; spawn in the autumn.

Besides these, are packed the black and white bass and the lake-herring, in small quantities, however.

The capital invested in the fisheries of Lake Michigan alone, in 1858, was—

Boats, nets, &c.....	\$250,000
Wages paid per annum.....	170,000
Amount paid for barrels.....	70,000
	<hr/>
	\$490,000

Value of fish taken,..... \$620,000

It is estimated that the annual catch on all the five great lakes will amount to at least one hundred thousand barrels of fish, worth a million of dollars. These fish are consumed in the Western and Southwestern States, among the farmers and planters, Chicago being the headquarters of the trade. They are inferior to mackerel or codfish, but, being sold at a lower price, the demand for them is extensive.

The Canadian and half-breed fishermen about the lakes use the Mackinaw boat, which seems to be built on the model of a bark canoe, flat in the bottom and sharp at the ends, which rise up with a sheer. They were originally intended for navigating the rivers as well as the lakes, for travelling on those great watery highways which extended from Montreal to St. Louis. On the lakes the voyagers use sails and a centre-board; on shallow waters they haul up the centre-board, and use oars or paddles.

The American fishermen who come up from the lower lakes use boats similar to those found on the seaboard, built with a keel, and much broader and deeper than the Mackinaw craft; and they say that their boats can out-sail and outcarry the Mackinaw boats, both going free and closehauled.

We were surprised to hear this, as the Mackinaw boats have a great reputation in these regions; but on several occasions, when the two classes of boats contended together, we observed that the salt-water craft was victorious.

The fishermen at the head of Lake Michigan, about Chicago and Milwau-

kee, are principally Norwegians, and they use a boat the model of which they have brought from their stormy northern seas. It is much like the boat of Narraganset Bay—short and deep, and broad in the beam; with one mast, and a large boom-mainsail, with a jib for light winds.

“What do you find to do at Mackinac?” is a question often asked. First, you walk. It is the most charming place in the country for that exercise. The soil is dry, and never muddy. The island is covered with paths running through the bush, and winding about so pleasantly, that you can choose a new route every day. There is a leafy shade, a bracing air, fine views on every side, and no mosquitoes. The few cows on the island are amiable; and except when an excursion-boat arrives, there seem to be no loafers or roughs—so that ladies can walk safely, unattended.

Secondly, you ride, you drive, and you sail. For shooting and fishing, the island affords little opportunity. There is no game, unless you choose to invest the crows with that name. As to fish, the neighboring waters abound with them, but they are not available to the angler. There are trout-streams on the mainland on both sides of the straits, but those who visit them with hopes of bringing home such strings of fish as we read of in Wilkes' *Spirit of the Times*, will be disappointed. To catch trout in summer, you must be on the ground very early or late in the day; and these streams being from ten to fifteen miles away, the only chance is to camp out overnight in the woods; and few amateur anglers will take that trouble.

Carp River, about fifteen miles to the northwest, is, or was, a good trout-stream—indeed, one of the best we ever saw, twenty years ago—swift and clear, full of little falls, rapids, and deep pools, about fifty feet wide and from one to three feet deep, and with a clear margin of shore from which to throw the fly. But a sawmill has been built on its lower waters, which are of course spoiled for fishing; though above the

dam, among the hills, we are told the trout are still to be caught.

Hearing of a stream eight miles away to the southeast, a party was formed to visit it. Three ladies and three men appeared at the wharf at ten o'clock in the morning, out of a dozen who had wished to go the night before; but some were lazy, and some had headaches from too much dancing and ice-cream, overnight. We ran over in a sail-boat, with a light breeze, in two hours, trolling unsuccessfully for lake-trout on the way. Our skipper, a fisherman from Lake Ontario, reckoned it was too late in the season for trolling. This was in August: in July it would have probably been too early.

We landed on a wild and desolate shore, heavily timbered with maple, beech, and pine, and found the natives prepared to resist our invasion, for they attacked us on sight, these tribes of Buzz and Hum. After snatching a hasty repast, one valiant lady and the three men marched, rod in hand, for the trout-brook. What might have been a brook in happier times, was now a thread of water at the bottom of a stony ravine, overgrown with bushes and briers. There was not water enough to float a minnow, except at the mouth of the stream, where there was a shallow pool separated from the lake by the inevitable sandbar, which is found at all the river-mouths, big and little, in these regions. We made our way up the stream about half a mile, where there had formerly been a saw-mill, the ruined dam of which still

obstructed the channel. It was evident that no trout with the use of his fins would stay here. There had formerly been a cleared spot of land about the mill, but it was fast growing up into forest again. So, pursued by the triumphant mosquitoes, we fled to our ships. We found the ladies encamped at the water's edge to escape the enemy, who, reinforced by all that could sting or bite—sand-flies, punkies, and green-heads—seemed disposed to follow up their victory.

On looking about for the skipper, we found him and his boy wading in the pool at the mouth of the creek, and compelling the trout to be caught: they drove the fish to one end of the pool, and thrust the hook at them with so commanding an air, that they could do nothing but submit. In this rude and ferocious manner they absolutely captured three or four simple-minded little trout, the only ones taken that day. We, the skilled anglers, with rods, reels, and flies, were ignominiously beaten by these rude fishermen.

So we sailed away from the musquito shore, with swollen and discolored faces, resembling a huckleberry pudding.

The run home was delightful, and we were consoled for our defeat by the sight of one of the most magnificent of sunsets—brilliant even for that region, where the sky and clouds are always gorgeous. The heavens were turned to gold, rubies, topaz, and amethyst; and the water reflected them back, so that we seemed to sail through wavelets of purple fire.

FABLES OF BIDPAI.

THE Fables of Bidpai, or Kalila wa-Dimna, as they are more commonly named from the principal piece in the Arabic version, are of great antiquity, and have ever been very famous in the East. This appears from the number of versions that have been made in the Oriental tongues. Their origin was undoubtedly Indian; the most remote appearance that can be traced being in an ancient Brahmanic book entitled *Pantcha-tantra*. The first translation was into the old Pehlvi language, of which there is a full account given in one of the Arabic Introductions. The book had become very famous for its wisdom, and for the ingenuity and elegance of its composition. On this account Nouschirewan, sovereign of Persia, was very desirous of obtaining a copy. This, however, was very difficult, as the book was jealously guarded by the Indian monarch, and great pains taken to prevent any copy or translation of it from being carried out of the country. A secret mission, therefore, was entrusted to the physician Barzouyeh, who went to India in disguise, became familiar with its learned men, obtained the confidence of one of them, and finally, by surreptitious means, succeeded in accomplishing his object. On his return to Persia, the only recompense he would receive was the king's promise that a special memoir of his mission should be written, and forever attached to the book. The Arabic version, in one of the introductions to which this memoir is found, was the work of Abdallah ben Al mokaffa, a man of Persian descent, but who became a Mohammedan in the time of the first Khalifs of the House of Abbas, Saffah and Mansour. Besides these, there were translations into the Syriac, and one into the later or Talmudic Hebrew made by Rabbi Joel. A Greek version was made at Constantinople by

the Byzantine writer Simeon Seth, or Simeon son of Seth, who lived under the emperors Nicephorus Botaniates and Alexis Comnenus, about the year 1080. This was made from the Arabic, and, though very defective, is of great use in determining various readings, and, sometimes, in fixing the meaning of corrupt and difficult passages. The first printed edition, under the added title of *Specimen Sapientia Indorum*, was by Sebastian Godofr. Stark, Berolini, 1697, with a Latin translation; another has lately been printed at Athens, date, 1851. From this Greek version, and the Arabic before mentioned, there have been made entire or partial translations into French and German, but none, to the writer's knowledge, have appeared in English.

The Arabic version, as published by De Sacy, de l'imprimerie royale, Paris, 1816, is a beautiful specimen of typography, and has an introduction giving all the information that could be procured respecting this curious and most ancient production.

In one of the Arabic introductions, ascribed to Bahnoud ben Sahwan, there is given the traditional account of its first Indian origin in the reign of Dab-schelim, who obtained the throne after the departure of Alexander the Great. He was a monster of a tyrant, to whom no one dared to give counsel, until the dangerous office was assumed by a Brahmanic philosopher named Bidpai. He succeeded in gaining audience of the king, and in interesting him in these ingenious fables, wherein political and moral truths are presented in the language and actions of animals. Dab-schelim admires their theoretical wisdom, and, finally, becoming a practical convert, reigns virtuously and gloriously under the philosopher's guidance. Each piece commences as a conversation between the king and Bidpai—the

former asking an illustration of some virtue in which he wishes to be confirmed, or of some vice to which a ruler is especially exposed, and the other replying by the narration of some one of the stories of which the book is composed.

The difference between this and all other collections of fables, ancient or modern, is very striking. There are the same leading animal characters, the lion, the eagle, the bear, &c., with the difference, that the jackal takes the place of the fox, and that there are introduced more of the smaller species. There are also the same animal traits, showing great acuteness and fixedness of zoological observation from the earliest times; but instead of being brief apologues, with a single event, and one brief moral deduced, like the Greek fables of Æsop, or the Arabian of Lokman, they are long, continued histories, involving a great variety of events, having each their social or political aspects, forming a narration highly interesting in itself, exhibiting sometimes the most exquisite moral, and yet, with rare ingenuity, preserving the peculiar characteristics of each species. Thus, for example, in the principal story of king lion, and his friend the bull, who are set at variance by the unprincipled jackal, the lion is alarmed at hearing for the first time the bull's deep bellow, so different from his own hoarse roar; he is not afraid, not he, but then there is something mysterious about it, and prudence is a virtue. And so again, the generous monarch resists the efforts of the crafty calumniator, by representing the difference of their habits—the one eating flesh and the other grass—as taking away all ground of rivalry in their intercourse. Sometimes, indeed, the philosopher seems to forget himself; the peculiar animal traits are lost sight of, and they are simply men talking, wisely or absurdly, in animal forms; but in general the dramatic proprieties are well observed. This, we think, will be seen in the one which we venture here to translate. The actors are taken from the least

powerful of the animal tribes; and this is essential to the dramatic design, which is to show how the varied adaptation of different gifts, even of the smallest kind, builds up a secure society for the weak, inspiring mutual confidence, and giving mutual help, even against the most powerful foes. Granting them speech, and a measure of reason adapted to their state, every thing else is in accordance with their animal ways and instincts, whilst the whole presents a picture of quiet friendship, of charming constancy, of tender mutual regard, from which our lordly race may derive a lesson of practical wisdom not to be despised. The pervading moral, *Love is strength*, is one that appears in the aphorisms and in the songs of Scripture. See Prov. xxx. 24–28, Canticles viii. 7.

In this introductory notice, we would only farther advert to one feature pervading the collection, and furnishing internal evidence, not only of the antiquity, but of the wide influence of these fables in the East, as shown even in the modifications they have received. The various versions, although presenting substantially the same events, and, in great part, the same unbroken narration, do yet show differences arising from the peculiar coloring that religious ideas have assumed in different lands, and as they have passed through successive ages. Some pious animal, such as a devout jackal, a very virtuous lion, in one place a very pious cat, and in another a very hypocritical one who makes religion a cloak for her atrocities, is quite a favorite personification. This recluse character has, in the original Pantcha-tantra, or Indian legend, quite an ascetic aspect, is very quietistic, eats no flesh—in other words, shows the predominance of Brahmanic and Buddhist ideas. In the Persian (ante-islamic) it has more of the Magian look. In the Arabic, the pious fox, &c., is an orthodox Mohammedan, a *Nasek*, or extraordinary devotee, who is ever attentive to the call of the Muezzin, says extra prayers, quotes the Koran, and makes extra pilgrimages to

Mecca. In the Greek version of Simeon Seth, on the other hand, he has become a decided monk or hermit; to accommodate him ablutions are turned into penance, and sometimes the translator renders Arabic phrases by literal quotations from the Scriptures. Not content with this, Simeon Seth sometimes makes all the animals talk Homerically, and parodies, in this way, entire hexameters from the Iliad or the Odyssey. In the story here given, however, there are no decidedly religious characters; they are animals purely natural, unsophisticated, unindoctrinated, and presenting only an amiable and natural morality. It is selected for its purity of diction, its beautiful simplicity of narration, and as having a convenient measure of extent between the longer and the shorter pieces.

The translation from the Arabic is made as idiomatic and as colloquial as possible, whilst, at the same time, faithful to the spirit of the words as well as to the exact truth of the thought. It is entitled,

BAB ALHAMAMAT ALMOTAWWAKAT,

that is,

CHAPTER OF THE RING-DOVE.

Said Dabschelim, the king, to Bidpai the philosopher: I have heard from you the story of the two friends, and how a liar made division between them, and all how the matter ended; now tell me, if you know any story of the kind, about true and constant friends, and how their friendship commenced, and how they mutually helped each other. Said the philosopher, The truly wise man will regard nothing as of equal account with friends; for they are helpers in prosperity, and consolers in adversity; and among the histories to this effect is that of the ring-dove, and the field-mouse, and the deer, and the raven. How was that? said the king. They say, said Bidpai, that in the land of Sakawindajina there was a certain city by the name of Daher, and near that city a place abounding in game, to

which huntsmen were constantly resorting. Now there was in this place a tree with numerous limbs, and thick covering leaves, and in this tree a raven had his nest. It happened then, one day, as the raven was settling into his nest, that, lo and behold, a huntsman made his appearance. A vile-looking fellow he was, and of most evil intent. On his shoulder he carried his net and in his hand a staff. As he drew nigh the tree, the raven was terribly frightened. Surely, said he, this man comes here for my destruction, or the destruction of my neighbors; and so I will remain quietly in my place, until I see what he is about. Then the huntsman fixed his net, and when he had spread the grain upon it, and hid himself close by, he had to wait but a very short time, when, lo and behold, there passed by a dove called the ring-dove, and with her a great many other doves. As neither she nor her companions saw the net, they fell upon the grain, and began to pick it up, when suddenly the net closed and had them all as fast as a locked door. The huntsman was coming up with great joy, when all the doves began to struggle in the cords, each one seeking only his own freedom. Hold, said the ring-dove; do not thus defeat your own effort, by being each one of you more concerned for himself than for his neighbor; but let us all help, and all pull together upon the net, and we shall every one escape. Then they all pulled together, each one helping the other, and up they went into the air, net and all. The huntsman, however, did not despair of catching them; for he thought that they would only go a short distance before dropping down. Now, says the raven, will I follow on and see what becomes of these fellows. Just then the ring-dove turned short round, and saw the huntsman following. Here he comes, said she; he is close after us. Now if we take the way of the open country, it will be impossible for us to escape his eye, and he will keep right on in pursuit; but if we go the way of the fields and forests, he will lose sight

of us and turn back. There is a certain place where lives a field-mouse, a very dear friend of mine, and if we can only reach it, he will gnaw the net for us. They followed the advice, and the huntsman turned back in despair; but the raven followed on. When the ring-dove found that they had come to the place of the field-mouse, she bid them settle down. Now the mouse had a great many holes as places of refuge in dangerous times; and when the dove called him by name—for his name was Zirak—he answered her from one of these holes. Who are you, and where do you come from? I am your friend, said the ring-dove. Then the mouse came up very promptly. What brought you into this trouble? said he. Don't you know, said the dove, that nothing befalls one, whether of good or of evil, except by the decree of the Fates? That is what brought us into this trouble; for there is no escaping the Fates, either for great or small; even the sun suffers eclipse, and the moon, too, when the Fates have so decreed for them. Then the mouse began to cut the knot which was near the ring-dove, when the latter cried out, Begin with the others, and after that come to me. This she had to repeat many times before the mouse paid any attention to it. Why, how is this, he said at last, that you seem to have no pity or care for yourself? Says the ring-dove, I fear lest, if you begin with me, you may become weary, and give up before doing it for the rest; whilst I know very well that, should you be ever so tired, you would never leave me in the net. Ah, said the mouse, that is the very thing that makes me love you so. Then he went on with his work until he had finished it all, when out went the dove and all her companions with her.

Now the raven had watched this proceeding of the mouse, and it produced in him a great desire for his friendship and further acquaintance. So he called, Moussy! Moussy! until out came the little head. What do you want? said the mouse. Your friendship and acquaintance, said he. There can be none

between us, replied the mouse; for one who is wise should only seek that for which nature has made a way, and ever avoid the contrary. Now, you are a devourer, and I am your meat; there can be no true friendship between us. Not so, said the raven; though the mouse is my meat, as you say, I could never have any satisfaction in eating you. Your friendship is all the more dear to me notwithstanding what you have said; and when I thus seek it, you ought not to repel me. There is something so good and clever about you, that I cannot help loving you; you are so modest, too, and make so little show of your merits. But surely one who is wise should not seek to hide his excellency; for virtue is like musk; conceal it as you will, nothing can prevent the spread of its fragrant odor. Be that as it may, said the mouse, there is no stronger enmity than that of nature, and of this there are two kinds. One of them is the *mutual*, such as that which exists between the lion and the elephant; for sometimes the lion kills the elephant, and sometimes the elephant kills the lion; the other is the *one-sided* enmity, such as that which exists between me and the cat, or between me and thee; for it never hurts you, whilst the pain and damage ever return to me. It is like water; make it ever so hot, that does not prevent its quenching the fire. He who has such an enemy, and rashly comes to terms with him, is like a man who carries a serpent in his sleeve; and one who is wise will, of all things, avoid every approach to familiarity with a shrewd and crafty foe. I understand you, said the raven; yet such is the goodness of your disposition, that you ought to perceive the sincerity of my words, and not be hard upon me, or say that there can be no friendship between us; for the wise seek not recompense for kindness, and friendship with the virtuous is quick to form, slow to break. It is like a golden pitcher, hard to fracture, and easy to be repaired should it get a dent or a bruise. So, too, the friendships of the bad are quick to break,

slow to form; resembling in this the earthen pitcher, easy to crack with the slightest injury, and then past all mending. The noble love the noble; the vile love no one except in appearance, through desire of gain or fear of harm. But I have need of thy love and kindness, because thou art generous, and I stand at thy gate resolved to take no food until you receive me as a friend and brother. Said the field-mouse, I accept your brotherhood, for I can repel no one from his urgent need; but I began this talk, as I did, that I might assure myself in acting prudently, and that you might never have it to say, should you do me harm, that you found the mouse quick to be deceived. Then he went out of his inner hole and stood by the entrance. What hinders you from coming clear out? said the raven; and why do you not treat me with more familiarity? Have you some doubt remaining, after all? There are two things, said the mouse, in respect to which the people of the world mutually give and take, and hold friendly intercourse. These are the soul and the hand. Some give to each other of their souls; these are the real hearty friends, pure and true. Those who give of the hand only, they are, indeed, helpers to each other, yet do they desire, each one, their own profit. Now he who acts on these worldly principles of gain, is like the huntsman who spreads grain for the birds, with no desire for any good of the birds, but all for his own. But the giving of the soul goes far beyond the giving of the hand, and that is what I have ventured to do to thee; I have given to thee my very soul—my life. Nothing now prevents my going wholly out, but one thought that occurs to me. You know very well that you have companions, other ravens, of a nature like your own, but without your thought and purpose; I am afraid of them. But, said the raven, surely it is a sign of friendship that one should be a friend to his friend's friend, and a foe to his friend's foe; and there is no friend of mine, I am certain, who will not love you.

Should there be such a one, I could very easily cut his acquaintance.

Then went forth the field-mouse to the raven, and they gave each other the hand, and pledged a pure friendship. They became, too, very familiar with each other, and after some time had passed, says the raven to the mouse, You live too near the roadside, and I am afraid that some of the boys may hit you with stones; but if you will go with me, I know of a very retired place, where lives one of the tortoise family, a very good friend of mine, who feeds on fish, and where we, too, will find every thing we may want to eat. Suppose that I take you along, that we may live there in all security. There is one thing I have not mentioned, says the mouse; I know a good many curious stories that you will be delighted to hear when we get to that quiet place; so take me along, and I will do whatever you may wish. Then the raven took up the field-mouse by the tail, and flew with him until they reached the spot. When they came to the spring where the tortoise lived, she looked out from the water, and behold! the raven carrying the mouse by the tail. Not seeing, at first, that it was her friend, she was greatly frightened at so strange a sight. Then the raven called to her; upon which she went out, and asked him, What is the matter, and where do you come from? So he told her the whole story—how he had followed the doves, and the matter of the field-mouse, and all about it until they came to that very place. When the tortoise had heard the whole affair, she greatly admired the good sense and integrity of the raven's little friend, and after she had courteously saluted him, began to ask him many questions about his coming there. Now, says the raven to the mouse, since we are in this quiet place, it is a good time to tell us some of those stories you spoke of, besides answering the questions the tortoise has put to you concerning the events of your life; for she stands to you the same as I. Then the mouse began as follows: One of the first things in my experience was

my living in the house of a very pious man who led a recluse life, with no family or servants about him, and who had every day given to him a basket of provisions. Of this he would eat what he wanted, and hang up the remainder. I used to watch the recluse until he went out, when I would leap up to the basket, and eat away until I had devoured what was in it, except what I threw down to the other mice who had gathered round. Many a time did the hermit do his best to hang the basket out of my reach, but never succeeded, until once upon a time a travelling guest asked lodging for the night, when they two sat down and ate their supper together. After that they began to converse; when the hermit asked his guest from what part of the world he came, and where are you going now, and so on. The man had passed through distant regions, and seen many curious things, and while he was telling them, the hermit suddenly clapped his hands to scare me away from the basket. What is that? said the traveller. Are you making sport of me, after asking me to relate my adventures? The hermit begged his pardon, and said it was that wicked mouse; his audacity is astonishing; I can leave nothing in the house but he eats it all up. Said the traveller, One mouse do all that! There must be a good many of them, I think. True, replied the hermit, my hut is pretty well stocked with them; but there is one in particular who beats me in every effort I make to catch him at his tricks. That puts me in mind, replied the traveller, of what the man said to the woman who sold good sifted sesame for that which was unsifted. And how was that? said the hermit. Once upon a time, said the traveller, I lodged with a man in a certain place, and after we had supped, they spread a bed for me in a room adjoining that in which my host slept with his wife. There being but a thin partition of reeds between us, I heard the man say, just before daylight, that he thought of inviting a few friends to dinner. So make ready for them, said he to the

woman. What business, replied she, have you to give such an invitation, when there is hardly enough in the house for your own family? You know, too, that you are one who never lays up any thing. Don't trouble yourself about that, says the man; we will just give them what we have. As for this laying up that you talk of, no good comes of it; it is very apt to turn out as it did with the saving wolf. How was that? said the wife. They say, replied the man,* that once upon a time a huntsman went out with his bow and arrows, and had not gone far before he shot a gazelle. He laid it upon his shoulders, and was carrying it home, when lo, a wild boar crossed his way. The huntsman sent an arrow that pierced the boar, but did not prevent his rustling upon him, and striking him with his tusks. The bow flew out of his hands and both fell dead together. As it happened, just at that time there came along a wolf. Aha! says the grim creature, here is a man, and a deer, and a wild hog, all together; I shall have meat enough for a long time. It is best, however, to be saving; so I will begin with this leather bow-string; the gnawing of that will do for one meal. He was very busy with the string, when it suddenly snapped, and the horn of the bow springing back struck him a killing blow upon the throat. So he died, too; and all this came from saving and laying up. I have told you the story that you may know that all such hoard-

* These parentheses, or stories within stories, often occur, sometimes involved to the third or fourth power. They belong to the humor of this old composition; but they become, occasionally, so complicated, that the reader is puzzled in determining their application. Sometimes they seem quite *mal à propos*, unless they may be regarded as designed to show that the wise animals can now and then say things without purpose, or talk nonsense, as well as men. It is not very easy here to see the exact point in the mouse's version of the traveller's story about the sesame, though the meaning of the comical wolf-parenthesis is pretty clear. And so we may say of some parts of mouse's moralizing in what follows. Very good in itself, but seeming to have little to do with the story, unless we may suppose it intended, by Bidpai, as a quiet satire upon commonplace experiences, and prosy moral reflections upon them, belonging, as they do, to the earliest as well as to the latest times.

ing is apt to come to a bad end. Very well, said the wife, that may be all true what you say, and I will do my best; there may be in the house enough rice and sesame to make a dinner for six or seven persons, and in the morning I will get it ready; so invite whom you please. When the morning came, the wife took the sesame, and sifted it, and spread it in the sun to dry, and told the boy to keep off the birds and the dogs. It so happened, however, that, when she was very busy, the boy became careless, and lo, a dog came along and stuck his nose in the meal. This made it profane, and unfit for use. So she took it to the market, and bargained with it for other sesame that had never been sifted, measure for measure. That was the time—for I was standing in the market—when I heard one say: There is some secret about this woman's proceedings, or she never would have sold sifted meal for unsifted. Now this is what I said to you before, resumed the traveller, in his talk with the hermit, and that is what I have to say about this jumping mouse. You may depend upon it, there is some mystery about him, some secret cause that enables him to perform these feats of which you complain. Now, bring me an axe, and I will make a search for his hole, and find out the way he does the thing. So the hermit procured an axe, which the guest took, and began his search. It so happened that at that time, when I heard them say this, I was in my other hole. In the one that I usually occupied there had been lying a purse of a hundred dinars—how they came there I never knew—and so the guest kept on his hunt until he came upon the money. Aha! said he to the hermit, here is the secret of the mouse's performances; this is what gives him power to make such leaps; he never could have done it if it had not been for the dinars; for it is money, you must know, that gives strength, and increase of wisdom, and ability of all sorts. Now you will see, after this, if he shall be able to leap as

he did before.* When morning came, all the other mice gathered round me, complaining of hunger, and calling me their only hope; and so I went on, and they with me, to the usual place from which I was wont to leap at the basket; but it was all over with me. I tried my best, once and again, but could never reach it. Thus my loss of power became evident to them, and I heard them saying, Let us abandon him, for we shall never more get our living through his means; he is not the one we took him for; he has become poor, and wants a provider like the rest of us. So they left me, and joined my enemies, and abused me every way, and told stories about me, and persecuted me, until I said to myself: Such is the way of the world; brothers, helpers, friends, all fail when money fails. Thus I found that one who has no money becomes utterly destitute in all things. He is like the water which the winter-rains leave stagnant in the waddies; it runs into no stream, it flows to no place; it only sinks lower and lower, until the dry earth drinks it up. I found, too, that as one who has no friends has no people, and as one who has no child has no memorial, so he who has no money loses all reputation for wisdom; he has no share in this world; he is regarded as having but little to expect from the world to come; for let him become poor, and friends and brothers all cut† his acquaintance. Like a tree that grows in the desert, plucked on every side, such is the condition of one who has become destitute, and stands in need of what is abundantly possessed by others. And

* We see from this how old is the inductive philosophy. This traveller was a true Baconian; *cum hoc propter hoc*, or *post-hoc propter hoc*, was his motto. The dinars were there all the time of the mouse's jumping; they were an invariable concomitant—a "co-cause," or, at least, an "occasion,"—and there must be some connection between them and the constant event with which they coincided. No other causation was visible; these were the "hard facts;" and so the traveller's examination might be called a "crucial experiment;" whilst the fact of the mouse's ceasing to leap verified it beyond doubt.

† The Arabic idiom here is precisely the same with our own.

I found that poverty is, in fact, the sum of all wretchedness, the cause to its victim of all hatred, a very pit of slander and ill report. I discovered, too, that when one is poor he becomes an object of suspicion to those who had before confided in him; he is judged hardly by those who once thought well of him. If another commits an offence, he bears the blame. There is no quality praised in the rich that is not condemned in him. His courage is called foolhardiness. Is he generous? he gets the name of a squanderer. Is he humane? he is called weak. Is he grave? they call him stupid. Death itself is better than the want which drives one to beggary—especially to beg of the avaricious and the vile; and for the noble-minded it were easier, and more agreeable, to thrust his hand into the mouth of the viper, and swallow down its deadly venom, than to ask alms of the miserly churl. But to return to my story. I saw the guest take the dinars, and divide them with the hermit, who put his part in a purse, and laid it by his head. As it grew late, therefore, and the shadow of the night came over them, I had a strong desire to get hold of it, and carry it back to my hole; for I thought that this would restore my strength, or, at least, bring back to me my friends. So I crept up to the hermit as he slept, and had got very near his head, when I saw that the guest was wide awake, with a stick in his hand, with which he struck me a cruel blow that quickly sent me back. After the pain had ceased, the strong desire to get the dinars sent me out again, as before; but lo, the guest was still on the watch, and hit me another blow that made the blood come, and knocked me heels over head, until I fell fainting in my hole, with such torturing pain as made the very name of money so odious to me, that I have never since heard an allusion to it without thinking of those dinars—so much of distress and terror they caused me. Then I thought with myself again, and found that the wretchedness which abounds in the world comes mainly from greediness

and inordinate desire, and that those who have it never cease from misery, and weariness, and painful labor; so that they are more easily induced to make the most distant and laborious journeys in search of wealth, than the liberal man is to stretch out his hand for money when it is offered to him. There is nothing like content. This, at last, I came to see; and then I went from the house of the hermit, and dwelt in the open field, where the dove became my friend, and so I was led into this new friendship between me and the raven, who told me of the loving intimacy that existed between him and thee, and invited me to go along with him to your place. This I was very willing to do, and I will be to thee a true brother, and gladly make my residence near to thine own.

The field-mouse ceased speaking, when the tortoise replied with great kindness: I have listened, said she, to your words, and to the very interesting story you have told us. There is only one thing I wish to observe. Begging your pardon for saying it, there seems yet to linger in your mind something of a longing remembrance of the things you have renounced.* Know, then, that excellence of speech becomes perfect in excellence of act; for the sick man who knows the remedy for his disease, receives no benefit from his knowledge unless he takes the medicine. It gives him neither rest nor ease. Now, therefore, put your wisdom and experience in practice, and be no longer sad on account of the scantiness of your means† (that is, think no more about the dinars); for one who has true fortitude, and is held thereby in honorable esteem, even though he have not money, is like a lion who inspires awe even

* The Arabic text here is so very defective and confused, that the version of the sentence, as given, is taken from the Greek of Simeon Seth.

† The tortoise seems to intend here a very gentle rebuke to mousie for his long moralizing, intimating that he is like some other good people, who, though really converted, have still a little hankering after a world renounced,—showing this even in their expressed contempt for it, and in their sentimental fondness for talking about its vanities.

when he is lying down; whereas the rich man without manliness, and who is little thought of in the midst of his wealth, is like a cowardly dog which nobody cares for, though he has a rich collar about his neck, and rings upon his feet. And let it not grieve you your being in a foreign land; for the wise man in exile is like the lion, who, let him go where he will, his strength goes with him. So think well of what you have done for yourself; for if you do so, good will seek thee even as water seeks its descent. Success belongs to the diligent and the prudent; but as for the slothful and the shiftless, no good goes with him, any more than with the young woman who marries an old and withered man. For there are five things, it is said, in which stability and truth are not to be expected. They are, the shadow of a summer cloud, the friendship of the wicked, the love of women, the tale of a liar, and wealth rapidly grown. Wherefore the wise man will not be sad on account of the little that he possesses; for his wealth is his understanding, and the treasure of good deeds he has sent on before him* (to the day of judgment): of this, he trusts that he shall never be robbed, whilst he has no fear of being charged with any false account for what he hath not done. He is not the one to be neglectful of his latter end, knowing that death is ever unexpected, and hath no appointed time. You need not my admonition, since you are yourself so knowing; but I thought to do you right, for you are our brother now, and all that we can teach or give is thine.

When the raven had heard what the tortoise said to the mouse, and how kindly and elegantly she had replied to him, he was vastly delighted. You have made me very glad, said he; you have conferred a great favor upon me;

* This "sending on of good deeds" before one is a peculiar Mohammedan and Koranic phrase; and must, therefore, be regarded as an accommodation of something of the same general import in the Indian or Persian. It resembles, however, very much the New Testament idea of "laying up treasure in heaven."

and may you ever have as much joy as you have given. For the good are ever watching over and helping the good. Especially is it the case that, when such a one stumbles, or falls into trouble, it is only one like him that gives him the hand; as when the elephant sinks in the marsh, it is only another elephant that can draw him out.

Now, whilst the raven was in the midst of this speech, there suddenly dashed in among them a gazelle, running very swiftly, and giving them all a terrible fright. Down sunk the tortoise in the water; away scud the mouse to his hole; up flew the raven and lighted on a tree. Then he soared high in the heavens,* that he might see if any one was in pursuit of the gazelle. Nothing, however, could he discover, and so he called to his friends, who thereupon came out again from their retreats. When the tortoise saw the gazelle looking eagerly to the water, Drink, said she, if you are thirsty, and be in no fear, for there is nothing here to cause you dread. Then the gazelle

* This kind of language shows great antiquity. It is an Old Testament style of speech. We say, "birds of the air;" the scriptural term is everywhere (in the Hebrew), "birds of the heavens." It came from the idea of birds actually flying up to the heavens, the abode of the celestial powers. Hence afterwards, when superstition obscured the pure old patriarchalism, the wide-spread idea of divination by birds, as having some kind of intercourse with the heavenly beings. Thus, in Greek, there is the same word for bird and omen. We see it, too, in the Latin *aus(avis)picium*. This higher knowledge of the birds was supposed to be obtained by us in watching the direction of their flights, listening to their notes, or examining their vital parts in sacrifice. The raven, especially, was always regarded as a far-seeing, prophetic bird. This has been supposed by some to have had some connection with Noah's employment of him as a messenger from the ark. It was also the bird sent to feed Elijah. We need not attach much importance to this; but, at all events, the keen sight of birds, in their great elevation, is used, in the Bible, to represent surpassing or superhuman knowledge. Compare Job xxviii. 7: "a path which no fowl knoweth," and v. 21: "it is hid from the birds of heaven." The language is employed to denote great inscrutableness; referring to that hidden or higher "wisdom" which this sublime chapter represents man as seeking in vain through all nature. Compare, also, Ecclesiastes x. 20: "For a bird of the air (Heb., *bird of the heavens*) shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."

drew nigh, and the tortoise saluted him, and wished him health, and said to him, Whence came you to us? I have been, said he, in the wide desert, where the riding huntsmen are ever chasing me from place to place. This day, in particular, I saw an old man coming along, who I was afraid might be one of them, and so I fled as usual. Don't be frightened, said the tortoise; for we never see any huntsmen here; and we will give you our love, and a place to live in; and here is water and pasture in plenty, if you can be content in our society. So the gazelle stayed with them, and there was a shady place where they all used to meet together, and had much good discourse, and told each other instructive stories. So they lived on, until at last, one day, the raven, and the mouse, and the tortoise, were together in the arisha, but the gazelle was missing. So they waited, and waited, hour after hour, but he came not. It was a long time, and they began to be very much afraid lest some harm might have happened to him. At last the mouse and the tortoise said to the raven, Your eyes are sharp; fly up, and see if there is any thing near to us. Then the raven soared very high in the heavens, looking keenly out, and, lo and behold! the gazelle lay afar off entangled in the nets of the huntsman. Down he flew swiftly, and told them what had happened. Then said the tortoise and the raven to the mouse, Here is work for you; we must despair, without your assistance, of giving any help to our brother. Come on, then, and aid him all in your power. The mouse started immediately with all speed, and when he came to the gazelle, Alas! said he, how came you in so sad a case as this? for you are one of the sharp-eyed, and should have looked out. Said the gazelle, What can sharpness do against the Fates? Whilst they were in this talk, the tortoise came crawling up, and the gazelle said, Alas! what possessed *you* to come? for if the huntsman gets here by the time the mouse has gnawed the nets, we must leave you to the foe; for there

are holes into which the mouse can run; but as for thee, O my slow friend, there is no hurrying thee, nor even moving thee. It is on your account, therefore, that I especially fear the huntsman's coming. Said the tortoise, There is no living away from one's friends; for when friend parts from friend, he is robbed of his heart, he is deprived of his joy, his eye is darkened. The tortoise was proceeding in this strain; but before she had finished her words, the huntsman drew nigh, and this was just at the time when the mouse had finished the cutting of the net. Immediately the gazelle made off with himself, the raven went soaring up in the air, and the mouse took refuge in one of the holes of the desert. Nothing remained but the tortoise. She was creeping off, when the huntsman came up and found his net cut to pieces. Looking round, right and left, he espied her moving slowly along, and immediately seized and bound her. In the meantime the raven, the mouse, and the gazelle, had made no delay in getting together as soon as possible, after they had seen the huntsman bind the tortoise. And their grief was very great, and the mouse began to talk wisely, and said: We can never know that we have passed through all trouble until we have been in the worst of it; and he was very right, who said that one should never cease his efforts to keep out of difficulty; for when he has once stumbled, he will keep on stumbling, though he were walking on the smooth and level plain. Oh, how I fear for the tortoise, that best of friends, whose friendship, instead of being mercenary, or seeking any reward, is a generous and noble friendship—stronger, indeed, than that of a parent to his child—a friendship that death alone can destroy. Alas, for this body of ours,* so loaded

* The mouse's philosophizing here suggests some of the questions of the early Greek schools about the continual flux of matter, and change of bodily forms—"Does any thing stand?" It has, however, still more of a Buddhistical look. Some of the terms used by the Arabian translator show that he did not fully understand it. It is clearer in Simeon Seth.

with miseries, ever coming and going, ever flowing away, where there is nothing that stays, or remains the same;—like the rising and setting star, one ever following the other, no rest, but change forever; or like the pain of wounds that are ever breaking out anew, so bleeds afresh the heart that is wounded by the loss of friends after it has enjoyed their society.

Then the gazelle and the raven said to the mouse: Surely we are anxious, as well as you; but your talk, though indeed it is very eloquent,* will give no help to the tortoise; for it is truly said that men are tried in adversity, children and kindred are tested by poverty, and brothers are proved by evil fortune. True, said the mouse, but I can do something more than talk; I see a way to get us out of this trouble. It is this: let the gazelle go and fall down in view of the huntsman, as though he was wounded; and then let the raven pounce down upon him as though intending to eat him; whilst I will dart on, keeping near the huntsman, and watching him very closely; it may be that he will throw his stick at him, and, for that purpose, lay down the tortoise, giving his whole attention to you, that he yet may get possession of the gazelle. When he comes near, then start up again, and run on a little way, just far enough to keep up his eagerness, and make him think that he will be able to catch you; so, leading him on farther and farther from us, keeping one side of him, and just as near as you

* This looks again as though the gazelle and the raven meant to be a little quizzical, on our very friendly, but rather overrighteous, mouse. We have specimens of such continual moralizing, without much rhyme or reason, in the discourses that pass between Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Indeed, all through, Cervantes seems to present it as a trait of the common Spanish discourse. They may have got it from the Arabians, who manifest this tendency very strongly in their ethics, poetry, and legends. The original unabridged Arabian Nights tales are full of it. In a sublimer form we see something of this rhapsodic Oriental sententiousness in the long speeches of Job's friends.

dare. During this time I will be gnawing the cords of the tortoise, with good hope of getting her loose before the huntsman comes back. The raven and the gazelle did what the mouse advised them. The huntsman went in pursuit, and the gazelle led him on until he had got very far away, while the mouse applied himself to the cutting of the cords, and the tortoise had time to get off to a safe hiding-place. When the huntsman came back, blowing and weary, and found the cords cut again, he fell to thinking over the matter, and all about the gazelle that he had been expecting to catch, and the curious conduct of the raven, until he began to think himself utterly muddled* in his understanding. He could not imagine how it was—his cords all gnawed to pieces, and no one in sight; whilst the look of the place grew lonely and weird. Surely, said he, this must be the devil's territory, a land of Jins and sorcery. So he went away without hunting any more. But the raven, and the gazelle, and the mouse, and the tortoise, all came together in their shady retreat, safe and sound, and rejoicing in their good fortune.

Then said Bidpai, the philosopher, unto Dabschelim, the king: See how these creatures here, even in their smallness and their weakness, were able to deliver themselves from the bands of destruction—and that, too, time after time—because they had love in its purity and constancy, and were ever ready to help each other. And so MAN, on whom is bestowed reason and judgment, who is inspired to distinguish good and evil, and gifted with discernment and knowledge,—HE, above all other beings, is designed for society, and fitted for friendship and mutual help.

This, O King, is the story for which you asked—a picture of true friends, and of the happy life they led.

* Arabic, *choulat*,—all mixed up, as we say.

THE LATE SOVEREIGN OF ABYSSINIA.

THE interest of readers has been drawn very much of late to the land of Abyssinia, partly in consequence of the barbarous manner in which two representatives of the English government have been treated by the Emperor Theodore, and partly by the sudden and amazing reverses which have fallen on the head of that half-barbarian, and yet strangely powerful and enlightened monarch. We propose, in this article, not to deal with a matter so complex, in any exhaustive fashion, but merely to bring out its salient features.

The Emperor Theodore was not a lineal descendant of the line of Abyssinian kings, although he was accustomed to take great pains to prove himself so. On the other hand, he was the offspring of "poor but respectable" parents, his mother being a vender of the favorite medicine used by those afflicted by that scourge of the land, the tape-worm. The line of rulers which became extinct when Theodore ascended the throne in 1855 made its boast to have sprung from the union of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba; but there is no reason to believe that it was especially ancient, or especially honorable in its origin. The country has been for fourteen centuries, however, nominally Christian, it having early been traversed by agents from Alexandria, and maintaining, under the name of the Coptic Church, many of the rites which characterize the Roman Catholic body at the present day. The population of the country is supposed to be about three millions. These were governed, previously to 1855, by rival princes, of whom Ras Ali was the chief. At that time young Kasai (subsequently the Emperor Theodore), then a subaltern in the employ of Ras Ali, began to distinguish himself by his activity, intelligence, and capacity. He rapidly rose in the royal favor, and on being entrusted with a division of the army, he turned it against his sovereign, and

made himself master of one of the southern provinces of the land. Emboldened by the stroke of success, he soon collected an immense army, and swept through the whole length and breadth of the country. His noble presence, engaging manners, his bright mind, and his large promises, won the confidence of the people everywhere, and in a short time he was master of the situation. His rapid rise may, in many respects, be likened to that of the first Napoleon, whom, indeed, he not a little resembles. The same "destiny" which Bonaparte used to plead, the youthful Kasai heartily believed in, and the one became Napoleon and the other Theodore by entire surrender to the sway of this faith in the future.

The best account of Theodore that I have met is by Mr. Plowden, and is so graphic and entertaining that I need make no apology for inserting it here.

"The king," he says, "is young in years, vigorous in all manly exercises, of a striking countenance, peculiarly polite and engaging when pleased, and mostly displaying great tact and delicacy. He is persuaded that he is destined to restore the glories of the Ethiopian empire, and to achieve great conquests. Of untiring energy, both mental and bodily, his personal and moral daring are boundless. The latter is well proved by his severity towards his soldiers, even when these are pressed by hunger, are mutinous, and he is in front of a powerful foe; more so even by his pressing reforms on a country so little used to any yoke, whilst engaged in unceasing hostilities, and his suppression of the power of the great feudal chiefs, at a moment when any inferior man would have sought to conciliate them as the stepping-stones to empire.

"When aroused, his wrath is terrible, and all tremble; but at all moments he possesses a perfect self-command. Indefatigable in business, he takes little repose night or day; his ideas and language are clear and precise; hesitation is not known to him; and he has neither councillors nor go-betweens. He is fond of splendor, and receives in state even on a campaign. He is unsparing in punishment—very necessary to restrain disorder, and to restore order in such a wilderness as Abyssinia. He

salutes his meanest subjects with courtesy; is sincerely though often mistakenly religious, and will acknowledge a fault committed towards his poorest follower in a moment of passion, with sincerity and grace.

"He is generous to excess, and free from all cupidity, regarding nothing with pleasure or desire but munitions of war for his soldiers. He has hitherto exercised the utmost clemency towards the vanquished, treating them rather as his friends than his enemies. His faith is signal. 'Without Christ,' he says, 'I am nothing. If He has destined me to purify and reform this distracted kingdom, with His aid, who shall stay me?' Nay, sometimes he is on the point of not caring for human assistance at all; and this is one reason why he will not seek with much avidity for assistance from or alliance with Europe.

"The worst points in his character are his violent anger at times, his unyielding pride as regards his kingly and divine right, and his fanatical religious zeal.

"He has begun to reform even the dress of Abyssinia, all about his person wearing large flowing trowsers, and upper and under vests, instead of the half-naked costumes introduced by the Gallas. Married himself at the altar, and strictly continent, he has ordered or persuaded all who love him to follow his example, and exacts the greatest decency of manners and conversation. This system he hopes to extend to all classes.

"He has suppressed the slave-trade in all its phases, save that the slaves already bought may be sold to such Christians as shall buy them for charity. Setting the example, he pays to the Musselman dealers what price they please to ask for the slaves they bring to him, and then baptizes them.

"He has abolished the barbarous practice of delivering over murderers to the relatives of the deceased, handing over offenders, in public, to his own executioners, to be shot or decapitated.

"The arduous task of breaking the power of the great feudal chiefs—a task achieved in Europe only during the reign of many consecutive kings—he has commenced by chaining almost all who were dangerous, avowing his intention of liberating them when his power shall be consolidated. He has placed the soldiers of the different provinces under the command of his own trusty followers, to whom he has given high titles, but no power to judge or punish; thus, in fact, creating generals in place of feudal chieftains more proud of their birth than of their monarch, and organizing a new nobility, a legion of honor dependent on himself, and chosen specially for their daring and fidelity."

This sketch was written many years ago, but it shows that the man who

could call out so much enthusiasm could be no common character. It is probable, however, that his good qualities have faded since that time, and that his darker traits have been gaining the ascendant.

It was in 1855 that the young Emperor of the now united Abyssinia was crowned, and every thing promised well for his sway. He was strongly opposed to all Mahometans, and as strongly drawn to Europeans. Indeed, it is not too much to say, that if his first letter to Queen Victoria, in 1862, had not been contemptuously passed over in silence, his desire for an alliance with the English, as well as with the French and Russian powers, would have led to results diametrically opposed to those which have taken place. Previous to Theodore's time—indeed as early as 1849—negotiations were opened between England and Abyssinia, but they led to few results; and it was only when the powerful mind of the young usurper took hold of the matter, that it began to assume moment. Yet his manner of going to work was wholly wrong. He knew the greatness of the European powers only partially; at any rate, he overrated his own, and in writing to Queen Victoria, in 1862, his language was so strongly steeped in oriental arrogance as to make him the jest of all Europe. Yet it is not to be overlooked, in America at least, that the mistake which Theodore committed was not greater than Victoria's, in not replying. He overrated himself, his kingly importance, and the relation of Abyssinia to the rest of the world. He showed the want of travel, and of that culture which lets men see the perspective of national importance. And it was only natural. How should he, a meanly educated African prince, know better? He saw that the arts of England were good, and that her manufactures were very desirable, but he could not know the weight of her gloved hand, nor the power of her armaments. It has been stated in a prominent American journal, that he went so far as to propose terms of marriage to Queen Victoria, but this

is not true; he simply desired to open channels of diplomatic and commercial intercourse. His letter, which was written in his own hand, was unanswered, and in his rage at this slight he began his acts of cruelty.

It was not till a year after Theodore had despatched his letter to the English Queen, and to Napoleon, that he went so far as to throw Colonel Cameron, the newly-appointed representative of the British government, into prison, and to keep him there chained to an Abyssinian soldier; but in the very summer of 1862, while waiting for his answer, his cruel treatment of Europeans began. His temper broke out most bitterly upon Rev. Mr. Stern, a German-English missionary, and two servants who had tried to act as interpreters between himself and the English. All three of these he caused to be whipped severely—indeed, so cruelly that the two servants died of their stripes the next day. From that time on the lives of all Europeans were manifestly at the mercy of the fierce Emperor. All accounts agree, that when his anger was kindled, his wrath was truly volcanic. At the time when Mr. Stern just escaped being flogged to death, Theodore was seated upon a rock a few feet off, his mouth foaming, his eyes glaring, a spear clutched nervously in his hand, and his whole aspect that of a madman. No language can surpass the energetic terms with which he is painted by those who were then the objects of his violence and his anger. Yet there was a certain dim fear of the consequences even then hanging over him; for while the two servants were being flogged to death for their want of skill in interpreting, Mr. Stern bit his thumb (a sign in Abyssinia that revenge will one day be exacted); and Theodore, although raving with anger, did not dare to put the worthy though outraged missionary to death. So, too, through all these long years of captivity, from 1863 to 1868, amid all the privations, the degradations, the anxieties, the frequent removals, the scourgings, which the captives have been subjected to, no one

has been killed excepting the two interpreters already mentioned.

After Colonel Cameron, the English Consul, had been two years a prisoner at Magdala, the central and chief fortress town of Abyssinia, the British Government sent Mr. Rassam, an Asiatic by birth, although then one of its employés at Aden, to endeavor to procure the release of Colonel Cameron and the missionaries. At that time, however, the mission was thought to be a hopeless one, for it was supposed that Theodore had a large and united army at his command, and it was supposed that his temper was so violent, that, should the British Government talk sternly and threaten him, he would immediately kill the prisoners and defy the English arms. Happily the English Minister, Lord Russell, had sent a note in the name of the Queen, and the French Premier, Druyn de l'Huys, had done the same in the name of Napoleon; but these did not wholly mend the matter. Mr. Rassam remained at Massonah, a Turkish port on the Red Sea, four hundred miles from Magdala, for more than a year, waiting for permission to go up into the interior; and when, at last, that permission was granted, Mr. Rassam was not allowed to take the direct route, but was compelled to make a detour of over two hundred miles. He enjoyed a gracious reception, however, and supposed that he should have no difficulty in accomplishing the object of his mission. He did, indeed, receive a distinct promise from Theodore that Colonel Cameron and all the other prisoners should be released, but it was soon withdrawn under the frivolous pretext that Theodore was fearing a combined Turkish and English invasion, and the captivity was prolonged. A Mr. Flad, one of the missionaries, was sent to England with a second letter to the Queen, beginning in this style: "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. From God's slave and His created being, the son of David, the son of Solomon, Theodore," &c. It was no less arrogant in its demands than the first, and was calculated to throw

the English nation into a perfect ferment. And, indeed, it did do this; and from that time the English mind was as firmly and fixedly made up that there must be a war with this double-dealing, vituperative, England-despising Theodore, as was the mind of the North, after the assault on Sumter, that there must be war with the South. True, it was thought very doubtful what the issue might be: many supposed that it would be the most impracticable contest on which England ever entered. Those great Abyssinian mountains would afford perfect impunity to the barbarian Emperor and his hordes; there was a desert march of four hundred miles from Massonah on the Red Sea, to Magdala, and the odds were, on the whole, awful. There could no pecuniary or commercial advantage come out of it, people said, yet it must be attempted. Two English consuls were then detained as captives—Colonel Cameron and Mr. Rassam—and the British Lion was not the animal to stand quietly by and see itself defied and derided by a barbarous mountain-chief, with however large an army under his control. Yet, the more that was learned about Theodore, gave the English confidence and assurance. It was certain that his army, ten years before so strong, was completely demoralized; indeed, it was conjectured that only a few thousand men could be relied upon as loyal. His guns and munitions were old-fashioned and clumsy, his fortifications not at all adapted to resist the assault of modern weapons. It was known, indeed, that he was cunning and unscrupulous, but he might be at any time at the mercy of his passions, and be hurried into hasty and ill-advised action. The mountain-passes might perhaps be found as accessible to Europeans as to Abyssinians; and, indeed, it is now known that no barbarians can compete, either in endurance or in daring, with well-equipped and well-trained men of civilized lands.

It was only in last year (1867) that the English Government sent Theodore its ultimatum, and concluded to risk

every thing to save its honor and the lives of its subjects. It has always been one of the most creditable features of British history, that no man, owing allegiance to the English crown, has ever appealed to the throne in vain where the majesty of the British nation has been assaulted in him. Word was sent to the treacherous Theodore that three months would be given him to return the prisoners, and that, at the end of that time, should they not be forthcoming, war would be proclaimed against him. The African monarch defied the threat, and in the autumn of 1867 an English army, composed of about 10,000 men, under the command of General Robert Napier, landed at Massonah, and began the march to Magdala. Their journey across the desert was slow and painful, and the threatened want of water proved a fearful trial and scourge. Fortunately, the American method of boring Artesian wells relieved this difficulty, and saved the army from death by thirst. The way was long—not far from three hundred miles. The army travelled with large numbers of mules and horses, to draw the heavy guns and the great baggage-wagons; and numerous droves of cattle also accompanied the troops, for the purpose of supplying them with meat. Water was therefore a prime necessity; and, thanks to American skill and enterprise, it was gained by piercing deep below the desert surface.

It is unnecessary to tell in these pages the story of that march. The result is familiar in all minds. The conquest of Magdala on Good Friday of this year, the death of Theodore bravely fighting at the head of his troops, the recovery of all the English captives, are things of yesterday, and all know how triumphantly the English army triumphed over all obstacles, and made itself master of Abyssinia. What may in the future grow out of this conquest, it is impossible to conjecture. The country is rich in just those things which not England alone, but the civilized world, want—ivory, hides, and valuable woods; while the adjacent lands in the west produce

a very fine quality of cotton. Indeed, it needs nothing more than the last book of Baker's to show that the mastery of that healthful, romantic, rich, and productive tract must open to Englishmen a field for great business enterprise. It cannot be confounded for an instant with those sickly and dreary regions visited by Speke and Baker, further south, the great Lake country, a country wholly repulsive. The Abyssinian highlands are as attractive as the Lake district is uninviting.

It is hardly to be doubted, that in the future there will be two leading routes for reaching Abyssinia—one by way of Massonah, the other the one taken by Baker, and leading through Cassala. Indeed, this great explorer was strenuous in his advice that the British army should take this course. He pointed out the great danger to be apprehended by approaching from the east, in the want of water; and had it not been for the Artesian wells, the disregard of Baker's advice would have been fatal to the whole army. All things taken into account, however, I am inclined to think that the route by Massonah will henceforth be regarded as the most available, so close and easy are the connections between this port, Suez, Aden, and Bombay. Massonah is under Turkish control, and has no connection whatever with the empire of Abyssinia.

Dr. Blanc, who accompanied Mr. Rassam on his mission, has written an agreeable sketch of his life in Abyssinia, which contains the best account of the physical character of that country that I have seen. I am constrained to condense it for these pages, as it has seen the light only in England, and is not likely to be printed in the United States:

"Abyssinia, the only Christian kingdom in Africa, is situated between 9° and 16° N. lat., 36° E. long. and the Red Sea. The general aspect of the country is one of high plateaux, separated by narrow and deep valleys. The provinces bordering on the Tana (Tsana) Sea

offer an exception to the rule; they present large and undulating plains, intersected by high hills; but we find nowhere that common character of the land, deep chasms separating from one another precipitous flat plateaux.

"With the exception of Taranta, Lalalmon, and some peaks in Shoa, Lasta, &c., that tower to a height of twelve or fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, the elevation of the plateaux averages between seven and nine thousand feet. The basin of the Tana Sea is somewhat lower, computed at six thousand feet, but the land shelves rapidly to the higher altitude, and a few miles from the lake seven to eight thousand feet are attained.

"Abyssinia by giving birth to the Blue Nile, made that country at all times the long-ambition of travellers. Bruce had the first glory of ascertaining its source, surmised only before him. The source of the Blue Nile is at Gojam, and issues at an elevation of ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. It flows at first north, towards the Tana Sea where it is greatly increased; it again issues at the south-east extremity of that reservoir, circumvallates the province of Gojam, again to flow towards the north. The other most important rivers of Abyssinia are the Takazze, the Bashilo, the Djidda, and the Gumodge—all affluents of the Blue Nile. The principal lakes are Tana (Tzana) in Dembra, and Haik.

"Apart from Gondar, Adowa, and Kourata, there are but few towns of any importance. Abyssinians prefer small villages situated near their fields and cattle to any of the advantages of towns. Gondar is no more; Adowa I have not seen; but if we take Kourata as a sample, we must acknowledge that they have not much to attract. Apart from a dozen stone houses, the dwellings of the citizens differ in no marked respect from those of the peasants. The same circular hut, with mud-walls and thatched roof, is common to both. The traveller, even favored with the hospitality of the wealthiest, will soon bid farewell to his well-meaning host, and seek elsewhere for fresh air and rest."

But we need not cite further; ere long we shall have a flood of Abyssinia literature upon us, and the sketches which the English campaign elicited will doubtless—in quantity, and perhaps in quality—cause all that we have at present to lose their lustre. Yet it is a romantic country, and it will be long before it will wholly lose the romance which Bruce long ago threw over it, and which Theodore has so prosperously continued down to our day.

THE LAST OF THE BOURBON STORY.

2 GENT. Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? this news which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the king found his heir?

3 GENT. Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance; that, which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione:—her jewel about the neck of it:—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character:—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother:—the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her (his) breeding, and many other evidences, proclaim her (him), with all certainty to be the king's daughter (son).

● WINTER'S TALE, Act V, Scene 2.

WE shall none of us forget soon the impression produced on the public mind by the article in *Putnam's Monthly*, of February, '53, on the claims of the Rev. Eleazar Williams to be regarded as the Dauphin of France, followed, as the article was, by others with further proof. It was an interest which did not have to reach its height through gradual periods of growth. It sprang forth Minerva-like, and secured itself at once a prominent place in the newspapers, and among the current topics of conversation. In all parts of the country the question, "Have we a Bourbon among us?" divided the community; and there were few intelligent persons who did not range themselves on one side or the other. The interest was probably due to several causes. France was just then drawing the world's attention to herself by re-establishing the empire under Napoleon III., while the Count of Chambord was protesting in behalf of his legitimate Bourbon claims. Then, the matter had just enough raciness in it to make us keenly interested in what was to us only a curious historical problem. Probably we should have weighed our decision more carefully, and tested more anxiously the grounds on which it was formed, had it involved a change of rulers for ourselves. Then, part of the interest was due to Mr. Hanson's clever and evidently honest advocacy; and part to the contrast between the manner of Mr. Williams' previous life, and the position to which, if the claims were true, he was entitled, and out of which he had long been defrauded.

But great as the interest was, it subsided, after a little while, as quickly as it arose. For a time the newspaper paragraphists thought it worth their while to chronicle the movements of Mr. Williams; ladies sought an introduction to his royal presence; curiosity-hunters begged his autograph. But, for some time before Mr. Williams' death, ten years ago, and ever since, there has been a profound indifference as to the whole subject. Nor was this surprising, because nothing arose to feed or prolong the interest; and in this country every thing must go to the wall that does not press itself before the public eye. And yet we can hardly believe—so utterly careless are we now as to the merits or issue of the question, so vague have become our impressions of the points which Mr. Hanson so tellingly made—that, besides creating so deep and general an interest in this country and even in Europe, besides securing the adhesion of men of calm judgment and profound historical acumen, such, for instance, as the late Hon. John C. Spencer, Rev. Dr. Hawks, and Dr. Francis; besides all this, the matter was made the subject of diplomatic communications between foreign ministers here and their governments abroad.

And, of course, whatever truth there was in the claim, the subsequent silence has made nothing against it. If the considerations put forth by Mr. Williams were valid, they are as true now as when he was a nameless Indian missionary in the West. But kings, like the gods, play with loaded dice; the possessors of power can smile compassion-

ately on those who fulminate feebly their protests and claims. And if in Mr. Williams the last of the elder line of the ancient Bourbon race expired, it adds but one more to the already long list of lost princes who have died in obscurity and poverty.

After the lapse of so many years since his death, circumstances recently threw into our hands his papers, which had lain in the meantime in the house in Hogansburgh where he died. And while they may not do much to confirm his royal claims, they cast many side lights upon a history which is strange and interesting. The papers filled six or eight cases, and had been kept with admirable care; and besides including a journal of a larger part of his life, and copies of all his letters apparently, furnished such copious memoranda as would enable one to gain a clear view of his interior life and opinions.

The disputed period of his life is that previous to his fifteenth year, when, in the year 1800, he, with his reputed brother, was brought from Canada to Massachusetts to be educated. The usual version of his history is that he was the son of Thomas Williams, who was the grandson of Eunice Williams, the "Fair Captive," who, with her father, the Rev. John Williams, was carried prisoner to Canada at the capture of Deerfield in 1704, and who married an Indian, and spent the rest of her life in Canada. Mr. Hanson, in his work, "The Lost Prince," has elaborated to a larger extent than it would be interesting to follow him the probabilities of Mr. Williams' identity with the Dauphin, Louis Charles, the son of Louis XVI, who had been supposed to have died in the Temple in 1795.

While there have ever been doubts hanging about the question as to whether the child that died in the Temple was indeed the Dauphin, or whether the Dauphin was conveyed away, and a moribund child put in his place; the records of the Temple have such an apparent completeness and force as to establish as firmly as any ordinary matter of history is established,

the likelihood that the Dauphin died in 1795. Still there are facts, as, for instance, the issue of police orders for the watching of the frontiers immediately after the reported death of the Dauphin, for the stopping of suspected persons, and the actual arrest of one person thought to be the Prince; the absence of the Dauphin's name in the funeral solemnities of the Royal Family at the Restoration; and the evident unwillingness of the government to accord an investigation, although desired, into the claims of the pretender Naundorff; all of which cast an uncertainty over the matter, and seem to invite the inquiry whether the Dauphin really did die in 1795, and then, whether Mr. Williams might not have been the Dauphin. There is enough doubt to give zest to the investigation. An article in the Philadelphia *Aurora*, of October 29, 1811, states that a curious rumor was afloat in England, that the Dauphin was alive, and that a person had lately arrived in that country who knew where he resided, and had communicated the same to the government. The former servant of the Duchess d'Angoulême in 1853, in New Orleans, testified also that her mistress at about the same time believed her brother to be alive.

Now, supposing that the Dauphin was rescued from the Temple in 1795, is there any evidence that Mr. Williams and the Dauphin were the same person? If the claim was false, Mr. Williams was a half-breed Indian; and the deception, which was so clever as to enlist the earnest support of many good scholars, and proficient in the knowledge of human nature, was doubly remarkable, in view of the antecedents of its originator.

The fact of the European type of countenance which Mr. Williams had, does not conclude the matter; because, if he was the son of Thomas Williams, he would have had a large proportion of white blood in his veins. His great grandmother Eunice married an Indian; but her daughter married an Englishman; and it was that daughter's son who was the father of Eleazar. It was

entirely possible, therefore, on any theory, that he should have had Caucasian features. And yet he undoubtedly did resemble in many of his features the Bourbon family. Not to mention the strong testimony of Dr. Francis and the artist Fagnani, there is a letter among his papers from Mr. Thos. H. White, of Philadelphia, from which the following is an extract:

There is residing in Burlington, New Jersey, a member of the society of Friends, Stephen Grelet; he was formerly an officer in the French service; has seen Louis XVI. On being shown your likeness, without being told who it was taken for, and asked merely if it resembled any one whom he knew, he replied, "I see no likeness in it to any one but Louis XVI."

And the coincidence of the fact, and the position of the cicatrized and scrofulous scars on the body of the Dauphin and of Mr. Williams, is a remarkable circumstance.

Two tests of the genuineness of his claims occurred to every one, when he put forth his pretensions: the testimony of his mother, and the evidence of his own memory. His mother, of course, would know whether Eleazar was her son or not. But she was an Indian, and did not understand English, and so could only be approached through an interpreter. Mr. Williams said that, as she was a Roman Catholic and he a Protestant, the priests had induced her, from consideration for the Church's interests, to be silent on the subject, that she would give no answer whatever to questions concerning Eleazar. Somewhat later, however, in the midst of the discussions concerning his claims, an affidavit appeared signed by his mother declaring positively that Eleazar was her son, and that the scars on his knees came from sores which he brought home with him from school. Still later another affidavit of Mrs. Williams appeared, contradicting much of the former affidavit, and in which Eleazar is mentioned indirectly as her adopted son. In giving this affidavit Mr. Hanson makes no mention of Mr. Williams' connection with it, but says that it was uttered freely by Mrs. Wil-

liams in Mohawk, and afterward translated into English. What surprised us, therefore, in looking over the papers was to find several memoranda in Mr. Williams' handwriting in English, which showed that the affidavit had really been composed by him. There were rough copies containing erasures and interlineations, showing how the affidavit had been made up, and all indicating an apparent purpose to steal the desired avowal of his adoption from his mother, without making too broad an issue. In order, therefore, to get at the truth of the matter, we wrote to the Justice before whom both of the affidavits were sworn, and desired him to relate the circumstances, as he remembered them. His answer was as follows:

The first affidavit was made under the following circumstances. Rev. Mr. Marcoux of St. Regis came to my office at the time the affidavit is dated, and said that he had been requested by the editor of some French paper, published in New York, to ascertain from the mother of Mr. Williams whether there was any reason to suppose that Eleazar was not her son. Mrs. Williams accompanied Mr. Marcoux, and I think one or two other persons. Mr. Marcoux acted as interpreter. Mrs. Williams did not speak or understand English. The affidavit was drafted by me, and so far as I could judge by the little knowledge I have of the Indian language, she was truly and correctly interpreted, and spoke in that affidavit as she wished to be understood. The second affidavit was taken at the hotel, Mr. Williams and another gentleman with Antoine Barrow, the interpreter, being present. I had no particular knowledge of the matter until called in to take the affidavit, when I found the parties above named, with Mrs. Williams, in the room, and a discussion going on between Mr. Williams and Barrow about the meaning of an Indian word which was to make the mother say that he was adopted. I took the affidavit made by Mrs. Williams, but I never thought that she intended to say that Eleazar was an adopted son, but she seemed very much surprised that he should claim to be any other than her own son. This was always her answer, except in this single instance. I have never believed she understood the word, or intended to say what she was made to say in the last affidavit. I think that you will find it rather artfully drawn, and that it does not present such an appearance of truth and frankness as the first. Certainly, if I am mistaken in this view, it was very forcibly impressed on

my mind by the circumstances under which the two affidavits were taken.

It seems, therefore, clear that Mrs. Williams desired to say that Eleazar was her son. She might or might not be uttering the truth; but such was her declaration. It therefore fares badly with Mr. Williams' credibility to find him writing to the Rev. Mr. Hale that "his mother was justly indignant at the statement" (that Eleazar was not the son of Louis XVI., but was her son), "and calls the utterer of it a dishonest villain and a liar, to invent such a false tale as coming from her."

It is, however, true that Eleazar's name does not appear among those of the other children of Thomas Williams on the baptismal register at Caughnawaga. This is certainly surprising, considering the carefulness of the Roman Catholics in the matter of the baptism of their children. The names of all the other children are there except Eleazar's. The, perhaps insufficient, reason for the omission, given by the mother and the priest, was that the child was weakly, and was baptized privately, and, in consequence, no record was kept. But the statement made by Mr. Williams to Mr. Hanson, that "the births of the children follow so closely upon each other in regular intervals of two years each, that it does not seem naturally possible I could have been her child," is hardly borne out by the record. Mrs. Williams says that Eleazar was her fourth child; and the births follow, according to the baptismal register, at these intervals; 1780, 1781, 1786, 1791, 1793, 1795, 1796, 1799, &c.; so that, at the time named by Mrs. Williams, there is an unusual interval, in which, in order to preserve the regularity, it is possible, perhaps, likely, that a child was born. The baptismal register, on the evidence in which Mr. Williams so greatly depended, is not, therefore, conclusive in his favor.

When appealed to as regards his memory of his early life, Mr. Williams said that his life, up to within a short time before he went to Massachusetts in 1800, was to him a blank, that a few

floating images in his mind was all that he retained. The immediate cause of the return to him of reason was, he said, a fall into the waters of Lake George from a high rock up to which he had clambered. So that, presuming that Mr. Williams was honest, all hope of gaining any clue to the truth from his memory was at an end.

A circumstance is told by Mr. Hanson, on anonymous authority, about Mr. Williams' education, which was one of those many slight, concurring incidents that rendered his plea for Mr. Williams so apparently conclusive; but which an examination of original documents proves to be false. He says that, while Eleazar and his reputed brother were together in Massachusetts being educated, and while the expenses for his brother's education were altogether a charge upon the benevolent, part of the means for Eleazar's support was furnished from an unknown source. Now we have before us the package of original bills and appropriations, and no such distinction is anywhere apparent. It is absolutely certain that Eleazar, like his brother, was educated wholly at the charge of certain benevolent societies in Massachusetts, with a view to future ministry among the Indians. There is not the slightest appearance of mystery. Mr. Hanson quotes the authority of an Albany newspaper for the statement that Mr. Bleecker of that city was the agent for Mr. Jourdan, and supplied Thomas Williams with money for the education of the foreign boy. But I have before me the copy of a communication, in Mr. Williams' handwriting, sent under a fictitious name to the Albany Knickerbocker, which is the origin of all the assertions which Mr. Hanson says came from an undoubted source. For all we can gather to the contrary they came from Mr. Williams' imagination, as no authority whatever is referred to.

After completing his education in Massachusetts, and after his participation as ranger in the second war, in which he was wounded, Mr. Williams, in 1816, commenced his work among the Indians at Oneida; and, five years

later, emigrated with a part of the tribe to Green Bay, Wisconsin, near which place he continued to reside until 1850, when he returned East.

As early as 1822 a disposition appeared in Mr. Williams, which continued to manifest itself ever afterwards, to engage in genealogical researches. In that year he writes to a relative that he is about to prepare a life of Solomon Williams, and desires documents. In 1845 he assisted in preparing a memoir of his great grandmother Eunice. In 1848 he preached in Deerfield two commemorative and historical discourses on the two hundredth anniversary of the death of the Rev. John Williams.

At this time, too, he began to collect accounts of Indian history, manners, and traditions. In 1823 numerous letters indicate that he had become known in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Hartford as an authority in Indian matters. Letters of inquiry from the Rev. Dr. Jarvis, Mrs. Sigourney, Mr. Cope, and others, were answered with such fulness as to indicate that he had already made fair progress in what he afterwards continued,—inquiries as to the labors of the early French missionaries among the Indians, and the travels and discoveries of La Salle, Hennepin and Marquette. And at a date no later than 1826 the following extract from the *Hampshire Gazette* is found in his journal, and may indicate the drift of his mind:

WELSH INDIANS.—The Welsh have a tradition that one of their princes, by the name of Madoc, sailed from Wales about the year 1170, with 300 men, and never returned; and some authors imagine that they settled in America, and report that a tribe of white Indians, who speak the Welsh language, now inhabit some part of the country west of the Mississippi. In December, 1822, a gentleman in Wales wrote a letter to Rev. E. Chapman, one of the American missionaries stationed among the Osages, requesting information respecting a tribe of Indians inhabiting the Rocky Mountains, near Santa Fe, and furnished him with a small vocabulary of Welsh words, to ascertain whether these Indians had any knowledge of the Welsh language. Mr. Chapman, in his reply, states that he had been informed by a party of hunters that the *Narajoes*, a singular people, live in the midst of the mountains northwest of

Santa Fe; that they cultivate all kinds of vegetables; possess herds of cattle, horses, sheep, &c.; do not live in villages, but on their plantations; manufacture various articles of clothing; and dress unlike all other Indians. The men cultivate the earth and tend the flocks, and the women attend to domestic affairs. They have large churches, and their own native priest, and refuse to admit the Spanish clergy. Their weapons resemble those of the ancient Britons. Mr. C. had found no opportunity to compare their language with the Welsh.

There is very little probability, in our opinion, that these Indians will turn out to be the descendants of Madoc and his friends. There is no more reason to suppose that they have derived some of the arts of civilized life, and some knowledge of Christianity from their neighbors, the Spaniards.—*Hampshire Gazette*.

From the time of Mr. Williams' removal from New York began that course which was the bane of all his after life. He became mixed up in the temporal affairs of the Indians, and in a short time was but little else than a hanger on about the committee rooms and departments at Washington. This so secularized his character, and to this he so subordinated his clerical duties that, within two or three years after his removal West, his missionary stipend was withdrawn, and his connection with the society dissolved. For twenty-five years thereafter he seems to have rendered only occasional ministerial services, and his thoughts are wholly absorbed in the prosecution of Indian claims. It would be needless to enumerate all the schemes which kept him constantly in or near Washington, watching the varying fortunes of his petitions; but laments over the worldliness of his mind, and conjectures as to the success of his suits before Congress form, during this period the staple of his journal.

After being flattered with many delusive hopes, he met at length, on the whole, with the fate of all federal claimants. He secured some appropriations for the Indians, out of which considerable sums had to be deducted for his expenses. But he became poorer and poorer, until, in 1850, he had no foot left to stand upon in the West. He had been called to account for ministerial

irregularities by the Bishop of New York, and the Bishop of Wisconsin; and the Boston missionary society, of which he had latterly become a stipendiary, received a complaint from the Indians that Mr. Williams never preached, and only wanted money. And the cause of it all, as he confesses in his journal, was his absorption in secular affairs. He had been drawn into the vortex at Washington, and, in waiting for his claims to be allowed, he lost his ministerial devotion, and all his property besides.

With a single exception, in either his letters, or journals, or papers, we see not the slightest mention of his royal claims until the year 1848. That exception is the single entry in one place in his journal in 1841 of his interview with Prince de Joinville, and the reported disclosure of his royal birth made to him then. Certain it is that there is no other allusion to this most stupendous revelation of his origin in any other form for seven years after it was said to have been made. And no person has been found to whom, during this interval, Mr. Williams spoke of the strange history. He explains this silence by saying that he was incredulous as to its truth; and the matter dropped out of his mind, until afterwards revived by further circumstances.

Certainly, the difficulty of assigning a motive for such gratuitous disclosures to an obscure missionary on the part of the Prince, whose father was then in apparently secure possession of the throne of France, was always an inexplicable point in Mr. Williams' story. And it is no small task to harmonize Mr. Williams' refusal of such splendid offers as he says were then made to him with his extreme poverty at the time, and the toughening of scruple which must have been induced in him by so long contact with the influences at Washington. Moreover, the political sentiments put into the Prince's mouth during the interview, more especially the remarks relative to the connection between the French Revolution and the misfortunes of Louis XVI., and the aid

rendered by France to us during our own Revolutionary struggle, are found in almost identical words among Mr. Williams' papers at a date long anterior to his interview with the Prince.

It is, of course, unquestionable that the Prince heard of Mr. Williams in the East, and inquired for him. But, as we have seen, Mr. Williams had long been known in the Eastern cities as one versed in those subjects of early French history in this country in which the Prince would naturally be interested. And nothing would be more obvious than that he should have had Mr. Williams' name given to him, and that, when he went West, he should have inquired for Mr. Williams.

This is the Prince's version of the matter; and the likelihood of its truth is certified by the following circumstance. Immediately after parting from each other, at the Prince's suggestion, Mr. Williams prepared and sent to the Prince in New York some information about La Salle and Charlevoix. The reception of this information the Prince courteously acknowledges through his secretary; but there is not the slightest intimation of any occult matter between them. In 1843 Mr. Williams, in the name of his Indian brethren, sends a request to the King of the French, through the Prince, for some books of instruction. The Prince, through his secretary, replies that the King has complied with the request and sends the books. On account of interruptions in mail communications the letter and the box remain for a little time in New York; and, when they are forwarded, the Consul General of France in a note says that he "was unable before to present to Mr. Williams the enclosed letter and the box of books sent by the King of the French." On these words, in order to heighten Mr. Williams' importance, and as an additional voucher for his claims, the assertion is founded that the King thought Mr. Williams worthy of an autograph letter, which was lost. The letter referred to is, of course, that of the Prince's secretary. A copy of Mr. Williams' reply to this

lies before me; and, in order to show how inconsistent its tone is with the disclosures asserted to have been made by the Prince, the following extract will suffice:

So well pleased am I with the books, and so high an opinion do I entertain of your Royal Highness' benevolence and friendship, as to embolden me to appear before him as a suppliant for a similar favor. For years I have been desirous to acquaint myself with the writings of the French, either in civil or ecclesiastical histories, as well as in theology. If it is not asking and intruding too much upon your Royal Highness' goodness, may I hope that he will give a favorable hearing to my humble request.

From these facts, which theory seems to be more likely;—that they had had a friendly communication together on historical subjects; or that the Prince had revealed to Mr. Williams the awful intelligence that he was the rightful King of France, and he was himself his subject? The journal in which the circumstances of the Prince's visit are narrated consists of sheets stitched loosely together; and it would be entirely possible to interpellate new matter into it, or indeed to write it wholly over.

The New York *Courrier des Etats Unis* in February, 1854, says that it had received a letter from an "honorable citizen of Buffalo, Mr. Geo. H. Haskins, who affirms that nearly two years before the journey of the Prince de Joinville to the United States, Mr. Williams had confided to him, under the seal of the most profound secrecy, that he was not what he appeared to be, and that he was in reality the Dauphin of France. As proof on this point, Mr. Williams showed Mr. Haskins an engraved portrait of Marie Antoinette, that he might judge of the resemblance between them, and also a small copper medal of devotion, such as the Indians wear about the neck, and not having any connection with any historical medal of the reign of Louis XVI. The story included all the imaginary circumstances that Mr. Hanson has collected,—the idiocy of early infancy, the sanative fall into Lake George, and the resi-

dence of his guardian in New Orleans. This interview, adds Mr. Haskins, took place in Buffalo, partly in my father's office, and partly at the Farmer's Hotel, between the years 1837 and 1840; and while I do not remember the precise date, I can affirm most positively that this conversation took place more than a year and a half before Mr. Williams' meeting with the Prince de Joinville."

In connection with this, the fact appears from his journal that Mr. Williams was in Buffalo at about that time; and that he was in the habit of lodging at the Farmer's Hotel. If this testimony be true, it indicates that Mr. Williams did not derive his first impressions of his royal origin from the Prince, but that he had been brooding over the matter long before. It also goes far to cast distrust over all Mr. Williams' assertions. Furthermore, it is noticeable that, although much inquired after, no original medals or documents of any kind were ever produced by Mr. Williams. Subsequently he said that he had received letters from several French bishops and one cardinal, and also one from the secretary of the present Emperor, all inquiring into his history. But when these, or any other original letters or medals were asked for, Mr. Williams always declared that they had been lost, or burnt, or been mysteriously stolen. And while to one person Mr. Williams says that he immediately answered the Emperor's letter, to another he writes that he has refused to notice it.

But, in 1848, Mr. Williams says that he received a letter from Thos. Kimball, of Baton Rouge, informing him that an aged French gentleman had just died in New Orleans, who, on his death-bed, had broken the oath of silence which he had long before been forced to take; and that he had declared that it was he who had brought the Dauphin to this country, and had placed him among the Indians, and that the Dauphin was none other than Eleazar Williams.

Now, in the first place, there are two copies of this journal among Mr. Wil-

liams' papers; and the copy from which Mr. Hanson wrote is evidently the later transcript; and it differs in several remarkable particulars from the earlier copy. Some things are added, others are taken away, and there is a change of the words "New Orleans or Havana," for "New Orleans and Helena;" and there is nothing about Vanderheyden, of Albany, in the first copy. Then, while this is all the information which the journal gives, and Mr. Williams states that he derived all his information on this subject from this letter of Mr. Kimball's; in another part of Mr. Williams' papers we have a most elaborate, extra-historical account of the circumstances under which the oath was taken by Bellanger in France, the name of the bishop who administered it," &c. Then, while Mr. Hanson, in April, 1853 (Putnam's, p. 450), says that "at the time that his previous article was prepared (January, 1853), Mr. Williams was not aware that any person named Bellanger was known historically to have been in communication with the Dauphin during the last hours spent in the Temple," I have before me a statement written by Mr. Williams *before* 1850, in which he uses these words: "The brave and humane Bellanger who had charge of the Dauphin arrived at Lake George," &c. I know not how we can extricate Mr. Williams in such a case without concluding that he was deceiving Mr. Hanson. Then, finally, although Mr. Kimball is spoken of as an acquaintance of Mr. Williams in the first copy of the journal,—not in the last, the published copy,—we never meet with any mention of him before or after in his life. Inquiries were naturally put to Mr. Williams as to where this person was; but he never answered them. And, although Mr. Hanson searched diligently in New Orleans, he could find no trace whatever of the death of any such Frenchman as Mr. Kimball mentions.

But from this time, 1848, paragraphs began to appear in various newspapers, in New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Albany, and other places, respecting

Mr. Williams' claims. They spoke of Mr. Williams in the third person, and purported to be founded on well-known facts in Mr. Williams' life. The public mind was being educated to wonder who this person was, and what truth there was in his claims. But, in reality, under whatever names these articles were sent to the publishers, they all emanated from Mr. Williams himself. And this manner of writing anonymously, or under an assumed name, and as though great facts were held in reserve, was a method by which ever afterward Mr. Williams kept himself before the public eye. I quote one letter, out of many which could be given, as a specimen, written in December, 1848, to the Rev. Mr. Clark, of Manlius, New York; and this is in Mr. Williams' handwriting:

May I add here, to what I have already stated of Mr. Williams' origin, that there is certainly a mystery in the birth and descent of this man. The register of the baptisms of the family of his reputed father in Canada, which I have received within a few days past from the priest, affirms that there is no such name as Eleazar in the family of Thomas Williams. There are circumstances apparently strong in their nature which induce me to think that Mr. Williams is the Dauphin, or Louis XVII. of France.

And I have before me a letter written in July, 1848, to Mr. E. Irving, of New York, thanking him for the trouble which he had been at in going to half a dozen offices before he could get the notice of the Dauphin published. A strong point made by Mr. Hanson in Mr. Williams' behalf was that, so far from bringing his claims before the public, Mr. Williams had been strongly averse to it. The facts which I have given prove the contrary. It is noticeable that, in these earlier publications, the point which Mr. Williams insists upon mainly is the absence of his name from the register at Caughnawaga, and the proof that he finds therein that he is not Thos. Williams' son. He barely alludes to the Prince's visit and Kimball's letter, and asks what these must mean. It was left for Mr. Hanson later to work up the antecedent probabilities,

and to elaborate and multiply the proofs.

At length, in July, 1849, an article appeared in the United States Magazine which purported to be a review of a life of the Dauphin written by Mr. H. B. Ely. But the book had no existence outside of the review, and, although I cannot say positively that the article was written by Mr. Williams, yet it is very much in his style; and, certainly, no such person as Mr. H. B. Ely ever appeared afterward in the controversy, although inquired after. But the article served its purpose as a *point d'appui*, to which Mr. Williams could refer inquirers, and on which Mr. Williams could support, what was then the more important consideration to him, his claims before Congress. A letter sent under another name, but in Mr. Williams' handwriting, is before me, addressed to a member, in which he refers to the articles concerning Mr. Williams' high birth, in the public prints, and thinks that if, on the strength of them, and of the assistance rendered to the United States by his reputed father, Louis XVI., a strong speech were made, it could hardly fail to help on his suit. In a letter written in October, 1850, to a gentleman in this city, while he urges the expediency of throwing out occasional paragraphs in the papers about his claims, he only refers to them as they may help on his case before Congress. Indeed in several letters he urges his friends to keep his name and the subject before the public.

And in this anonymous way, with a view to its influencing matters at Washington, with as many men in buckram as he chose to personate, the agitation was kept up until the time when Mr. Hanson commenced his investigations. Thus in August 1850, Mr. Williams wrote, under an assumed name, of course, to a Mr. Reed of Buffalo.

It so happened that I was at the Eagle Hotel, in Philadelphia, when you and Mr. Williams (the Dauphin of France) were there. Curiosity, as well as having taken an interest in the history of the unfortunate Prince, has led me to address you, and ask you to have the goodness to inform me if you are in pos-

session of any historical facts in relation to this wonderful man.

But a new direction and spirit were imparted to the subject when Mr. Hanson took the matter up. Whatever Mr. Williams' disposition was, Mr. Hanson entered into the subject *con amore*, and pursued it with the honest energy which characterized his nature. No hope of ulterior advantages were needed to stimulate the search; Mr. Hanson believed that Mr. Williams was indeed the Dauphin; that he had been grossly wronged; and he determined to befriend his suit. And the effect of the change is as manifest, immediately, in looking over the papers, as is the relief in going out of a fetid atmosphere into the open air. The anonymous paragraphs and correspondence under assumed names now cease, and the royal claims are put forth avowedly.

In the meantime Mr. Williams had been reduced to such straits in the West that in 1850 he came East to endeavor to engage his services to certain parties for the removal of the Senecas from the Indian territory to the upper waters of the Mississippi. But, as his overtures were declined, and he was bidden to consider the correspondence closed, and as there was nothing left for him in Wisconsin, he went to St. Regis, in the northern part of this State, where a portion of his father's tribe had a reservation, and commenced a school there. Then, as he shortly after received a missionary appointment from the Diocesan Society of New York, and the Boston Unitarian Society, and succeeded in procuring many subscriptions for his work, he made up his mind to remain in the East, and resume clerical duty. And this he was the more induced to do as there sprang up under his hand, directly he came East, a brood of new claims upon Congress and the Vermont Legislature which he could more conveniently prosecute at St. Regis. Neither his wife nor his son returned to the East with him; nor had they, in spite of Mr. Williams' representations to the contrary, even any faith in his royal aspirations.



It is not our business to examine all the new considerations in behalf of Mr. Williams' kingly claims which Mr. Hanson's assiduity unearthed. Many of them exhaust themselves in proving that the Dauphin may not have died in 1795; whereas the further and more important question for us is whether the facts of Mr. Williams' life, as revealed by his papers, go to show whether he was the Dauphin, even granting that the Dauphin did not die in 1795. We have passed in review the main grounds on which Mr. Williams rested his case; the facts are as they have been stated; the conclusion from them others may form.

A noticeable feature as revealed by Mr. Williams' papers is that, while at first, he rarely ever asserts his own confidence in his claims, his assurance seems to strengthen itself as the belief gained ground in others. And so, for three years after the appearance of the first article in *Putnam's Monthly*, during which time Mr. Hanson's book appeared, and the controversy waxed hot on the subject, as Mr. Williams was flooded with compliments and communications, he came to believe himself a veritable prince in disguise.

Notes are directed to him under the title of Louis XVII., and he is addressed in them as "Your most gracious Majesty." He signs himself with the royal cypher, "L. C.;" he says that "he wishes to maintain the dignity of his family by manifesting at all times in his conduct that sense of honor which becomes his royal race;" he confidently anticipates the time when he shall be called back to France to restore the government on its old basis; he writes anonymously a communication for a newspaper, declaring that the Count de Chambord is investigating his claims, and that the Bourbon and Orleans branches are uniting in self-defence against him. He prepared also a royal manifesto in these words:

It is due to ourselves to say that in early life we imbibed a sacred regard for constitutional liberty, human rights, universal freedom, and the good of the race. And these

sentiments have been strengthened and increased by the events of many years up to the present hour. We trust we have learned so much of the Gospel of the Son of God, that whenever an individual of the human race is found, we look upon that person as our brother, without regard to his rank or origin. We have hitherto enjoyed the quiet of a private and retired life; we have no solicitude for a responsible station in the government. Nor are we insensible to the high trust and arduous responsibilities of the Chief Magistrate of a state. But should we be called to the high office which was formerly held by our ancestors, we shall endeavor so to discharge the duties of that station, as to show that the confidence reposed in us was not misplaced.

What use he made of this paper it is impossible to say. He also declares in a letter to a gentleman in this city, that he has been visited by two French Commissioners from France, who, he says, to all appearance are searching into the history of his life; a fact which rests on no other authority than his word. Although it does not appear that he ever had any foreign correspondent, except, in that one instance, the Prince de Joinville, he writes to a friend that he "had lately received a communication from a respectable gentleman in France who is the nephew of Mr. Laurent, who attended upon the Dauphin for a time in the Temple. This aged gentleman, now eighty-four years old, states that he was the very person who took the Dauphin, in the night when the Dauphin was rescued, from the Temple, and bore him to a little boat in the river Seine, where he was received by friendly hands."

And in 1857 he says that a letter from Lyons had been sent, "in the care of the house of Cope, Philadelphia," in which the following information was contained:

Monsieur I— says, "With faltering steps I moved towards a dark recess containing a truckle bed; on this low couch the sovereign of France was lying, under the effects of a powerful opiate. With a throbbing heart I stretched forth my arms, and put one of them gently under his shoulders, and raised him up. 'Lend me some assistance for a moment, Monsieur,' said I. We wrapped him in a large black mantle. The mightiest of the kings of Europe was now in our arms a helpless babe. We began to descend. At the second turn,

'Who goes there?' was the challenge. 'Heaven and earth!' thought I, 'I have been deceived.' But at the next moment the voice of the officer of the guard was heard, 'Pass, pass.'

But this is not the only point at which information springs up conveniently for Mr. William's benefit, which no previous historian had ever recorded. In a memoir of Louis XVI. and Marie, during their imprisonment, in Mr. Williams' handwriting, we have this incident given on authority which he does not recollect to furnish.

In the night following the baptism of the Dauphin, that is worthy of notice which is said to have happened to the queen in her sleep, in relation to the infant. She saw her child in manhood, and his dress was all black, and he was in the midst of a large concourse of people, whom he was addressing in the most forcible language, entreating them to obey the Word of God. When the queen related her nocturnal vision to the king and other friends, it was done with an air of pleasantry. "What," she says, "will my son be a minister of religion? Will he proclaim the faith of Christ in the fields? For surely it was in the meadow where I saw him and the people, and he was in the dress of the Reformed ministers!"

And further, while even Mr. Hanson, after all his researches, leaves the manner of the Dauphin's removal obscure, Mr. Williams conveniently furnishes a minute account of it, still, however, reserving his authority.

To effect the Dauphin's liberation, every preparation had been made by the few active friends in Paris, upon whom a profound secrecy had been enjoined as necessary to the success of their perilous enterprise, and to the preservation of their own lives. The several parts assigned to the actors immediately at the Temple were most faithfully performed, and this gave a favorable turn to the whole movement. At two o'clock in the morning, the young Dauphin, wrapped up in a bed mattress, was conveyed to a house in the neighborhood, where he was dressed in clothes made for the journey, and thence to the carriage in which he and his attendants were to be carried to Flanders and Holland, and thence to England. The Dauphin was in such a feeble state that his little remaining strength gave way as they were leaving the barriers of Paris; and the attendants became alarmed lest he should expire in their arms. He fainted several times and ceased to breathe. But on the application

of restoratives he revived, and with great simplicity entreated his attendants to carry him back.

Really, at this rate, the manufacture of history becomes the easiest thing in the world.

But, by reason of his absorption in this matter, and the continued prosecution of his Indian claims at Washington, and the consequent absences from home, Mr. Williams' duties became neglected to such an extent that his missionary stipend was withdrawn in 1855. Just before this, too, his indefatigable friend, Mr. Hanson died; and, while the Bourbon discussion brought him notoriety and some presents, it did not bring success to his suite before Congress, and Mr. Williams began to be in want. He drew heavily upon the generosity of his friends; but he never was very provident, and the Indians used to say, with regard to the money which he was soliciting for them, that "he had a hole in his pocket."

In 1856 he fancied that poison had been administered to him by foreign emissaries either in Philadelphia or in this city, the effects of which poison he had been suffering from for two years. In the Spring of 1858, the public prints gave out that Mr. Williams had narrowly escaped assassination at Washington. In writing to a friend, Mr. Williams gives the following account of the affair:

For more than two years I have been warned by my friends in the Atlantic cities to be careful, and not walk out in the evenings without an attendant. I was informed in Washington that the French Emperor had agents and spies all over the country, under pretence of seeking after those who had attempted his life. The police of the city was doubled in the vicinity of my residence. In the night of the affair my spirit was raised to the highest pitch in defence of my life. I fell upon my antagonist like a furious lion, drove him from one corner of the room to the other, until I wrested the instrument of death from his hands. He then fled, and left the dagger on the floor, and it is now in my possession.

How much of this was fact, and how much imagination, each one must settle for himself. And yet, in this connection, it is but just to give Mr. Hanson's

narrative of a strange occurrence which happened to him in April, 1854 :

I have had a call from C——. He behaved very strangely, and whether he wanted to assassinate me, or to make some bona fide proposition from Henry V., I do not know, but it was one or the other. He called about half-past seven in the morning, stayed to breakfast, and remained some hours after. To keep the door shut seemed his great anxiety, and he would come close up to me with hand behind his back, and something apparently wrapped up in his pocket handkerchief. And though I repeatedly put the table, or the distance of the room between us, he would follow me and come up as close as possible. So, finding I could not avoid him, I improved upon his example, moved still closer to him, and looked him in the eyes. The burden of his talk was to try to induce me to confess that I had some political object in writing about Mr. Williams, and to urge the expediency of an alliance with Henry V. I told him I had no political object, although it was by no means improbable that political results might grow out of it; but that, if I ever had such intentions, he might be very certain that I would not commit myself, nor would Mr. Williams, to any persons without knowing the object of the application, and seeing credentials. He then began to talk at random about affairs on the continent, as if to distract my attention, plying me with questions; but I kept my eyes on him till I got him out of the door. As he was going away, he said that since I would

not confess that I had a political object, or wished to work against the Emperor, he could not make the propositions he had designed, and that the responsibility of the failure must rest upon Mr. Williams and myself.

At length, however, after his last claim had been thrown out by Congress, when the unstable public, being palled with the Bourbon question, had turned to some fresher excitement, Mr. Williams retired, wearied out, to his lonely home at Hogansburgh. And, although he had yet other plans in view, it became evident that his long and chequered career was drawing to a close. For some weeks he lingered, at first in severe need, at length made comfortable by timely assistance; and so, nursed by Indians, he died quietly on the 28th of August, 1858. He was buried near his house, and no stone marks his grave.

Was he Bourbon, or half-breed? If the first, as so many thought, were ever so many vicissitudes condensed into one mortal life? If the last, what a triumph over disadvantages, what a fertility of invention marked this member of what is generally considered an ignoble race!

A SEA-SIDE IDYL.

I WANDERED to the shore, nor knew I then
 What my desire,—whether for wild lament,
 Or sweet regret, to fill the idle pause
 Of twilight, melancholy in my house,
 And watch the flowing tide, the passing sails,
 Or to implore the air, and sea, and sky,
 For that eternal passion in their power
 Which souls like mine who ponder on their fate
 May feel, and be as they—gods to themselves.
 Thither I went, whatever was my mood.
 The sands, the rocks, and beds of bending sedge,
 The fading marge beyond, the curling line
 Of waves, falling on sands, and rocks, and sedge,
 Impelled to leave soft foam, compelled away,—
 I saw alone. Between the East and West,
 Along the beach, no creature moved besides.
 High on the eastern point a lighthouse shone;
 Steered by its lamp a ship stood out to sea,
 And vanished from its rays towards the deep,
 While in the West, above a wooded isle,
 An island-cloud hung in the emerald sky,
 Hiding pale Venus in its sombre shade.

I wandered up and down the sands, I loitered
Among the rocks, and trampled through the sedge;
But I grew weary of the stocks and stones.
"I will go hence," I thought; "the Elements
Have lost their charm; my soul is dead to-night.
Oh passive, creeping Sea, and stagnant Air,
Farewell! Dull sands, and rocks, and sedge, farewell."
Homeward I turned my face, but stayed my feet.
Should I go back but to revive again
The ancient pain? Hark! suddenly there came
From over sea, a sound like that of speech;
And suddenly I felt my pulses leap
As though some Presence were approaching me.
Loud as the voice of "Ocean's dark-haired king"
A breeze came down the sea,—the sea rose high;
The surging waves sang round me—this their song:
"Oh, yet your love will triumph! He shall come
In love's wild tumult; he shall come once more,—
By tracks of ocean, or by paths of earth;
The wanderer will reach you, and remain."
The breakers dashed among the rocks, and they
Seemed full of life; the foam dissolved the sands,
And the sedge trembled in the swelling tide.
Was this a promise of the vaunting Sea,
Or the illusion of a last despair?
Either, or both, still homeward I must go,
And that way turned mine eyes, and thought they met
A picture,—surely so,—or I was mad.
The crimson harvest moon was rising full
Above my roof, and glimmered on my walls.
Within the doorway stood a man I knew—
No picture this. I saw approaching me
Him I had hoped for, grieved for, and despaired.
"My ship is wrecked," he cried, "and I return
Never to leave my love. You are my love?"
"I too am wrecked," I sighed, "by lonely years;
Returning you but find another wreck."
He bent his face to search my own, and spake:
"What I have traversed sea and land to find,
I find. For liberty I fought, and life,
On savage shores, and wastes of unknown seas,
While waiting for this hour. Oh, think you not
Immortal love mates with immortal love
Always? And now, at last, we learn this love."
My soul was filling with a mighty joy
I could not show—yet must I show my love.
"From you whose will divided broke our hearts
I now demand a different kiss than that
Which then you said should be our parting kiss.
Given, I vow the past shall be forgot.
The kiss—and we are one! Give me the kiss."
Like the dark rocks upon the sands he stood,
When on his breast I fell, and kissed his lips.
All the wild clangor of the sea was hushed;
The rapid silver waves ran each to each,
Lapsed in the deep with joyous, murmured sighs.
Years of repentance mine, forgiveness his,
To tell. Happy, we paced the tranquil shores,
Till, between sea and sky we saw the sun,
And all our wiser, loving days began.

A VISIT TO YEDO.

BY A YOUNG NEW-YORKER.

YOKOHAMA, Feb. 15, 1868.

I HAD been warned that earthquakes were of frequent occurrence, and told to be ready at any moment for a shock. I had the honor of staying in a building which, to say the least, was somewhat shaky, and once or twice feeling the floor move in rather an unpleasant manner, I imagined that the crisis was at hand, and had jumped up ready "to take notes thereon," only to discover to my disgust that the disturbance was occasioned by my next door neighbor coming upstairs rather heavily. At last the wolf came at a rather unexpected time, and I was jostled out of bed one morning in a most unceremonious manner.

A few nights since, as I was returning home, I heard a cry of fire, and at the same moment saw a bright flame arising from a building a short distance in the rear of the hotel. Situated as this town is, without any water facilities, and with but one engine of any size, a fire usually means a complete cleaning-out of every thing, and as the rickety hotel was situated directly to leeward of the burning building, I fully made up my mind to be roofless before morning. Arriving at the scene of action, I found that the fire had broken out in a livery stable, which was now in a grand blaze. The engine was soon on the ground, and all hands went to work with a will.

The native machines soon began to arrive, and the place in a few moments was completely blocked up by a crowd of yelling, jabbering Japs, each of whom carried a bright-colored lantern, which article they never venture out at night without. We had been at work a short time, and were beginning to make some little headway on the flames when we heard a cry from the natives, and, looking in the direction of the noise, saw the Governor of Kanagawa approaching on horseback, attended by his bettoes or grooms. It certainly showed a commendable zeal in the old gentleman, and it strikes me that there are not many men with his title who would turn out at eleven o'clock at night and ride three miles to assist

in extinguishing a fire in which they had not the slightest personal interest.

By hard work and an unlimited amount of noise, the fire was at last subdued with the loss of only the stable in which it originated, and I returned to my "bunk" decidedly wet and dirty, but otherwise none the worse for wear.

The following morning I witnessed the proceedings of a Japanese Court of Justice. The owner of the burned stable, a gentleman of color by the way, having strong suspicions that the fire was the work of an incendiary, and having doubts about some of his bettoes, examined them all, and also captured and searched two whom he had discharged a few days previous, and who had left him in rather an indignant mood. On these two he found money and keys which had been taken from a box over the stable, and immediately marched them off to the magistrate. The examination was conducted in the courtyard of the Governor's house, and was an exceedingly simple matter. The complaint having been made and taken down in full by an interpreter, one of the prisoners endeavored to make a few remarks in defence of himself, but was silenced in a most peremptory manner by the magistrate.

Two officers were now sent for who fastened a cord about the waist of each prisoner, and they were led or rather driven to prison. From here they are taken daily and "lashed" until they are willing to confess their crime, when in aggravated cases they are burned alive.

Much has been written about the absence of poverty and distress in Japan, and it appears to me that the Japanese coolie has been entirely overlooked. The condition of these poor creatures, and there is a fearful number of them, is far worse than slavery. The amount that they can earn in tea houses and at other work is little enough, at the best, to keep body and soul together, but when the greater portion of this is consumed by the monthly purchase of a custom-house license, it is simply a wonder how they manage to keep alive. I have seen them by

hundreds going through the streets at dusk, in this freezing weather, with nothing but nature's covering, with the addition of a thick coat of native soil, and a cloth thrown around their loins. After seeing a few of these poor shivering wretches, crouching along by the side of buildings, in order, if possible, to avoid the cutting wind, one cannot but think that even Japan is not entirely free from misery. Even in death these poor creatures are not allowed their six feet of earth, but are thrown by hundreds into a pit, or more properly, cesspool.

After many tedious delays, finding that there was little chance of having any company, I concluded to make the trip to Yedo alone. I had been very kindly invited "to make myself at home" at the Legation, and having procured through the United States Consul a guard of Yaconins, I started out one morning in February, mounted on a splendid little pony, and followed in single file by the two-sworded gentlemen. The dress of these Yaconins is peculiar and unique. A pair of huge pantaloons, or rather bags, a tight vest, and a coat made with immense sleeves. On foot their head is generally uncovered, but when riding they wear either a skull cap or a neatly made straw hat. In rainy weather they envelop themselves in a straw cloak, which, from its peculiar construction, appears to shed water to a great extent. The swords are not carried by the side as in European nations, but are thrust through a belt, "fore and aft," so as to be in a convenient position for use.

After a ride of about three miles, principally through the upper portion of Yokohama, we arrived at what remained of the burnt town of Kanagawa. All along the road the guard kept up a continual "Hey, hey, hey," to clear the road, and the rapidity with which the lower classes made way proved that they stood in some awe of the military gentlemen; indeed, one or two individuals who did not keep at a sufficient distance from the horses, were gently taught better manners by a sharp cut from a whip.

The town of Kanagawa extends, or rather extended for three miles along the bay of Yedo directly opposite Yokohama, but one afternoon a fire broke out at the windward end of it, and in a few hours it was a heap of ashes. At night the view of the fire was a beautiful one, the flames extending for a league along the shore, and lighting up the entire bay and shipping. As soon as the fire was discovered, sixty men from the

United States steamer "Monocacy" were sent to assist in subduing it, but they were informed in the most emphatic manner that their assistance was entirely superfluous, and that they might return to their vessel. But now look at an instance of Japanese enterprise. The fire took place on Thursday night; instead of sitting down to bemoan their loss, or waiting a single day for matters to become settled, they start to work the *next morning*, while the ashes of their old homes are still hot to rebuild the town. Not a moment is lost, but men, women, and children, with tremendous energy, collect materials for their new roof, and when I passed through the place on the following Sunday, not only were there a large number of houses framed, but dozens had roofs nearly completed. Every thing had been cleaned out with the exception of a few mud "godowns," into which the owners had thrust their valuables, and the mud appeared to have withstood the fire very well. That was two weeks previous, and now the houses had risen on both sides of us in a most surprising manner; not palatial residences to be sure, but answering to keep out wind and rain.

We were now on the Taisido or main road of the empire, a fine macadamized thoroughfare (ubiquitous McAdam) extending from Yedo to the most southern part of the island. We now began to meet large bodies of troops followed by coolies carrying baggage, and officers who were being conveyed in baskets or cangoes. They were all in rapid motion, and I subsequently discovered that they were some of the Tycoon's army *en route* for the pass in the Hakoni mountains which they were about to fortify. We rode on, keeping to the left as is the custom here, when, as we turned a bend in the road, I noticed ahead of us an officer in a cango of rather better material than the others, surrounded by a guard who spread themselves across the road, and putting on a forbidding expression, appeared to have doubts about allowing us to pass. I was beginning to think that discretion is the better part of valor when one of my Yaconins shouted "*anata!*" and rushing up, they turned my pony to one side, and forming themselves into a hollow square, prepared to resist all aggression. In the meantime I had laid my hand on my revolver, and was ready for all sorts of sanguinary measures.

These Yaconins have to be careful of foreigners under their care, if only in self-defence as their heads are made directly re-

sponsible for any injury which the "tojans" may receive. At our grand military display the Tycoon's men drew in their horns, and passed on their way in the most peaceable manner, we doing likewise.

We rode on without meeting with any other obstruction, with the exception of the continued petitions of beggars, who line the Tacalido for miles.

Every description of suffering humanity were here; some poor creatures that it was perfectly sickening to look at, gather on this road from every part of the island, and having managed to set up a few sticks covered with straw to keep out a portion of the rain, they bow their heads to the ground to all passers by, calling out in the most piteous tones, "*Anata, tempo sinjo*," "*Tempo sinjo*." It must not be supposed that there is a large amount of pauperism in Japan, for it strikes me that the proportion is small, but it is the lame and deformed who collect from all parts of the country on these few miles of road. In the towns and cities but few beggars are seen. I noticed that these creatures seldom ask in vain, nearly all the passers by having a supply of "cash" which, though of small value, is dealt out to all of them by the piece; but when it is remembered that a "cash" is equal to but one sixteenth of a cent, it will be seen that the beggars do not become rich from their spoils.

At eleven o'clock, having partaken of a cup of the weakest tea imaginable at the ferry inn, we prepared to cross a stream about seventy five yards wide.

Their method of preparing tea is peculiar. They serve one with an almost colorless infusion of the leaves, and although it may be extremely "delicate," the taste of tea is so infinitesimally homœopathic that I would as soon drink the unadulterated hot water.

The ferry boats are large scows, and as no payment was required from us, I imagine that they are provided at government expense. We spent about half an hour endeavoring to persuade my pony that it was his duty to embark, but he evidently had conscientious scruples, and we finally compromised matters by taking him up bodily, and depositing him in the scow.

We now began to enter the limits of the great city, and the houses and population became thicker at every mile. We arrived at last at the Legation at half past twelve, after a ride of twenty-two miles. While we were waiting at the gate for the appearance of the head man, I was surrounded by a crowd of

gaping women and children who, although they have seen foreigners several times, appear to be able at each new exhibition to discover some new and interesting points in the peculiar biped.

Having delivered my note to the butler (which note looked to the uninitiated eye as if a playful fly had run through a puddle of ink, and then proceeded on a drunken spree over the paper), the gates were thrown open, and I entered the Legation grounds. My bettoe had followed us on foot all the way, and now stood ready to take charge of the pony as soon as I dismounted.

These bettoes are a wonderful set of fellows. Generally small but finely formed, they are dressed in winter in tights, with a loose covering thrown over their shoulders; in summer they content themselves with Dame Nature's covering, but in order to make some slight improvement on the old lady's work, they tattoo themselves in the most grotesque and fanciful manner. On the run they are indeed marvellous, being able to hold their own with any horse. The one I had kept right after us all the way up, and we went at no snail's pace, and appeared to be as fresh as ever on arriving at the end of our journey.

I found the Legation a fine, large house, built in Japanese style on a single floor, and with paper doors and windows. Mine host the butler, went straightway to work, and had a "chow-chow" prepared for me at short notice, which I devoured with a relish. I had sent for an interpreter, and shortly after he arrived. He was dressed in European clothes, and had discarded the sword for the more useful if not more ornamental pistol. I soon discovered that he was a good deal of a traveller, having been to the United States with the Commissioners in 1867, and also to England and France. He said that he found English easy to learn, and he spoke very fluently, but that he could not succeed with French, the pronunciation was "one too many for him." Not supposing that he would care to be seen in the streets with a foreigner, I asked him to direct the guard to take me to the foreign Concession, and was surprised at his saying that he would walk over there with me if I liked. I was very glad to accept this offer, as my knowledge of the language extends to about a dozen words, which I fling out on all occasions, "regardless of cost" and in a promiscuous manner, in hopes that I may strike something that will convey my meaning. The result, however, is not

always satisfactory. We started out about half past one, accompanied by my invincible guard.

Yedo, I believe, covers more ground than any other city in the world, and a walk through a portion of it gives one some idea of its vast extent.

The streets through which we passed were lined on either side by Daimios' quarters. Each Daimio or Prince was compelled, until recently, to spend six months of the year at Yedo, and some of their establishments are quite grand. Averaging perhaps from ten to fifteen acres each, the ground is enclosed by a fine stone wall. Inside of this and entirely surrounding the compound, are barracks, or quarters for the retinue, while in the centre is the castle and other buildings. There are about three hundred of these Daimios, so that their quarters alone take up a considerable amount of room; in fact, all streets in sight were lined with these enclosures. It is really funny to notice the age at which they allow their small boys to wield swords. Hundreds of little fellows of nine or ten years, strut along the streets with two swords in their belts, and with the same dignified expression that their immortal ancestors have handed down to them, and I have no doubt that they make as free use of their weapons, when excited, as their fathers. The poor dogs have to suffer the most from these weapons, as they are convenient objects to test the edge of a sword. I saw poor beasts with slices off their backs, and minus tails, and one large animal had just been *divided* as we passed. Cut with one powerful stroke of a sword directly in half, the poor thing was just dying. It appears that all the upper classes are permitted to carry weapons, the merchants being the only exceptions.

A walk of four miles brought us to the new hotel for foreigners. The Concession is at present merely an open lot, no houses having been commenced. The hotel is a fine, large building, nearly completed, of two stories, with large rooms and halls, and, situated directly on the water, commands a fine view of the bay of Yedo. On the way back, I had the honor of being hooted at, and called by epithets which, if translated, I imagine would have been any thing but pleasant, and I thanked my stars for once that I did not comprehend their villainous jargon. When I arrived at the Legation, I was rather fagged out. Twenty-two miles' ride and eight miles' walk I found sufficient to make my

joints ache considerably, and I was glad to tumble in at an early hour. The Legation is situated next door to a large temple, and I was awakened at midnight by the "boom boom" of the gong, and in my half sleepy state, grasped my pistol, imagining that something fearful was about to take place.

The next morning, after breakfast, I started out for a ride around the castle, accompanied as usual by my invincible guard. On our way there we passed through the principal part of the city, which, as far as buildings are concerned, presents very little of interest. A person having seen one town has seen all, as there is very little variety. The same little paper houses, the same overwhelming population blocking up the streets, and the same scrupulous cleanliness pervading every thing. The castle is surrounded by three moats about one hundred and fifty feet wide, with a wall and embankment inside of the first two. The castle itself is situated on quite a hill, on an artificial island containing at a rough estimate fifty acres. From the inner moat rises a finely sodded bank, about thirty feet high, on top of this is a high and substantial stone wall: furthermore deponent saith not, as neither love nor money could effect an entrance. The three moats are spanned by bridges built, as all their bridges are throughout the country, in the most substantial manner. Never built on the level, but always with a slight curve and with narrow plank, they are models of strength and durability. Each moat is filled with countless numbers of wild fowl which no one is allowed to molest. We next ascended Tassojama, a temple hill situated near the centre of the city, from which a splendid view can be obtained of houses in every direction, while behind us is the never failing background to Japanese views, snow-clad Fusayama.

The Government, being in constant expectation of an attack on the city, were exceedingly anxious to get rid of all foreigners, and as the officers at the English Legation were requested to retire to Yokohama, I found it necessary to start on my return immediately after "tiffen," arriving in Yokohama about five o'clock. When we arrived at the custom-house, I informed my guard that it was "all right," and wished them good day, but the fellows would not leave me until they had delivered me with no bones broken at the palatial residence from which I started, when they took their leave in a becoming manner.

NAPOLEON PAINTED BY HIMSELF.

PROBABLY, the truth of the familiar saying, that a reputation cannot be assailed by any other man so successfully as by its owner: in other words, that a man, when he fairly sets about it, can "write himself down" faster and more effectually than any other man can do the work for him—was never more signally shown than in the recent publication of "Napoleon's Correspondence" by order of Louis Napoleon.

The object of the latter personage was, of course, the glorification, generally, of 'mon oncle;' though he may have thought that the rays of the halo thus evoked would extend to and include the great captain's successor in office. At any rate, the faith of the nephew in the impeccability of the uncle was exemplary, touching and supreme—as is effectually made obvious by the fact, not only of his ordering the publication, but of his directing the members of the Commission who superintended the publishing, to "make no alteration, suppression or modification of the texts."

The thirteen originally appointed Commissioners pursued their task with great diligence. In the space of six years—from 1858 to 1864—they published no less than fifteen large, closely printed octavo volumes. They performed their task, also, with great fidelity—indeed, with too much fidelity; for, in 1864, the master of ceremonies found it necessary to supersede them by a new Commission of six members, of whom Prince Napoleon was the chief; who were instructed to publish *only what the Emperor himself would have made public*, had he lived long enough to be his own publisher.

On the subject of this change of editorship, the *Edinburgh Review*, in a masterly and—as far as it goes—an exhaustive article, of which we make free use as we write, remarks:

If any surprise was felt by the public, it was caused, not by the measure itself, but by the fact of its having been so long delayed. Had the situation of the French press been different, had there existed in France any of those sure and prompt means for testing public opinion which free countries afford, there can be little doubt that the knowledge of the impression produced by the publication of this correspondence would have quickly dispelled the delusions of those who flattered themselves

that they were raising a monument to the glory of the founder of the Bonaparte dynasty. No pamphleteer, however hostile, could have produced a work half so damaging to the reputation of the imperial hero; no libeller, however unscrupulous, would have dared to invent some of the letters which have thus been given to the world in the blindness of political idolatry. But it was long before the effect on the public outside the imperialist atmosphere could be appreciated, and, in the meantime, fifteen volumes had been published. The work was expensive and quite beyond the reach of popular readers; it was long and filled up in a great measure with administrative and military matters which deterred indolent minds accustomed to the light food of small chronicles and lively *causeries*. Newspapers and reviews were afraid to tread on such dangerous ground, and withheld their criticism; in a word, the correspondence, all things considered, was little read and still less spoken of. Now and then a political writer, bolder than the rest, would quote some startling passage to show the evils of uncontrolled power and the dangers of excessive centralization, but without daring to add a commentary. So the work proceeded rapidly and noiselessly, watched and appreciated only by a select few. It was half completed before its most zealous promoters had found out that their pious efforts had resulted in the most complete and irrefragable collection of accusing testimony that any one man was ever made to furnish against himself.

Among the strange things connected with Napoleon's career, one of the most strange is the fact that, after a legion of authors have endeavored to set the world right as to the character of the first Emperor of the French, and, in their varied efforts, have represented him in all the phases intermediate between a demon and a deity; leaving the real question, like the authorship of Junius, in such a confused state that its solution seemed to be hopeless; the hero of all these "Lives" should himself have dispelled the fog of uncertainty, and, with his own hand, have rendered a decision of the disputed point in such indisputable terms that dissent, on the part of any intelligent man who will read what is written, is simply impossible.

Hitherto, any man, according to his prejudices or his convictions, might adopt or reject any of Napoleon's "characters," as found in

the pages of the Emperor's self-constituted biographers, on the ground that "*that is the English view of the case;*" or, "*the Prussian;*" or, "*the French;*" and so on. As if any one was necessarily less or more correct than any other because its origin was known. As if an anonymous Life of Napoleon might be more credible because its origin was unknown. But now, we have a record which is *no man's* "view;" which is neither history nor biography as produced by a third person, but is a posthumous confession of the hero himself. It is a photograph, taken from the living subject; and, whether flattering or damning, it is mathematically accurate in every line and feature. The most abject and devoted of Napoleon's worshippers must admit that this picture is correct; or, that the god of their idolatry misrepresents himself: for it is his own handiwork.

The period of time included in the fifteen volumes of the first Commission, is about sixteen years—from the latter part of October, 1793, to the end of August, 1809; that is, from Napoleon's twenty-fourth to his fortieth year. As one may say, from his majority to his maturity—from the commencement of his public life to the highest flight of his imperial power.

The contents of these fifteen volumes of "Correspondence" are not, however, merely letters. Proclamations; messages to the Directory on public affairs, civil as well as military; bulletins; a variety of official documents, not necessarily written by Napoleon, though bearing his signature and issued by his authority; these, and a mass of miscellanies of less importance, help to fill the books; but of letters there are enough. Enough of such as Napoleon "would *not* have made public, had he lived long enough to be his own publisher," to substantiate what his adversaries have alleged against him; and also enough on matters purely military to justify the intensified praise of even Thiers himself. This latter result was, indeed, hardly needed. The world has long been divided on the question of Napoleon's character; but there is little diversity of opinion as to his military genius.

The various estimates of his character, apart from his qualities as a soldier, owe their existence, mainly, to the credulity or incredulity of men as to the *facts* of his career; on which subject, the testimony of historians is hopelessly conflicting. But it is remarkable that on some points about which the witnesses agree as to the facts, the public

voice is still diametrically divided between censure and praise. What many men regard as despicable in Napoleon, others hold to be a proof of his greatness. For example, a portion of the readers of this correspondence will concur with the Commissioners when they say—in that inflated style which none but Frenchmen ever attain—

What most surprises one in this correspondence, is the impression it gives of the universal and powerful mind which embraced every thing; and which could, with equal facility, rise to the most sublime conceptions and descend to the most trifling details. Now soaring above the world, Napoleon marks out the limits of new states; and, anon, he concentrates his solicitude on the humblest hamlet of his Empire.

For our own part, we find nothing "surprising" in all that; and, as the Commissioners claim for the object of their panegyric little less than supernatural qualities, it is superfluous *for them* to be surprised at his capacity for details. But that is only a partial statement of this matter of detail. Not only did Napoleon mark out new states and supervise hamlets; but, as the reviewer before us says,

At the very zenith of his power, with one half of Europe under his rule and the other half in arms against him, he concocted little police plots, planned scurrilous pamphlets for literary hirelings, suggested caricatures which he thought might be telling against his enemies, found time for the ordering of fêtes and monuments, read reports on the chitchat of the *salons* of Paris, and, with great pride in his superior vigilance, himself denounced their intrigues to his mortified Minister of Police. This activity might have been admired had it been successful; but, unfortunately, the pamphlet, the caricature, and the monument designed by the imperial meddler were generally bad. In spite of his police and counter-police, his empire was so insecure that—as was shown by the momentary success of the Malet conspiracy—its very existence was at the mercy of a handful of resolute men. Neither literature nor art, neither trade nor agriculture, thrived under his unvarying and stifling solicitude. In France, all was done by the Government; and all, or almost all, was ill done.

All this certainly shows a capacity for detail, but there is nothing in it to command respect—and surely nothing to warrant panegyric. It indicates littleness, not greatness, of character. At the same time, it indicates *mere* littleness; it involves no moral dereliction, properly so called. But as the investi-

gation proceeds, the colors deepen and the character grows dark.

Napoleon was one of the few men who spring, *per saltum*, to a full and complete development, without toiling through the intermediate stages of learning, experience and progress. In all things, except, indeed, the possession of unlimited power—for, up to that time, he was not independent of the Directory—he was the same man at the beginning of his campaigns in Italy, as he was at the peace of Tilsit. From the moment of his crossing the Alps, he had nothing to learn in the art of war, and nothing to acquire in the “sciences” of rapine, violence, and deceit. As the wars thrust upon Italy, Egypt, Spain, &c., were in the gross gratuitous, wanton, unprovoked aggressions on innocent and helpless people; so were the details of those wars marked by reckless and unscrupulous barbarity. The lives, property, and private rights of inoffensive citizens were treated, severally and collectively, as if they belonged to Napoleon by right of inheritance. Nothing was spared, which an all-grasping general coveted, or a rapacious soldiery could destroy. Private mansions, as well as “humble hamlets” and villages, were burned for pastime; prisoners were butchered in cold blood; and, in short, *all* the demons of war were impressed into the service of this ferocious conqueror, to be set loose at the close of every victory.

The *animus* of all this is foreshadowed in Napoleon's first proclamation to the army of Italy:

Soldiers, you are naked and ill-fed. France owes you much, but can give you nothing. I will lead you to the most fertile plains of the world. *Wealthy provinces and great towns will be in your power*; you will reap honor, glory, and riches, etc., etc.

As a fitting commentary on this promise of general pillage, the great devastator writes after his first battle:

The furious excesses of my half-starved soldiers are enough to make humanity blush.

And two days later he says:

There is *less pillage*. The first thirst of an army destitute of every thing has been slaked. *The poor wretches are excusable*. After sighing for the promised land for three years, they have at last reached it and *wish to enjoy it*.

Among his orders about private property, is this:

Tax the lord of Arquata 50,000 livres. In default of payment, raze his house to the

ground and lay his land waste. He is a furious oligarch, an enemy of France and of the army.

After a time, the casualties of even successful war having reduced the number of his troops, he writes to the Directory that he has already sent them twenty millions of francs in money wrung from the Italians; and that if they will send him thirty thousand more men, he will be able to *produce* out of the yet unconquered States, twice that sum in money, besides innumerable treasures in the way of works of art, jewelry, museum-collections, and whatever other trifles might be scraped together by his skilful marauders.

In Egypt, this game of pillage could not be played to much purpose on account of the poverty of the people; therefore, the deficiency was made up with *heads*. After the first punishment of the revolters at Cairo had been inflicted with a barbarity that would be incredible, did not the correspondence attest it, Napoleon ordered *all* the prisoners to be beheaded. Soon after that, he writes that “order is now reëstablished in Cairo. Every night we cut off thirty heads. I think this will be a good lesson to them.” We have here, also, Napoleon's own order for the massacre of the two thousand Jaffa prisoners.

This system of governing a conquered people by means of “good lessons,” continued to be one of Napoleon's favorites during his whole career. In 1806, after making his brother Joseph a present of the kingdom of Naples, he writes:

The fate of your reign depends on your conduct when you return to Calabria. There must be no forgiveness. Shoot at least six hundred rebels. They have murdered more soldiers than that. Burn the houses of thirty of the principal persons in the villages and distribute their property among the soldiers. Take away all arms from the inhabitants, and give up to pillage five or six of the large villages. When Placenza rebelled, I ordered Junot to burn two villages and shoot the chiefs, among whom were six priests. It will be some time before they rebel again.

A week later he writes:

I wish the rabble at Naples would revolt. Until you make an example, you will not be master. I should consider an insurrection in Naples in the same light as a father of a family would regard the small-pox for his children, provided it did not weaken the invalid too much.

Does any curious reader pause to inquire, “*Who were these Italians and Egyptians, to whom these good lessons were so freely ad-*

ministered?" Alas! they were peaceable, harmless, ignorant people, the greater part of whom had never heard the name of their destroyer until they heard the sound of his guns; who owed him and France no more allegiance, than we owe to Theodorus of Abyssinia; and over whom he and France had no more right of control than the king of the Fejee islands has over the British Parliament. The relative *rights* of the parties were precisely those which exist between the passengers and crew of a merchantman when their ship is boarded by a band of pirates.

Does any curious reader inquire, further, under what pretext Napoleon assumed the right to administer these "good lessons"? The pretext was the battle-cry of liberty, equality, and fraternity; and this was paraphrased in the proclamations, which promised the destruction of tyranny and the liberation of the people, wherever the liberating army carried its victories. After this fashion, Piedmont, Lombardy, Parma, Modena, and Venice were "liberated;" and before marching on Rome with the same philanthropic purpose, Napoleon proclaimed that,

In order to reassure the people, it is necessary to let them know that we are their friends, and particularly the friends of the descendants of the Brutuses, the Scipios, and of the other great men whom we have taken for our models.

Yet, with commendable candor, he *at the same time* wrote to the Directory that, if they would send him plenty of reinforcements,

Rome, Trieste, and even a part of the kingdom of Naples will become our *prey*;

which, indeed, they did, in due time. Napoleon's shameless duplicity in his dealings

with the Pope—writing to him the most respectful and conciliatory letters, and, at the same time, in his letters to the Directory, exulting over the exactions he was about to levy on His Holiness—is fully exposed in this correspondence. He says, among other things,

In my opinion, when Rome is deprived of Bologna, Ferrara, Romagna, and the thirty millions we take from her, she cannot exist: the old machine will tumble to pieces of itself.

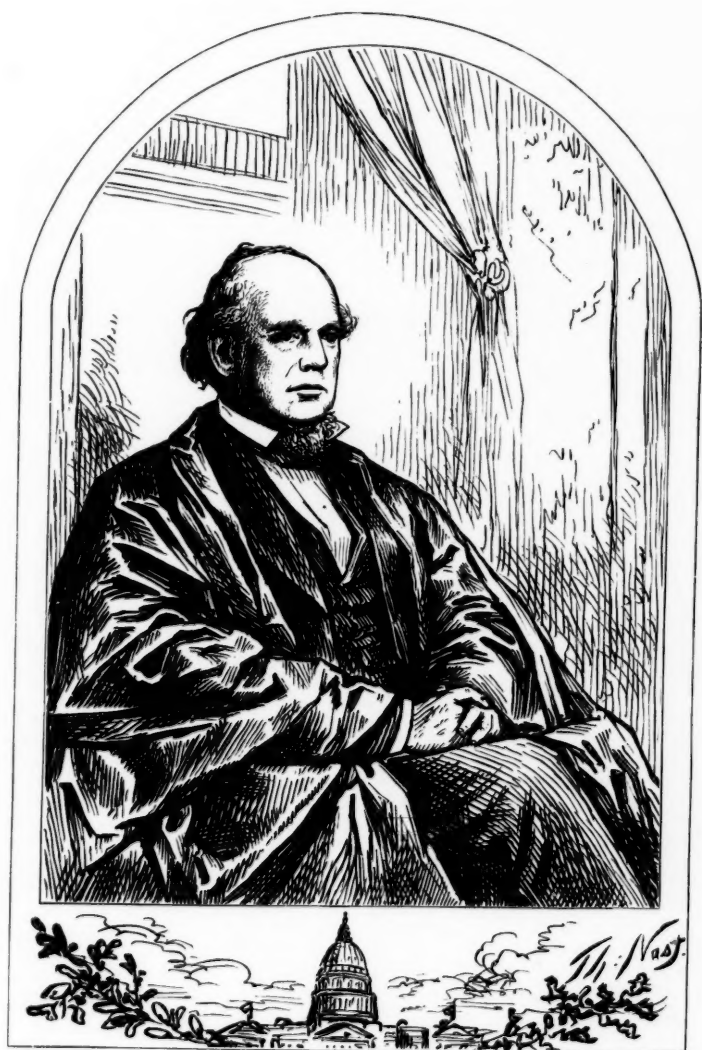
We cannot pursue this subject, because, however interesting, it is inexhaustible. We have said enough to call to the correspondence the attention of those who can gain access to it, and who have the leisure and the inclination to study it. To others, we recommend a careful reading of the *Edinburgh Review* for October, 1867—from which we make this concluding extract:

As regards the man himself, the dominant impression that will be left on the reader's mind will, we think, be that of meanness—of moral littleness, strangely combined with great strength of will and unrivalled activity of mind. Napoleon was in truth an actor, and in his correspondence we view him from behind the scenes. The vulgar applause of the multitude can no longer deceive those who know his history as it is there written with his own hand. His duplicity, his bombast and mock heroism, his studied violence, his love of false grandeur, his envy in the midst of unrivalled greatness, his hatred and distrust of all that was really good and great, his vulgar arrogance, his indifference to the sufferings of others, his selfish and insensate ambition, are conspicuous in every page. This greatest of modern conquerors was not a hero, for the great soul—the magnanimity—which alone makes heroes, he never possessed.

CHIEF-JUSTICE CHASE.

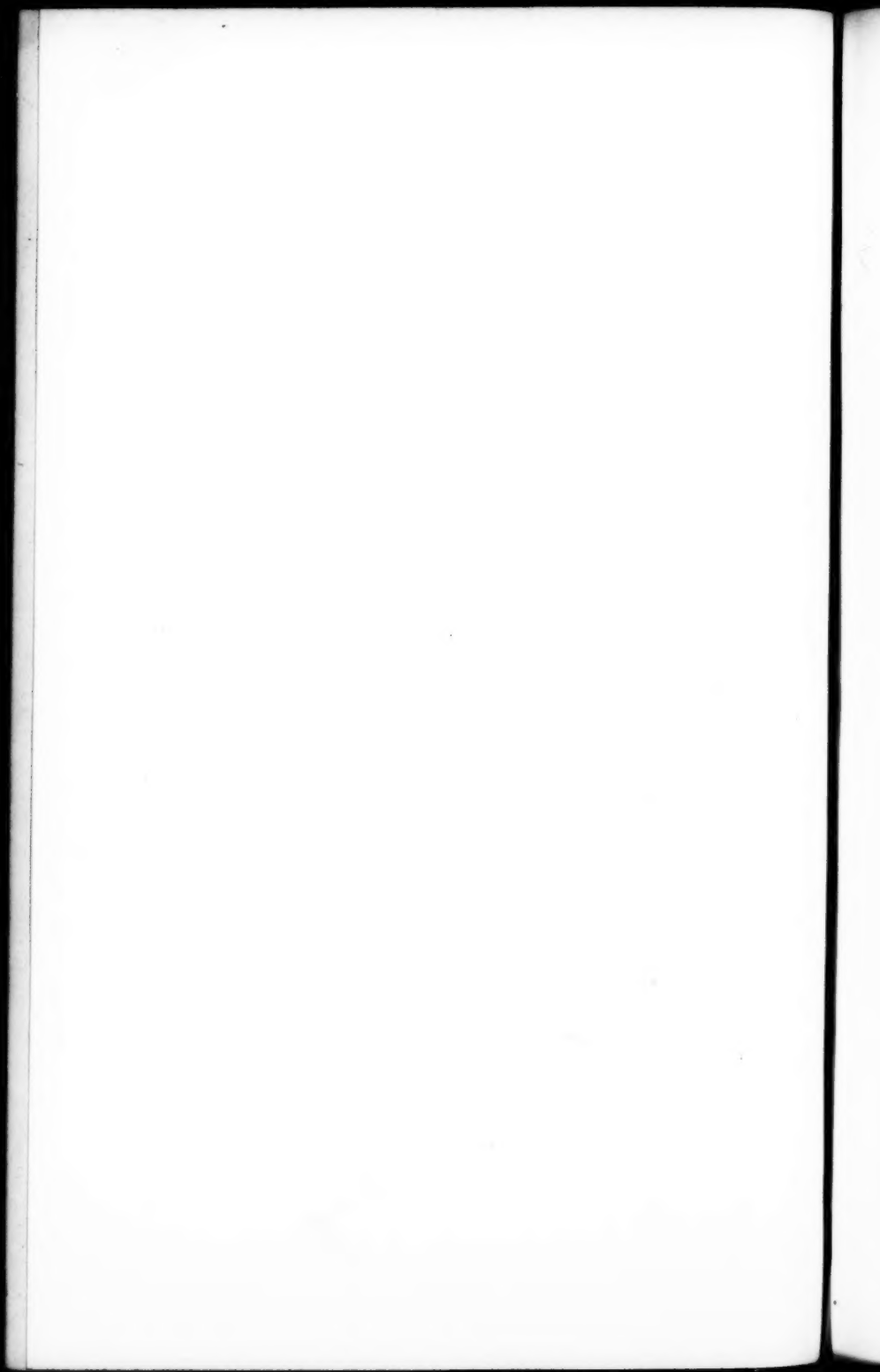
SALMON PORTLAND CHASE, Senator of the United States, Governor for two successive terms of the State of Ohio, Secretary of the Treasury under President Lincoln, and appointed Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States on the death of the superfluous Roger Taney, was born in the little town of Cornish, N. H., January 13, 1808. At the age of twelve he went to Worthington, Ohio, and prepared himself for college under the eye of his uncle, Philander Chase, who was then bishop of the State. He entered Cincinnati College, of which his uncle had been made President, and, after a short stay there, returned to New Hampshire, to be near his mother, who was now become blind. He entered Dartmouth College in 1824 as a junior, and graduated in 1826. He then went to Washington, hoping to get some advancement from his uncle, Dudley Chase, then a Senator from Vermont. At first he advertised for pupils, intending to open a private school; but failing in that, he applied to his uncle for help in gaining a clerkship in the Treasury Department; but the Senator was perhaps afraid of the suspicion of nepotism, and refused to help his nephew. Casting about for some means of earning a living, it happened that young Chase fell in with a Mr. Plumley, who offered him the transfer of a flourishing boys' school of which he was master. In this school were the sons of several men of note—of Henry Clay, of William Wirt, of Samuel L. Southard, and others; and Chase, having studied law under the direction of Wirt in the hours when he was not occupied with teaching, was enabled, after three years, to enter the bar of the District of Columbia. This was in 1829. In 1830 he went again to Cincinnati, which since that time has been his home. Mr. Chase took no part in public life until 1841; nevertheless, he had made his name known to the people of the whole country by his undisguised opposition to the extension of slavery, and his resistance to the efforts that were being made by parties in the North as well as in the South to engraft slavery upon the National Government. It would be long to give a detailed account of the different steps by which Mr. Chase gained this national reputation as an anti-slavery man, but we may say briefly that the history of his life is the history of the whole struggle in this country between Slavery and Freedom outside of the real anti-slavery party, that of the Garrison abolitionists. With these men Chase never affiliated; he has always been essentially a politician, and has held steadily, from the first, to his belief in constitutional remedies for all political evils. While he was working his way slowly in his profession, he prepared an edition of the Statutes of Ohio, which was soon accepted as the standard, and gave him reputation. Practice now flowed in, and in 1834 he became Solicitor of the Bank of the United States in Cincinnati. In 1837 he acted as counsel for a colored woman claimed as a fugitive slave; and in an elaborate argument, which was afterward published, he took the ground he never afterward abandoned—that Congress has no right to impose any duties or confer any powers on State magistrates in fugitive-slave cases. In this position he was afterwards sustained by the United States Supreme Court. On this occasion he also argued that the law of 1793 relative to fugitives from service was void, since it is not contained in the Constitution of the United States. These two points contain the gist of Mr. Chase's arguments against slavery, whether presented in the court, on the political platform, or in the Senate. If he never receded from either of these positions, he also never advanced beyond them to higher principles; and in spite of his fidelity to the cause of territorial freedom, his name has never been a watchword to those who have been fighting the battle of Freedom for man. As Governor of Ohio, elected in 1857 and reelected in 1858, Mr. Chase added to a reputation already greatly distinguished. Public economy and the interests of education in the State were his first care, and he has left his name written all over the statute-books of the State. In March, 1861, Governor Chase was invited by Mr. Lincoln to take charge of the Treasury Department, on the resignation of General Dix. He accepted the post, was confirmed by the Senate, and entered

upon a task as arduous as ever was set before any man in any country. We cannot attempt to record the history of his administration in this place. It is a record of unsullied splendor, and has justly won for him the gratitude of every true American citizen. Yet praise must not stop short at his integrity, his zeal, or his unintermitted labor in the discharge of his office. What makes the peculiar glory of this administration, is that the Secretary saved the nation in a momentous crisis, not by any trick of diplomacy or finance, but by moral force. He put the question to the people squarely: The Government wants money. If it does not have it, we shall be beaten. Will you lend us your savings? He believed in the people, he trusted in them; when every other face was clouded, he stood in the sun. The people met him with an equal courage, and freely gave him all the money he wanted. On the day after the assassination of Mr. Lincoln more money was poured into the Treasury than was ever given to any government in a single day. This was a free offering; but it will easily be understood that, before these popular loans could be induced, the people had to be educated to understand the method and appreciate the value of the security. To do this, required a prodigious amount of work, and Mr. Chase gave himself up to the task with all his energies, fortunate in the aid of such men as Jay Cooke, Chittenden, and Spinner, and many other good men and true less publicly known. Of later events in the life of Mr. Chase, this is not the place to speak. Rumor has for many months coupled his name with ambition, and has not forbore to encircle the ermine that the Chief-Justice wears, by imputations that we, at least, will not believe till they are proved. The men among us who have been faithful in every ordeal, who have never failed from duty, are not so many that we can afford to lose even one. It is our duty to stand by them—to be true to them, as they have been true to us.



THE CHAIR OF THE CHIEF JUSTICE: SUPREME COURT, U. S.

Drawn and Engraved for PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE.



MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

CURRENT EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.

THE month of May was crowded with events of importance in our history, chief among which are the close of the Impeachment trial of the President, the meeting of the National Republican Convention, and nomination of Grant and Colfax, the consummation of the Congressional plan of Reconstruction in several Southern States, so far as the action of the people of the States is concerned, the arrival of Minister Burlingame as ambassador from China to all the treaty-making powers, the annual anniversaries of all the religious and philanthropic societies in New York, an annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Chicago, the retirement of Secretary Stanton from the War Department, the confirmation of General Schofield as Secretary of War, and the singular revelation, by the testimony of Mr. Weed and others, of the efforts made to procure the votes of Senators for acquittal by direct bribery.

—The arguments of the Impeachment trial closed on behalf of the President by an address occupying nearly four days by Mr. Wm. M. Evarts, and on behalf of the managers by a three days' address by Mr. Bingham. Mr. Evarts spoke extemporaneously and with more humor than argument, relying upon tact in securing the kind feeling of the Senators toward the President rather than on logic in persuading their understandings. Mr. Bingham's speech was ornate and exhaustive. On May 6th the arguments ended and the case was submitted to the Senate. After a prolonged secret session and arguments by the Senators, on May 7th, the Senate agreed to come to a final vote on the eleventh article on Tuesday, May 12. As early as the latter part of April it had been assumed by the opponents of Impeachment that Senators Grimes, Fessenden, and Trumbull would vote for acquittal, but the fact was not authoritatively announced until the Senatorial debate of May 7th. From this time to the final vote an interest prevailed throughout the country equalled only by the profound excitements and unutterable anxiety with which the issue of the great battles of the rebellion was awaited by the people. Great confidence was

felt in the integrity and impartiality of the Senate, and while a very strong element of partisanship characterized the more pronounced Republicans and Democrats, there was a medium impartial sentiment among the press and people at large, very much more powerful than is usually found in regard to questions involving political consequences. While no Democrats in or out of Congress favored conviction, a few Republicans favored acquittal, and a very large number preferred to regard the proceeding as a judicial trial rather than as a political inquest, and to be content with whatever disposition of the case the Senators upon their oaths might make. Nevertheless, a very general conviction prevailed that the President would be removed, and both those opposing and favoring removal were actively canvassing the probable cabinet and other appointments of Mr. Wade, when the divergence of three of the most prominent Republican Senators roused the country from a state of comparative calm to one of intense interest. This increased until, on May 16th, the vote was taken on the 11th article of Impeachment, with the following result:

For Conviction—Anthony, Cameron, Cattell, Chandler, Cole, Conkling, Conness, Corbett, Cragin, Drake, Edmunds, Ferry, Frelinghuysen, Harlan, Howard, Howe, Morgan, Morrill (Me.), Morrill (Vt.), Norton, Nye, Patterson (N. H.), Pomeroy, Ramsey, Sherman, Sprague, Stewart, Sumner, Thayer, Tipton, Wade, Willey, Williams, Wilson, Yates, 35.

For Acquittal—Bayard, Buckalew, Davis, Dixon, Doolittle, Fessenden, Fowler, Grimes, Henderson, Hendricks, Johnson, McCreery, Norton, Patterson (Tenn.), Ross, Saulsbury, Trumbull, Van Winkle, Vickers, 19.

The President was therefore acquitted by a single vote. The Republicans voting to acquit were Fessenden, Fowler, Grimes, Henderson, Ross, Trumbull, and Van Winkle. The Senate then postponed the vote on the remaining articles to May 26th, when the vote was taken with the same result upon the second and third articles, whereupon the Senate, sitting for the trial of the Impeachment of Andrew Johnson, adjourned *sine die*.

—The Republican National Convention met on May 20th, at the Opera House, in Chicago. It is the first Republican Convention in which delegates were present from all

the States of the Union. General Schurz acted as temporary and General Hawley as permanent chairman. The first day of the session was occupied by organization, the appointment of committees, the preparation of a platform, canvassing for Vice President, and speeches. The resolutions of the Soldiers and Sailors' Convention, then in session, nominating General Grant for President, and condemning the course of the seven Senators whose votes acquitted the President, were received. On the 21st the National Convention reported its platform, originally in twelve resolutions, as follows:

1. Endorsing the reconstruction policy of Congress on the basis of equal civil and political rights to all, and pledging to maintain it.
2. Placing equal suffrage to loyal men at the South on the ground of public safety, and leaving the suffrage question in the loyal States to the people thereof.
3. Denouncing repudiation and pledging payment of the National debt according to its letter and spirit.
4. Equal and reduced taxation.
5. The gradual payment of the debt and reduction of rates of interest.
6. Best way to lessen the burden of the debt is so to improve our credit as to borrow it at lowest rates of interest.
7. Economy and reform of the corruptions of the present administration.
8. Deploring the death of President Lincoln and condemning the administration of President Johnson, who has been justly impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors, and properly pronounced guilty thereof by the votes of thirty-five Senators.
9. Guaranteeing protection to naturalized citizens.
10. Pledging substantial gratitude to the soldiers and sailors of the war for the Union.
11. Immigration should be encouraged.
12. Sympathy for all oppressed peoples.

To which were added, on motion of General Schurz, resolutions favoring the removal of all disabilities from rebels who coöperate in reconstruction and endorsing the principles laid down in the Declaration of Independence.

After the adoption of the platform, General Logan, as chairman of the Illinois delegation, nominated Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, who, upon a call of the States and Territories, received every one of the 650 votes of the Convention, and was declared unanimously nominated amid the wildest enthusiasm.

On the first ballot for Vice President the vote stood as follows:

Wade, 149; Fenton, 132; Wilson, 119; Colfax, 118; Curtin, 52; Hamlin, 28; Speed, 22; and several scattering.

On the fifth ballot the vote was

Colfax, 522; Fenton, 75; Wade, 42; Wilson, 11; Total, 650.

On motion of General Cochrane, chairman of the New York delegation, the nomination of Schuyler Colfax was made unanimous. The nominations are received with spontaneous accord by the party.

—Alabama, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Louisiana, Florida, and Arkansas have passed upon the new constitutions, each of them giving a large majority for ratification. In Alabama, however, the constitution failed of adoption, owing to a peculiarity in the Reconstruction law requiring the majority of the registered voters to vote on the question. An act providing that these States should be admitted to the Union, under these constitutions, and with the State officers recently chosen, when each shall ratify the XIVth amendment, provided that no law or constitutional amendment excluding present voters from the suffrage shall hereafter be passed by any of them, and that those portions making void debts due prior to 1865 shall not apply to debts due loyal men, passed the House of Representatives on May 14th, by a vote of 108 to 35. The attempt to strike out Alabama because, under the law, the constitution had been defeated in that State, failed.

—The testimony of the eminent journalist and politician, Mr. Thurlow Weed, before the Investigating Committee, relative to the alleged use of corrupt means to obtain the President's acquittal, does not bring corruption home to any particular Senator, or to the Senatorial body, but shows that at least \$20,000 were raised in New York and Cincinnati for the purpose of corrupting Republican Senators. Mr. C. W. Woolley, the principal actor in the affair, refuses to testify what became of this money, or to whom he paid it. He has therefore been placed in close confinement by order of Congress.

—The first triennial festival of the Handel and Haydn Society was held in the Boston Music Hall during the first week in May, opening on the 5th, and closing on the 10th. It was probably the most important musical celebration ever witnessed in this country, and both in an artistic and a pecuniary sense was entirely successful. Grand periodical

feasts of song, which have done so much for the higher kinds of music in England, are comparative novelties in the United States, but we may now consider them fairly established, and the example of Boston promises to have many imitators. Four oratorios and two cantatas were superbly performed, with a chorus of nearly 800 voices, and an orchestra of 115 picked musicians, and Madame Rosa and Miss Phillips in the principal solo parts. There were several grand symphonies and various miscellaneous programmes, and among them Mendelssohn's posthumous Reformation Symphony was played for the first time in this country. The event of the week, however, was the performance—the *only* satisfactory one yet given in America—of Beethoven's awful choral symphony—a triumph over the most frightful difficulties of the musical art which aroused the intense enthusiasm of connoisseurs, and would have been glory enough for the festival even had no other good thing been done. The credit of it belongs chiefly to the conductor, Mr. Carl Zerrahn.

FOREIGN.

THE most terrific earthquakes and eruptions on record occurred at the ancient volcano of Mauna Loa, in the Sandwich Islands, beginning March 27th, and continuing to April 13. The mountain opened in a fissure running nearly from the base to the summit—and first an eruption of red earth or clay was poured out in a stream two and three quarter miles long, and a mile wide, in three minutes. Then a tidal wave sixty feet high swept a quarter of a mile inland over the tops of the highest cocoa trees. Then a river of red hot lava, six miles long, flowed out at the rate of ten miles an hour into the sea, making an island four hundred feet high. At Koalulu

the summit of a hill burst from its base and was thrown bodily over the tops of the trees one thousand feet. A column of fire and smoke seven and three quarter miles high accompanied the eruption, and was visible at night for fifty miles. On the 28th there were one hundred earthquakes, and two thousand occurred within the two weeks following. About one hundred lives and much property were lost. During the earthquakes nothing could stand, and men and animals were tossed to and fro as if all that had life had lost the power of motion, and only the hitherto solid earth had life.

—The Right. Hon. Henry, Lord Brougham and Vaux, the eminent reformer, abolitionist, lawyer, and chancellor, died at Cannes, in France, on May 9th, in the 90th year of his age. He was the last link that united the England of Bright, Mill, Disraeli, and the Fenian era with the England of the four Georges, of Burke, Pitt, Fox, Canning, Wilberforce—the wars with Napoleon, the abolition of West Indian slavery, and the Corn Law Repeal.

—Mr. Disraeli having, as Premier, formally withdrawn all opposition to the disestablishment of the Irish Church, pursuant to Mr. Gladstone's resolutions, the expected ministerial crisis in England is ended, and the present ministry will doubtless remain in office—certainly until the new Parliament to be elected under the Reformed Suffrage Act shall convene.

—By the capture of Bokhara, the capital of Toorkistan, by the Russian forces under Romanoffsky, the Empire is extended to the borders of British India, and the double-faced Eagles of Russia and the Lion of England are brought face to face with each other upon the heights of Central Asia.

LITERATURE.

D. APPLETON & Co. have published in two large volumes *The History of the Navy during the Rebellion*, by C. B. BOYNTON, Chaplain of the House of Representatives, and Professor in the Naval School at Annapolis.

The history of naval operations during the five years of the war possesses a double interest, and is valuable both as forming an important part of the whole history of the struggle, and as showing the fertility of American inventive power under the incentive of a powerful stimulus.

The movements of the army during the war have been fully chronicled; we have histories from soldiers, editors, correspondents, politicians, and others, more or less impartial and trustworthy, but the part borne by the navy has been by no means so well understood by the public, and we doubt whether the effect of the naval operations on the duration and issue of the contest has ever been fully appreciated.

The history opens with a picture of the condition of the navy at the commencement of Mr. Lincoln's administration. Its strength seemed inadequate enough to the task assigned to it. With about a dozen vessels at home, ready for service, and about as many more that could be equipped within a few months, a blockade was to be established and preserved along a coast line of more than three thousand miles; the seaports and shipping of the Northern States were to be protected from whatever force the Confederacy might be able to establish, and active assistance was to be rendered to the army in regaining possession of the forts and harbors along the coast.

With an energy and enterprise for which our venerable Secretary of the Navy and his coadjutors have perhaps never received due credit, a temporary force was organized by the arming of merchant vessels, ferry-boats, and coast-steamers, and government yards, and private docks and foundries, were pushed to their utmost activity in the production of a fleet of a more permanent value, so that, although the work to be accomplished far exceeded the original estimate, the navy thus created was found equal to the task.

One of the most interesting chapters in the book is that describing the building of the first monitor. The difficulties to be overcome in uniting in one structure so many ideas that

were as yet but experimental, the opposition met with from many of the most experienced and influential naval authorities, the doubts and discouragements of the best friends of the enterprise, the completion of the monitor, her speedy trial, glorious struggle, and final success, are all vividly and dramatically told, and an almost personal interest is awakened in the mind of the reader for the little vessel that for a brief hour fought single-handed as the champion of a nation.

Our naval battles were important not merely for their immediate effects upon the fortunes of the Union or Confederacy, but also for the revolutions they brought about in the principles of naval architecture and gunnery. When the *Merrimac* destroyed the *Cumberland*, it proved conclusively that the days of wooden frigates were over, and that the wooden fleets of the greatest naval powers in the world would be at the mercy of a few ironclads. In twenty-four hours, however, another step was taken, another principle established; the *Merrimac* was damaged and repulsed by the *Monitor*, and the greatest power for both attack and defence was shown to be possessed by an insignificant-looking craft, whose appearance fully justified the rebel description of "a Yankee cheese-box on a raft."

As Mr. Boynton justly remarks, the victory of the *Monitor* was the triumph of American ideas; for, while the *Merrimac* was armored after the model of the French and English ironclads, the *Monitor*, as to its hull, turret, and guns, was entirely the product of American thought. The history of the world hardly gives an instance where so much was decided by a four hours' combat between two vessels, fought by a couple of hundred men. It is difficult to place a limit to the destruction that the rebel ironclad would have been able to accomplish but for this timely check. Steaming up the Potomac, it could have held the Capital at its mercy; a few hours' sail would have enabled it to destroy the shipping of New York, and place the city itself under contribution; or, going down the coast, it could have raised the blockade, and opened the Confederacy to Europe. It is hardly too much to suppose that recognition by England and France would have followed, and the life of the Rebellion have been indefinitely prolonged.

No wonder there was rejoicing in Norfolk

and anxiety in Washington on the night following the exploits of the Merrimac, and the debt due to the inventor and the fighting man, Ericsson and Worden, who at this hour of need stepped in between their country and its peril, can hardly be overestimated.—The first volume of Mr. Boynton's book contains a valuable chapter on ordnance. We find here a review of the progress of English gunnery from 1646 (the date of the building of the first frigate), and a short sketch of the development of our own system of artillery, with tables showing the comparative strength of the American and English navies. In 1861, the largest guns used in English vessels, threw 8-inch shot, weighing 68 lbs.; the experience of our war brought into service the Parrot, Dahlgren, and Rodman guns, throwing shot of 11, 13, and 15 inches, weighing 150 to 200 lbs., and the introduction of turret-armaments in the place of broadsides, enabled these to be used with terrible efficiency. The difference in the destructive power of the two classes of armaments can be readily estimated.

The principal naval actions on the coast, commencing with the capture of the forts at Hatteras inlet, and ending with Farragut's entry into the Bay of Mobile, are described with spirit, and apparently with careful fidelity to facts. The history of the river fleet or inland navy, and of its varied fortunes, from the storming of Fort Henry, its first success of importance, to the close of the Red River campaign, is interesting, not only on account of its bearing upon the progress of the war, but also from the fresh proofs given of the fruitfulness of the American inventive power. Experiment succeeded experiment, and rams, mortar-schooners, iron monitors, and "turtles," were all brought into use under the ever-varying circumstances of the campaign, while the close of the naval war in the west was marked by one of the most brilliant engineering feats on record, the building of the Red River dam.

Ingenuity of invention and persevering energy were not confined to one side; the rebel government, during the first two years, made manifold efforts to establish a navy, and the Merrimac, Louisiana, Atlanta, and other ironclads, showed a constructive power, and ability to make the most from small materials, worthy of respect; but the failure of their first few enterprises, and the great difficulties to be overcome in ship-building, early discouraged the Navy Department, and during the last years of the war its efforts were con-

fined to the obstruction of harbors, and manufacture of torpedoes.

Mr. Boynton's descriptive style is good, but somewhat marred, we think, by his continual references to the interference of Divine Providence. We believe thoroughly that all the actions of individuals and of nations are under the supervision of such Providence, and we also gladly admit that the power that controls the whole must also control the parts; still, we feel that there is a certain irreverence of expression, if not of thought, in speaking of a divine blessing as following each missile of destruction, and we cannot forget that such blessing was invoked with equal faith by rebel and unionist.

The blemishes of Mr. Boynton's work are, however, few, as compared with its merits, and *The History of the Navy* will take rank among the best of the memorials of the war of the Rebellion.

"Two Thousand Miles on Horseback"—*Sante Fé and Back.* By JAMES F. MELINE. (Hurd & Houghton.) *Two Thousand Miles on Horseback!* How tired Colonel Meline must have been! is the involuntary exclamation. The text is—What a capital title! Is the book as good as the title?

Tired, the colonel certainly does *not* seem to have been; for his story is as bright and wide-awake as any book of travels we have read this many a day. The trouble, if it be a trouble, is that he travels through a region of country which our people neither know much about nor care. And yet we ought to know and care. As one of General Pope's party of examination he had an opportunity—and the best—of seeing and studying the country and the people of that vast region extending from the Missouri River through Colorado, the mountains of Pike's Peak, through New Mexico to Sante Fé, and back along Northern Texas to St. Louis. We say he had the best opportunity for seeing the country and the people of any man who as yet has been over this route. And more, he has the keen eye, the quick perception, and the sharp pen, which mark the dexterous traveller and practised writer; and he has given us, in a most readable style, an account of life on the Plains, in and around the gold country of Colorado, through the whole region of which Sante Fé is the centre. He tells us strange and laughable peculiarities of this people, and with great research has collected a great deal never presented before of this the *oldest* portion of civilized America. He saw, chased, and ate the buffalo; saw and

learned to despise "ye gentle savage;" saw and talked with Kit Carson. He tells us that after all—and he has seen both—the stretch of mountains at Pike's Peak "impress me as incomparably finer" than the Bernese Alps, and he "solemnly abandons the last of my European illusions on the subject of European scenery." In the words of our old vestryman, Hoffman, we are compelled to say, "I don't care, I won't assent." We yet stand by the Alps. It is with a feeling of regret that we are compelled to close this notice without giving choice extracts, such as Description of Sante Fé, p. 151-2; The Church of Albuquerque, p. 126; A Most Amusing Theatre, p. 181-2; The Pobelos Indians, p. 193; Kit Carson, p. 264-8, &c., &c. All this the reader is commended to read, and enjoy as we did.

DR. J. C. HEPBURN has finished his "Dictionary of Japanese and English, with an English and Japanese Index," on which he has been engaged for the last eight years, and has sent a few copies to this country, to the care of Mr. A. D. F. Randolph, corner of Broadway and Ninth street. The book is a large octavo of nearly 700 pages, and is extremely well printed, the Japanese and Chinese characters being remarkably neat and clear. The volume was printed at Shanghai, at the American Presbyterian Mission Press, and bears the date 1867. A friend who has lived in Japan for the last seven or eight years, tells us, that the well-known American firm of Walsh, Hall & Co, established at Yokohama, learning that Dr. Hepburn had finished his book, but that the expense of publishing it was too great for his means, said to him: "It seems to us, that if you can afford to spend eight years in making this Dictionary, we can afford to pay for the printing of it." And so the book was printed at their expense. The Japanese Government immediately ordered a thousand copies at ten dollars a copy; but this was in a fit of enthusiasm that did not last, and they repented, and made the order less. On Dr. Hepburn's part, this has been a pure labor of love, and without a thought of pay, or even of reimbursement. His reputation for accuracy, judgment, and painstaking, stands as high, both with those who have known him in Japan, and those who have known him much longer here at home, as his character for devotion to the truth, and for a self-forgetting modesty that leaves the results of his labor no voice but their own to speak for them. His Dictionary will, however, make his name more widely

known, and will add another to the list—small but worthy—of American scholars. He says in the short preface, that in compiling the work, he labored under the very great difficulty of having had little to assist him in the works of predecessors in the same field. The only works of the kind within his reach were the small vocabulary of Dr. Medhurst, published in Batavia in 1830, and the Japanese and Portuguese Dictionary published by the Jesuit missionaries in 1603. His principal dependence has been upon the living teacher, and he declares himself alone responsible for every thing in the work. The Dictionary contains definitions of over 20,000 Japanese words, and we have found it, as the apocryphal old woman did Dr. Johnson's—"very entertaining reading." We are constantly surprised by the delicacy with which the language expresses shades of meaning, and conveys complex ideas by single words or compounds. In reading over the definitions we get a world of information about Japanese ways of living and thinking, conveyed, as may be imagined, in rather a desultory manner, but none the less agreeable for that; and the good Doctor has interspersed through the book so many pretty Japanese proverbs, and bits of verse, and quaint sayings, and charming little inconsequential sentimentalizing, that our conventional notions as to the dryness and dullness that belong to a dictionary are entirely upset, and we have passed a whole afternoon in poring over these pages with a good deal of pleasure, and we dare say, no less profit.

DR. BRINTON'S *Myths of the New World*, (Leypoldt & Holt,) is a comprehensive, dense, well arranged, and well discussed exhibition of the religious observances, thoughts, and ideas of the native races of North and South America. The author considers his subject in its connections with the nature of the human soul, and along with the parallel facts of language and of symbolism; and thus develops a theory which is consistent, instructive, and, we think, substantially correct, of natural religion, its origin, progress, and significance. As the author himself remarks, he has written "more for the thoughtful, general reader than the antiquary." Not only has he succeeded in this design, but his array of curious and interesting superstitions, practices, traditions, and comparisons, and deductions of verbal meaning, will be found singularly entertaining, even to the reader for mere amusement.

Behind the Scenes, by ELIZABETH KECKLEY, formerly a Slave, but more recently Modiste and Friend to Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. New York, G. W. Carleton. The latest, and decidedly the weakest production of the sensational press. It is—to use a Virginianism—“powerfully” weak. “There is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will know as well what to expect from the one as the other.” Exceedingly well put, Mr. Publisher; and, applying the rule to the present case, we find that it works admirably. What but weakness could be expected from such a title? The book is illustrated, we cannot say adorned, by a wood-cut portrait of the authoress, which is very “wooden.” The contents are as flat as a Dutch landscape, the first sixty odd pages being made up from Mrs. Keckley’s own life-experiences as a slave, inclusive of the usual manumittory documents (blank forms of which might be found, we apprehend, in any old book of Missouri practice), the direst trivialities of Mr. Lincoln’s family life, and the humiliating details of Mrs. Lincoln’s conduct subsequent to leaving the White House. The book ought never to have been written or published; but now that it is in the market, we cannot conceive of any sensible person’s reading it with pleasure or profit—even conceding that all its statements are facts.

Lilliput Levee is the title of a little English book of children’s poetry, republished here by Wynkoop & Sherwood. The Children having turned the world upside down, and taken the reins of government into their own hands, not only set up a king and queen, but a poet-laureate, and the poems in this clever little volume are supposed to be those of a candidate for the latter position. The book contains not only some very good sense, but some admirable nonsense, calculated to delight all sensible people (witness especially the delicious fragment called “Topsy-turvy World”), as well as some fascinating child-portraits. We are sorry to say, however, that the Bogey of the nursery who has made night hideous for so many poor babes, re-appears in this Lilliputian Paradise in a horrible tale called the “Storm-Cradle,” which is a story of the very worst rawhead-and-bloody-bones description. There are traces of this monster, our quondam friend Bogey, in one or two other ballads, but none are so bad as this. On the contrary, Lilliput Levee (the opening poem), Prince Philibert, Polly, Top-

sy-turvy World, Stalky Jack, and the Wonderful Toy, are all admirable. There are many verses in the book good for nothing but padding, but as long as no Bogey is concealed therein, we will return thanks for the gems of the collection which will be a real God-send to the little ones, and to all mammas of wearied and overtaxed invention, an inestimable boon.

King Sham, and Other Articles in Verse, By LAWRENCE N. GREENLEAF, (Hurd & Houghton,) is another of those collections of newspaper *jeux d’esprit* with which the market is flooded. Their authors do not seem to appreciate the fact that the very reasons which produce newspaper popularity are often precisely the ones which prohibit a longer life, and that their verses cannot be successful in a book, *because* they have had a certain vogue in the daily journals. And can we conceive a more melancholy spectacle than a book full of stale poems? They are flatter than champagne a week uncorked, sadder than the crumpled relics of last night’s ball, more depressing than the recollection of all one’s unanswered letters and unpaid bills, gloomier than a hearse in a November fog. Puns, as well as venison, must be eaten hot. It is only the flash of high spirits which can make them tolerable, unless indeed, they are of that infrequent and precious kind in which the pun is the vehicle for the thought, instead of the thought being (as in Mr. Greenleaf’s) a mere peg upon which to hang a childish play on words.

Vathek, (James Miller, publisher,) is a new edition of the famous Oriental tale, by WILLIAM BECKFORD, originally written in French, and published in 1786. Had it been a work of much less merit it would still have possessed great interest from the fact that it was written by a youth of nineteen, in a foreign language, and at a single sitting of three days and two nights. A severe illness was the consequence, as might have been apprehended. The story is not only exceedingly interesting, but is unsurpassed in the oriental magnificence of its descriptions, and the exquisite irony which underlies and tempers that magnificence. The conclusion is written in a strain of grand and solemn poetry, and the account of the Halls of Eblis, with the wretched multitude who wander therein, is unsurpassed by any thing of the kind in our language. We owe many thanks to Mr. Miller, for giving us such a charming little edition of this fine story.

"*Ragged Dick*," by HORATIO ALGER, JR., published by A. K. Loring, Boston, is a well-told story of street-life in New York, that will, we should judge, be well received by the boy-readers, for whom it is intended.

The hero is a boot-black, who, by sharpness, industry, and honesty, makes his way in the world, and is, perhaps, somewhat more immaculate in character and manners than could naturally have been expected from his origin and training.

We find in this, as in many books for boys, a certain monotony in the inculcation of the principle that honesty is the best policy, a proposition that, as far as mere temporal success is concerned, we believe to be only partially true. However, the book is very readable, and we should consider it a much more valuable addition to the Sunday-school library than the tales of inebriates, and treatises on the nature of sin, that so often find place there.

Mr. Secretary Pepys, with extracts from his Diary, by ALLAN GRANT. (Wynkoop & Sherwood.) To any one who has read the charming pages from which this book has been compiled, it will be a matter of rejoicing that these samples of old Pepys' quality are thus placed within the reach of all. Like a good loaf of cake, cut him anywhere, and he is toothsome. But if we are not much mistaken, men who mean what they say when they pray, "Lead us not into temptation," ought not to buy this book, for it will be very sure to lead them into a temptation that they will make the slightest possible endeavor to resist, viz., the temptation to go at once and purchase the four large volumes from which this little volume is made up, that he may reap the benefit of every word of this deliciously garrulous old fellow's journal. Here is the material out of which history must be made. Here are "pen-photographs" of a man's inner life, and the inner life of an eventful time. Mr. Allan Grant has made his selections with commendable taste, but has strung them on a somewhat obtrusive thread of his own twisting. Of the external appearance of the book we can say no good. It is a pity that so pure a gem should have so mean a setting.

W. V. SPENCER, of Boston, has republished a pamphlet lately issued in London, entitled *The Social and Political Dependence of Women*, which contains some trenchant and pithy arguments on a question daily growing

in importance—the relative rights and privileges of the sexes. The author, whose name is not given, takes strong ground in form of the "enfranchisement" of women, and supports his position with a clearness of reasoning worthy of John Stuart Mill, and a caustic analysis of the arguments of the opponents of the enfranchisement, that reminds one forcibly of his wife. The following quotation from Mrs. Mills's famous essay, is given as an excellent expression of a truth that will sooner or later be accepted as an axiom:—"We deny the right of any portion of the species to decide for another portion, or any individual for another individual, what is, and what is not their proper sphere. The proper sphere for all human beings is the largest and highest to which they are able to attain. What this is cannot be ascertained without complete liberty of choice."

International Copyright.—The proceedings of the Meeting of Authors and Publishers to organize an International Copyright Association, have been published in a neat pamphlet, and may be found at the office of the chairman, No. 661 Broadway. Every candid and conscientious reader of this Record will find therein arguments and illustrations drawn from a sense of justice on the one hand and intelligent self-interest on the other, which cannot fail to convince him that a great legislative duty to the intellectual benefactors of the age, demands instant recognition and liberal performance from our country, whose government is avowedly based on equal rights. When such an American author as William Cullen Bryant leads off in the protest and the plea, when such patriotic and accomplished citizens of foreign birth as Dr. Lieber and Dr. Schaff echo and respond to the argument, and a publisher of the large experience and liberal integrity of James T. Fields joins in the demonstration,—there must be substantial reason and adequate cause for the important movement which this interesting and seasonable *brochure* signalizes. It contains the circular of the committee that called the meeting in March, 1868, a list of the officers of the Association, letters from Dr. Gross, Professor Agassiz, Dr. Palfrey, Dr. Holland, Simms, and others; the speeches of Bryant, Prime, Osgood and Schaff; Dr. Prime's Essay on the Right of Copyright, Lord Mansfield's opinion, R. G. White's statement of the question, and the constitution and list of members of the International Copyright Association.

FINE ARTS.

ABOUT five years ago, Mr. EMIL SEITZ, a well-known printseller of this city, imported a magnificent imperial photographic copy of KAULBACH's cartoon of "The Age of the Reformation," executed by Court-photographer Albert, of Munich. In every respect, except as to size, it was an exact reproduction of the artist's work, and gave a vivid and correct idea of his sublime conception. But the interest awakened by this splendid work was soon lost in the excitement of the time; and when, a few weeks ago, the original cartoon was brought to this city, it had for us all the surprise of a new picture, and attracted great attention. The work is generally regarded as Kaulbach's masterpiece, in conception and execution. The artist himself, we are told, regards it in this light, and considers it the crowning work of his life. It is more than a picture, in the strict sense of the word—it is the history of an era. In this grand composition, Kaulbach sought to portray the working of the moral, religious, scientific and intellectual forces that culminated in the Reformation. The conception is perhaps philosophical rather than artistic, but none but a great artist would have carried it into execution as Kaulbach has done. Let us examine it closely, following out a train of thought suggested by a German art-critic and friend of Kaulbach.

The scene chosen by the artist for the representation of the grand drama of the new age, is the interior of a vast cathedral. In the centre of the background the lofty choir confronts the spectator; on either hand open long and broad aisles, while the overarching dome gives unity to the whole picture. On the choir, and thus elevated above the other groups, stand the great Reformers of the age, whose work formed the central event of the new awakening of human thought and action. On the right of this group stands a soldier-king, Gustavus Adolphus, one of the great champions of civil and religious liberty. On the left may be seen Queen Elizabeth, of England, surrounded by a courtly group, in which we recognize the faces of Essex, Sir Francis Drake, and Burleigh. In a semicircle behind this central group, sit Huss, Johann Wessel, Arnold von Brescia, and other precursors of the Reformation; they appear to be sunk in profound meditation, as if their souls caught the dim presage of the great events to come. In front of the grand organ, and above all these groups, a band of wor-

shippers is preparing to sing Luther's noble hymn: *Ein fester Burg ist unser Gott*. (A mighty fortress is our God.)

Several groups occupy the foreground. On the right, the leaders of liberal culture proclaim to the world the glory of ancient art and literature. From the mouldering ruins of the long-forgotten past, they disentomb the works of the master minds of Greece and Rome. "The grand ideas of antiquity," says the German critic above referred to, "awake from their slumber of ages and re-ignite the sacred fire of genius in the souls of poets and philosophers. Philosophy and poetry, bursting the fetters of scholastic pedantry, are once more free to illuminate the lofty mountains and the lowly valleys of human life and thought." The artists, also, feel the inspiration of the new age; and we see them, in the background on the right, earnestly discussing the works of ancient genius. In the group we recognize the portraits of Albert Dürer, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and others who reanimated art in Europe. Near them stand Guttenburg and Koster, to whose invention the Reformation is so largely indebted for its rapid diffusion among men. On the left of the foreground are grouped the early discoverers and naturalists—Columbus, Bacon, Harvey, and others; and in the aisle beyond them, Tycho Brahe, Galileo, Copernicus, and Kepler, are engaged in searching out the courses of the stars. The vastness and harmony of the universe are gradually unfolding to the human understanding; and the great principles of nature begin to be dimly discerned, looming in majestic outline through the breaking clouds of ignorance and superstition.

The central group in the foreground represents the conclusion of the truce between the Protestants and Catholics which, for a time, put an end to the bitter religious feuds which had desolated Germany. The advocates of peace point to the open Bible, held aloft by Luther, on whose page we read the second great commandment: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

In this manner, by means of these admirably conceived groups of eminent personages, Kaulbach has illustrated the age of awakening thought, the new era of mental activity, tracing its progress from the early discoveries in the various realms of nature and of intellect, to its culmination in the religious awakening of the Reformation.

The picture is worthy of the closest study. Observe how faithfully and conscientiously all the details are wrought out, without disturbing the grand harmony and unity of the composition as a whole. By the magic of his pencil, the artist has recreated for us the men of the age, as they lived and labored among their fellows. These faces are veritable portraits, only so far idealized as to conform to the requirements of art. The groups are beautiful, taken separately; while the prominence given to the central group connects them all in the unity of one grand idea,—that of the angelic song prophesying peace on earth and good will to men.

The Ratcatcher and his Dogs.—The story of JOHN CARTER, whose most celebrated work is now on exhibition in the picture gallery of Mr. Schaus, gives an interest to his pictures which, with all their acknowledged merit, they do not in themselves possess. He was the son of a common English laborer. His schooling was brief and imperfect. Up to the age of twenty-one, he led a wild and dissipated life, consorting with bad fellows, and proving a terror to peaceful neighborhoods. One night in May, 1836, with a few companions as reckless and dissolute as himself, he went to the seat of a well-known London banker, to steal young rooks from the rookery. While in the topmost branches of a tall fir-tree, he lost his hold and fell to the ground. He was picked up by his comrades and carried home, in an insensible condition. The doctors pronounced his case hopeless, and were positive he could survive but a few hours at most. He disappointed them by living fourteen years after the accident, but in a physical state which was little less than death. In falling he had sustained an injury to the spine which deprived him of life and motion in every part of his body except his head and neck. He could speak and hear, but he could not move an arm, nor a finger, nor a leg, nor could he even sit upright. The misfortune that deprived him of the use of his limbs, awakened a new life in his spiritual nature. He became docile, devout, and resigned; and when, after some months of weary inactivity, a plan was proposed whereby he could pass his time with pleasure and profit, he eagerly embraced it. This was learning to draw. To become an artist, we should think, would have been the most unlikely thing for a man without hands, and unable to raise himself from his couch. But John Carter, encouraged by the example of a lady who had learned to draw by holding the

pencil in her mouth, and encouraged by his friends, resolved to make the attempt. He began by copying pictures of flowers and butterflies in water color, but soon gave this up for a different and more expeditious method of working. On a desk placed almost perpendicularly over the couch on which he lay, was fastened the paper on which he drew, so near that he could easily reach it with a brush held between his teeth. His wife or sister, both of whom waited on him with unwearied love and patience, would fill the brush with India-ink, and place it in his mouth. With a peculiar motion of his lips and tongue, he would then whirl the brush round until he had thrown off all the superfluous ink, and brought the hairs to a fine point. He would then, by the action of his neck, execute the finest and firmest touches on the paper, rivalling the dexterity of the most expert draughtsmen. In this laborious fashion he continued to work till his death. Compelled to pause and rest after every stroke, he of course produced very slowly. Every touch had to be considered beforehand, as once made it was unalterable. He found many friends and patrons, and his work became very popular. But five of them are known to be extant, four in England, and one, "The Ratcatcher and his Dogs," in this city. Had this work been the production of an artist who enjoyed the full use of his hands, it would have deserved very high praise; what shall we say of it as the production of a man without the use of his hands, and who had never studied drawing until he learned the art by holding the brush between his teeth! The composition and grouping are excellent. Nothing of the kind could be finer than the attitude of the old ratcatcher as he sits watching his dogs. Landseer, a high authority in these matters, is said to have bestowed warm commendation on the drawing of the white dog, and that of the others is strong and decided. Not a stroke is wasted, every line and every dot tells. It makes one's neck ache to think of the many hundred strokes, painfully made, through days and weeks of patient application, required to execute this exquisitely finished drawing. How many of our artists who enjoy the full use of their hands could produce such a drawing as this?

Under Table Rock.—Mr. GIGNOUX has just completed a large picture called "Under Table Rock," a winter scene at Niagara Falls. The point of view is from the Canada side. The spectator looks directly under the over-

hanging mass of rock into a sort of cavern formed by huge icicles and pillars of frozen spray. Only a small portion of the cataract is shown, in the upper left-hand corner of the painting, and the depth into which it plunges is suggested by whirling clouds of spray and mist, in which the plunging waters are lost. The picture is broad and simple in treatment. We believe it is to be sent abroad to be chromo-lithographed by the same house that has succeeded so well with Mr. Bradford's "Crushed by Icebergs."

Easter Morning.—But if Mr. Prang continues to produce such beautiful chromos as that of Mrs. Hart's "Easter Morning," our artists will not be compelled to seek the aid of foreign establishments for the reproduction of their pictures. Mrs. Hart's picture, as our readers may remember, is a marble cross, on which hangs a beautiful wreath composed of fuchias, pansies, roses, heliotropes, orange blossoms, and other flowers. The great variety of tints rendered the reproduction of the wreath in chromo-lithography a task of extreme difficulty; but it has been accomplished by Mr. Prang with marvellous delicacy and fidelity to the original. We consider "Easter Morning" to be the best chromo he has yet published.

Landseer's Connoisseurs.—No one should fail to look at the engraving of LANDSEER'S portrait of himself entitled "The Connoisseurs," now at SCHAUS'. It is interesting not only as a beautiful picture, but as the only portrait of Landseer in existence, the great animal painter having refused to sit to any artist. He represents himself, in this picture, as sketching. Two splendidly-painted dogs are looking over his shoulder, watching, with immense gravity and show of sagacity, the progress of his work. The picture has been very beautifully engraved on steel by Mr. Samuel Cousins. The original is now the property of the Prince of Wales, by whom it was purchased from Sir Robert Peel.

Pictures at Goupil's.—Mr. KNOEDLER has lately added very largely to his importations from Europe. Among the new paintings is a large one called "Norwegian Mountain Scenery," by Professor HANS GUDZ, a picture of much power. The rugged sides of the mountain are partially veiled by gray mists, that creep and twist among the jagged pines. A rapid stream plunges down through a narrow gorge towards the foreground, obstructed by rocks and the trunks of fallen trees. The sentiment of loneliness and desolation is very forcibly expressed in the figure of the solitary

hunter resting near the edge of the cataract.

Mr. Knoedler has also an exquisite flower picture by Robie, beautiful in composition and color; besides works by Carl Hubner, Colman, Zamacois, Gerome, Gifford, and other foreign and American artists.

Drawings by Peter Kraemer.—There is at WEISSMANN & LANGENFELD'S an interesting India-ink drawing by PETER KRAEMER, a German draughtsman resident here, representing a scene at the last Arion Ball. Mr. Kraemer draws with great dash and boldness, and his pictures lack finish and refinement. A sketch of his called "A Cavalry Charge," also at Weissmann & Langenfeld's, shows how much may be accomplished with a few touches, provided those touches are made by a master.

Marshall's Portrait of Grant.—Messrs. TICKNOR & FIELDS have published Mr. MARSHALL'S steel engraving of his excellent portrait of General Grant. The General's most intimate friends declare it to be the only satisfactory likeness of him that has yet been made; it is certainly very characteristic, and is engraved with great skill.

Artists going Abroad.—MCENTEE and GIFFORD sailed on the 27th of May for the old world. The former will visit Egypt and the Holy Land, for the purpose of studying the grand monuments of ancient Eastern civilization, and his stay abroad may be prolonged for several years. Mr. Gifford will spend most of his time in France and Italy. A few evenings before their departure, these gentlemen were entertained by a select party of friends at a farewell dinner. We unite in the friendly wishes and regrets expressed by those who were present at the dinner, and trust that our friends may enjoy a good time abroad and a safe return.

We hear that Mr. JAMES HART still contemplates making a trip to Mexico this Summer. The field is a new one for artistic enterprise, and we have no doubt that Mr. Hart will make the most of it.

The Jarves Collection at Yale.—Mr. RUSSELL STURGIS, Jr., has prepared a manual of the Jarves collection of early Italian pictures deposited in the galleries of the Yale School of Fine Arts. It comprises a catalogue of the pictures, with full descriptions, together with biographical notices of artists, and an introductory essay on early Italian art. Aside from its connection with the Jarves collection, this manual contains much information of interest to readers in general, respecting Christian art in its earliest stages of development.

TABLE-TALK.

It is certainly creditable to Michigan, that in establishing her State University, the Legislature should have stipulated that there should be established a professorship of the Fine Arts. Every university ought to have an established professor of the Fine Arts, with a good working collection of casts of sculpture, copies of pictures (where the pictures themselves cannot be obtained), collections of engravings, drawings, and photographs, and models in cork or plaster of famous buildings, with casts of the best details of such buildings. A gallery of this sort need not be large; it only needs to be well selected; and by bearing this in mind, a good deal may be accomplished with a comparatively small sum of money. Such a collection would be a great addition to the resources and opportunities of a university, even without any professor at all, provided it were so arranged that the students had free access to it; and we are sorry to say that, judging from a pamphlet recently sent us by a Mr. Alvah Bradish, who appears to be Professor of Fine Arts in the University of Michigan, that institution of learning appears to have gained very little by the establishment of the professorship, whatever may be the result of the founding a Department of the Fine Arts. The pamphlet consists of the republication of a certain "Memorial" addressed in 1852 to the Board of Regents, in which the necessity for the establishment of a Fine Arts Department in the university is enforced by very commonplace arguments and unfortunate illustrations, and a plan of studies is marked out very inadequate to the end proposed. This "Memorial," however, crude and commonplace as it is, seems to have moved the Board of Regents to appoint the writer off-hand, to fill the chair of Professor of the Fine Arts. Mr. Bradish, who, with all his want of culture, seems to have a laudable enthusiasm, determined at once, that a series of Art Lectures would be a proper termination of a student's course in the university, and he accordingly "devoted the better part of twelve months exclusively to a course of historical and æsthetical studies to render himself competent in his own opinion to fill such a chair in a way its high importance demanded. For, it must be remembered that art-literature covers a field wide as the thoughts and civilization of man." We give Mr. Bradish's own words, taken from his preliminary "Remarks" upon his own "Memorial," in which that un-

important paper is spoken of, and Mr. Bradish himself is spoken of, and the lectures are spoken of, in terms of the most egotistical vain-glory. We do not write this paragraph for the sake of breaking a butterfly on a wheel, but because we so heartily approve the action of the University of Michigan, and so cordially grant that action to be an honorable step forward, that we regret it should have, at the very beginning, entrusted the direction of the Department to hands so plainly incompetent—so incompetent, by his own naïf confession—to the task he has undertaken. When we remember that John Ruskin gave *fifteen years* of hard and unremitting study to the theory, and history, and practice of the Fine Arts, before he began to write his monumental book; and when we consider that the field to be surveyed is indeed, as Mr. Bradish says, "wide as the thoughts and civilization of man," so that, even in fifteen years, a student as diligent and unwearied as Mr. Ruskin does not pretend to have exhausted it—we may well smile at the pretensions of a man who tells us that he has devoted the better part of *twelve months* to a course of historical and æsthetical subjects to render himself competent to fill the chair of Professor of the Fine Arts in a State University. Why we speak at all about this matter is, that in one way and another the Fine Arts are getting this sort of treatment in many parts of our country. A professor at Yale, who does not pretend to any greater knowledge of the Fine Arts than a trip to Europe has given him, pronounced the pictures in the Jarves Collection worth very little, and his verdict had authority enough to risk the success of the negotiation by which Yale College has become possessed of a collection better than that which any great gallery in Europe north of the Alps had when it was founded. Writers for the newspapers and magazines feed our national vanity by exalting the praiseworthy but necessarily incomplete attempts of young American artists into masterpieces for the study and admiration of mankind. A young artist studies water-color drawing for a year, and, straightway, a "critic" says that his productions, "for all that is admirable in the art, will bear comparison with the best of English work." And so the work goes on, and more and more the growth of a really genuine art in America is hindered. What we need is criticism, not flattery; criticism for the sake

of art and the people, earnest and straightforward, written by men who have given their lives, and not the better part of any mere twelve months to the study of art, and who are above all national and individual prejudices. But such criticism in America is not easy to find.

How far back in our literature can the fancy be traced which Tennyson has enshrined in this verse of his "Talking Oak?"

"But, light as any wind that blows
So fleetly did she stir,
The flower she touch'd on dipt, and roso,
And turn'd to look at her."

This is Scott's,

"Even the slight hare-bell raised its head
Elastic from her airy tread,"

with an added fancy. Tennyson's flower, "turns to look at her."

It would seem that Shakspeare with his Elizabethan taste for conceits must have hit upon this one, but unless it be the

"—Ye that on the sands with printless feet
Do chase the ebbing Neptune,"

Tempest, V. I.,

or the

"—O! so light a foot

Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bstride the gossamers
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity."

Romeo and Juliet, II. VI.,

we cannot remember any passage that contains it. But the beauty and delicacy of the "printless feet" is better than a dozen lines of elaboration.

The conceit occurs in Ben Jonson's "Sad Shepherd" in a passage that deserves to be quoted. It is the opening speech in the poem.

"Here! she was wont to go! and here! and here!
Just where those Daisies, Pinks, and Violets
grow:

The World may find the Spring by following
her:

For other print her airy steps ne'er left:
Her treading would not bend a blade of grass!
Or shake the downy Blow-ball from his stalk!
But like the soft West-Wind, she shot along,
And where she went, the Flowers took thickest
Root,

As she had sow'd 'em with her odoriferous Foot.

Perhaps the original of this fancy is found in Virgil's description of the warlike virgin Camilla in the seventh book of the *Æneid*:

"—*prelia virgo*

*Dura pati, cursuque pedum pravertere ventos,
Illa vel intacta segetis per summa volaret
Gramina, nec teneras cursu lesisset aristas:
Vel mare per medium, fluctu suspensa tumentis,
Ferret iter, coleres nec fingeret squore plantas."*

The spirit of these verses is in the last couplet of Pope's well-known quatrain in the *Essay on criticism*:

"When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,

The line, too, labors, and the words move slow;

Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,

Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main."

THE barefaced dishonesty and shameless swindling of the officials who govern (by the consent, and with the approval, of the majority of the citizens), the city of New York, is so serious a subject to the minority, that any thing which enables us to laugh at our misrulers instead of anathematizing them, is to be looked upon as a godsend. Some club in New York, composed of gentlemen with more money than they know what to do with, has presented Mr. Supervisor Tweed with a very costly, and, we may say, a very ugly service of plate. On this plate appears everywhere as an ornament the head of a griffin or like monster, of the heraldic species, and on each piece, in addition, is elaborately engraved a coat-of-arms, purporting, of course, to be the arms of Mr. Tweed, bearing the motto, "Spare not," which motto, considering that this person never does spare any thing he can lay his hands on, appears to be very appropriate. It now appears that the whole of this heraldic paraphernalia is stolen goods, and that Mr. Tweed has no more right to the coat-of-arms, the crest, or the motto, than he has to the name of Jenkins. The arms are those of the Hay family of Scotland, a member of which family was made Marquis of Tweeddale in the time of George II. The arms of Hay are quartered with those of two heiresses who married into the family, and the whole shield, quarterings and all, is gravely copied on Mr. Tweed's pieces of silver, as if he had a right to it, as he, doubtless, thinks he has, having bought it, as he probably did, from some one of the so-called "heralds," whose business it is to gull rich nobodies who want to pass for somebodies. 'Tis a small comfort, but, to weak human nature, it is a comfort, that if Mr. Tweed as Supervisor has raised a great fortune at our expense, we can raise a great laugh, if nothing more, at his; and the joke is such a good one, that we doubt if the unfortunate Democrat, and would-be nobleman, will ever hear the last of it.

WE congratulate ourselves on having found two blunders into which our countrymen

almost daily fall, and on which they have not as yet been criticised by that Argus-eyed gentleman, Mr. Richard Grant White. One is the word "Bouquet" which in nine cases out of ten is pronounced Bo-kay, and which one sees on the signs of the most respectable florists spelled almost invariably without the u, i. e., "Boquet." The other word is also French, "Sobriquet" which is commonly given the "u" that is taken from "Bouquet." It is then both written and pronounced "*sou*-briquet." We have several times seen both these words thus misspelled, in respectable books and newspapers, and we have no doubt if the late Noah Webster were alive he would at once clap them thus corrected into his Dictionary.

YALE COLLEGE has creditably followed the provisional purchase of the Jarves Gallery of Early Italian Pictures, by publishing an excellent Manual describing the Collection. It has been prepared at the request of the council in charge of the Street School of Fine Arts, by Mr. Russell Sturgis, Jr. of New York, who has shown himself thoroughly competent to this task, a task by no means so easy as a glance at this little book might lead one to imagine. Mr. Sturgis's Manual is not a rehash of the materials that may be found in the biographical dictionaries and encyclopedias of the last thirty years. It is the result of the painstaking, thorough study of the best and of the latest authorities, by a man of cool judgment and discriminating taste, added to a liberal culture. It was a sign of progress when years ago Mr. Richard Grant White prepared a catalogue of the Bryan gallery of Paintings, and that Catalogue was much the best that had at that time been published in America. But there is a very wide difference between that performance and this of Mr. Sturgis's. That belongs to the past generation, this to the present, and so far as Art-biography and Art-criticism go, there is a great gulf between the two periods. The account of the picture is preceded by a brief Introductory Essay which we should be glad to print; and there are many excellent criticisms and clear statements in the body of the book, which, if we could quote, would justify our praise of it. We understand that the College intends publishing a handsome octavo edition of the Manual.

Now that the dust of impeachment has well blown over, Congress has a chance

to do a real service to the State of California, and we may well say, to the world at large. We spoke, in a former number, of the danger that threatened the project of making the great valley of the Yo Semite a public Park, in the petition of certain individuals to the Legislature for grants of land, and that they may be allowed to make permanent settlements within the valley. There are two men who have thus petitioned the Legislature, and, so far as that body can do it, the first fatal step has been taken which, if not withdrawn, will end in defeating, perhaps the most magnificent scheme of its kind—if indeed it be not *sui generis*—that ever was set on foot by any State. The last news is that the Legislature of California voted each of these squatters more land than he had asked for; that the Governor vetoed the Bill, and that the Legislature then passed it over his head by a two-thirds vote. The only power that can now interfere is Congress, and we do most earnestly hope that something will be done to prevent this wanton interference with the vested right of the whole American people, who may fairly be said to have an equal right in this magnificent valley. Congress gave this land to the State of California on the sole condition that it should be set apart forever and devoted to the uses of a public Park. Congress is now in duty bound to see to it that this condition is not violated. If any injustice would be done these squatters by depriving them of the land they have settled on, let Congress or the State pay them what they are entitled to, but on no consideration ought it to allow this first step in the settlement of the valley to be taken. Word comes from California that these men, secure in the indifference of Congress, have already begun to build, and that they are using, as indeed they must, if they build at all, the scanty timber of the valley itself. If this be so, we may prepare to bid a speedy farewell to the ancient beauty of this glory of our continent. It is a short-sighted act on the part of the Californians, to consent to the desecration of the proudest feature of their landscape, and if they do not repent of what they are doing, not many years will have elapsed before they will most deeply regret it, and wish it were undone. In asking Congress to interfere, therefore, we are really asking that body to save the Californians from themselves.

THE paper which we publish this month on the subject of the Rev. Eleazar Williams'

claim to be Louis XVII. may be said, speaking after the manner of merchants, to close the public's account with that veracious gentleman. And, now that it is all over, we should very much like to say a word about our own share in his enterprise. It is barely possible that certain persons, moved by a theoretical distrust of human nature, may have imagined, so far as they thought about it at all, that the original article published in *Putnam's Magazine* for February, 1853, was a mere sensation paper, got up for the sole purpose of making the Magazine sell; and that though the fraud may have been innocent enough, yet, it was a fraud, and we were a party to it. We are therefore moved to aver that though we never believed Mr. Williams to be an imaginative and contriving person, much less an imposter, there were many reasons why we were extremely unwilling to publish his story. But it was forced upon us by the enthusiastic faith and trust of the Rev. John H. Hanson, whose belief in the rightfulness of Mr. Williams' claim, and whose zeal in pushing it, amounted almost to a monomania. Mr. Hanson was a most respectable and worthy man, a clergyman of the Episcopal church, and it was impossible to doubt that he believed Mr. Williams to be the Lost Dauphin, and, moreover, that he held his own honor pledged to the chivalrous task of upholding his claim against the world. He was a grand-nephew of Oliver Goldsmith, and bore a striking personal resemblance to the Poet, but he had hardly any mental affinity with his delightful ancestor except in his excessive credulity. He certainly did not inherit Goldsmith's literary talent, and our first unwillingness to bear a hand in this enterprise of his, arose from the inordinate dimensions and diffuseness of his article in its original shape. However, we cut the article down, and reduced it to some order, greatly to the displeasure of its author, who believed that every word of it was vital. We humbly acknowledge that he builded better than we knew. We had greatly miscalculated the amount of youthful curiosity that exists perennially in the public mind. Many believed every word that Mr. Hanson said, and were as greedy for facts in relation to the Dauphin as he was to supply them. Buckwheat cakes do not more swiftly and continuously disappear from the plates of boarding-school boys than the numbers of the Magazine containing Mr. Hanson's revelations did from our counters. And he was pleased; and believed more and more ardently, and saw the whole

truth clearer and clearer, now that the public backed him. We are bound to say that he used his triumph modestly, and did not reproach us nor despise us for not believing in him in his day of small things. Mr. Hanson is long dead; he left the world before Mr. Williams, and never gave up his faith in that delusive person. His fervor and zeal, his loyalty to what he believed the cause of justice and truth were not unpleasant things to contemplate in a skeptical age. For our part, we have that respect for the man's sincerity, and that sympathy with his joy in believing himself a successful agent in the establishing of an important truth, that we are glad he did not live to see his faith in man, and we may add, in logic, destroyed, as we imagine it would have been had he read the article in our Magazine of this month.

Among the effects left by the Rev. Mr. Williams was a dress which purports to have been worn by Marie Antoinette, and which was presented to Mr. Williams by Mrs. Clarke, of Northampton, who had purchased it in Europe as a genuine relic, which there is every reason to believe that it is. Mrs. Clarke was very much interested in Mr. Williams' story, and, after an interview with him, gave him the dress, saying that she considered he had a right to it. This dress is now in our possession, having been sent to us by Mr. Williams' executor, the Rev. C. F. Robertson, of Malone, N. Y., to be sold for the purpose of aiding a little in paying some of the debts of his late majesty.

A lady versed in such mysteries, describes it as a "magnificent brocade silk, richly embroidered with a delicate pattern of vine and flowers. It is somewhat faded, and has been taken to pieces. It consists of a skirt, waist, and train ten or twelve feet long."

If any second-hand monarchical commodity is useful for Republican Queens, perhaps it may be such a memorial dress as this, a reminder at once of the magnificence of royalty, and of the fate which the abuses of it may bring even upon the most lovely and most innocent of its wearers.

Mr. Robertson's article in the present number, "The Last of the Bourbon Story," is the result of careful examination of the papers left in his charge as executor of the unfortunate "Lost Prince."

SOME of our readers may be glad to know of a delightful book which has been published lately in Paris. "*La Terre*," by ERISÉN

RECLUS, as its name imports, is a description of the phenomena of, what has been called, the life of the globe. It is a large octavo of 811 pages, very handsomely printed, and illustrated with 230 woodcuts, and with 24 maps printed in colors. We found our copy at Christern's, and those who are interested in the study of Physical Geography will do well to make acquaintance with the book at once, for, so far as we know, no work has been written since Humboldt's "Aspects of Nature" at all worthy to be compared with it. It is not yet completed, for this present volume treats only of the Continents, but there is food for long and delightful study in it, and the owner of it will be in no haste to reach the last page and lay it aside. This is a companion to linger with, and we may almost say, to love. Why not? Since what he talks about is a subject full of ever new wonder and delightful suggestion, and he talks about it in a most delightful way. M. Reclus claims for his book the respect due to a work founded as well on his own observations as on the reports of other travellers and students, and his pages make a strong impression of originality and freshness. Some of the Heads: "The Circulation of the Waters," in which he treats of snow and the glaciers, of springs, of rivers, and of lakes; and the chapters on earthquakes, and on the risings and depressions of the earth's surface, under the Head of "Subterranean Forces," contain much matter that, to us at least, is new and of absorbing interest. The chapter on glaciers gives us the result of the latest study of these phenomena not only in the

Alps but in the Polar regions, in the Pyrenees, the Himalayas and in our own Rocky Mountains. The chapter on the Bifurcation of Rivers is especially interesting. The reader will here learn that the case of the Casse quiare river in South America is not the only example of a stream connecting two other streams flowing in opposite directions from a very low water-shed. In a series of small but clearly drawn maps, following the best authorities, M. Reclus shows us the system of streams that connect the Baltic with the Black Sea, and the Caspian Sea with the Sea of Azof, while he proves that in Europe at least the phenomenon may fairly be called common. The paragraphs devoted to the meanders or sudden curves of rivers are very curious and valuable, and several of the best illustrations of this subject are drawn from our own Mississippi. But we are not writing a review of this admirable book; we only wish to call attention to it. We have not room enough to mention a tenth part of the new and striking things in it. But we must say a word about the illustrations which, if France were not at the head of the world in the illustration of scientific books—though we admit that Germany follows close behind—would be simply surprising. This they, perhaps, are not, but they are delightfully fresh, accurate, and abundant. We are sure that if this book were well translated into English, and all the cuts and chromo-lithographed maps retained, it would be introduced, as it well deserves to be, into every High-school and College, and would give a new impulse to the study of Physical Geography in this country.

THE "NORTHERN MONTHLY" UNITED WITH "PUTNAM."

WHEN this Magazine, (after being for a half-score of years quietly moored out of sight,) sailed out once more into the broad ocean, newly fitted and manned, we signalled several other trim craft bound on much the same course, enjoying a favorable breeze and managed by skilful navigators. One of these, well to the windward of us at the start, carrying a national flag with "*Northern Monthly*" at the fore, was evidently so well handled by her wide-awake skipper, that one wouldn't have wondered much if she had distanced her competitors.

Why, and how we have overhauled this craft and taken her captain and crew on board our own ship, we need not say in detail. Suffice it for the friends of literary commerce to know that the business of both vessels will hereafter be merged. Probably those specially interested in the career of that lively and fast-sailing clipper will not be altogether displeased to receive their intellectual supplies hereafter by the steady-going vessel lately rebuilt from the sound timber of the old "Putnam," mixed with live-oak fresh from the forest.

In plain prose, the *Northern Monthly* and its varied resources, with all its efficient allies, will hereafter be included in those of *Putnam*. May we not reasonably anticipate that all parties concerned will be advantaged by this consummation? The management of PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE will remain as at present;—with all possible additions of fresh life and vigor.